

PLEASURE

MAGAZINE

First Edition

HOW TO BET
ON THE HORSES
AND WIN

•
TWO BILLION
DOLLARS IN
TREASURE

•
TRAVEL
FISHING
HUNTING
SKIING
AROUND THE
WORLD

•
REX BEACH
ZANE GREY
LOU LITTLE
CARVETH WELLS
JACK SMALLEY
HERB GRAFFIS
ALMA ARCHER
RICKENBACKER
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HURRELL
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POORE

TRAVEL • ENTERTAINMENT • SPORTS
FICTION • CARTOONS • FASHIONS

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WINTER NUMBER

\$5,000
PRIZE
PHOTO
CONTEST

The Gift

YOU CAN SHARE

with those whom you
love and esteem. Glen-
more's Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond.



FOR SPORTSMEN ONLY-



BIG GAME FISHING MAP

Here is a rare gift for sportsmen—the first big game fishing map of fresh and salt water covering the North American Continent. Done in eight colors with glass-like, waterproof finish. Size 35 inches by 37 inches, beautifully framed . . . \$25

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"Terra Nova" Gabardine
\$36.50

"Gale" Cloth . \$22.00



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.22 calibre—full-length stock. Figured Oregon Myrtle. Designed and constructed in The Gun Shop . . . \$195

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REMINGTON "M-32" OVER AND UNDER

12-gauge—26-inch—raised solid rib—skeet boring. \$127

SKEET JACKET

Gabardine—poplin lining—leather buttons and recoil pad.
\$27.50



ONE of these crisp, fall days you'll come walking into The Store for Men and go up to the Sportsman's Floor and find that it is a very hard place to leave. Here's the Gun Shop with its superb collection of rifles and shotguns . . . its staff of experts to tell you what you want to know . . . its Master Gunsmiths who build custom guns to meet your personal requirements. You can hardly tear yourself away.

Here's the Sportswear Department with everything that is right and new for all kinds of outdoor wear. Many of the jackets, suits, sweaters and accessories have been specially designed by Field's sportswear experts. Suits of "Heather Baffin" Cloth make a hunting trip a new kind of experience. Breeches of "Terra Nova" Gabardine combine military neatness with solid outdoor utility and comfort. You'll try them on, want a pair . . . and end up by wanting just about everything you see. Why? Because the Sportsman's Floor, the fifth, specializes in the truly fine things that every Sportsman admires.

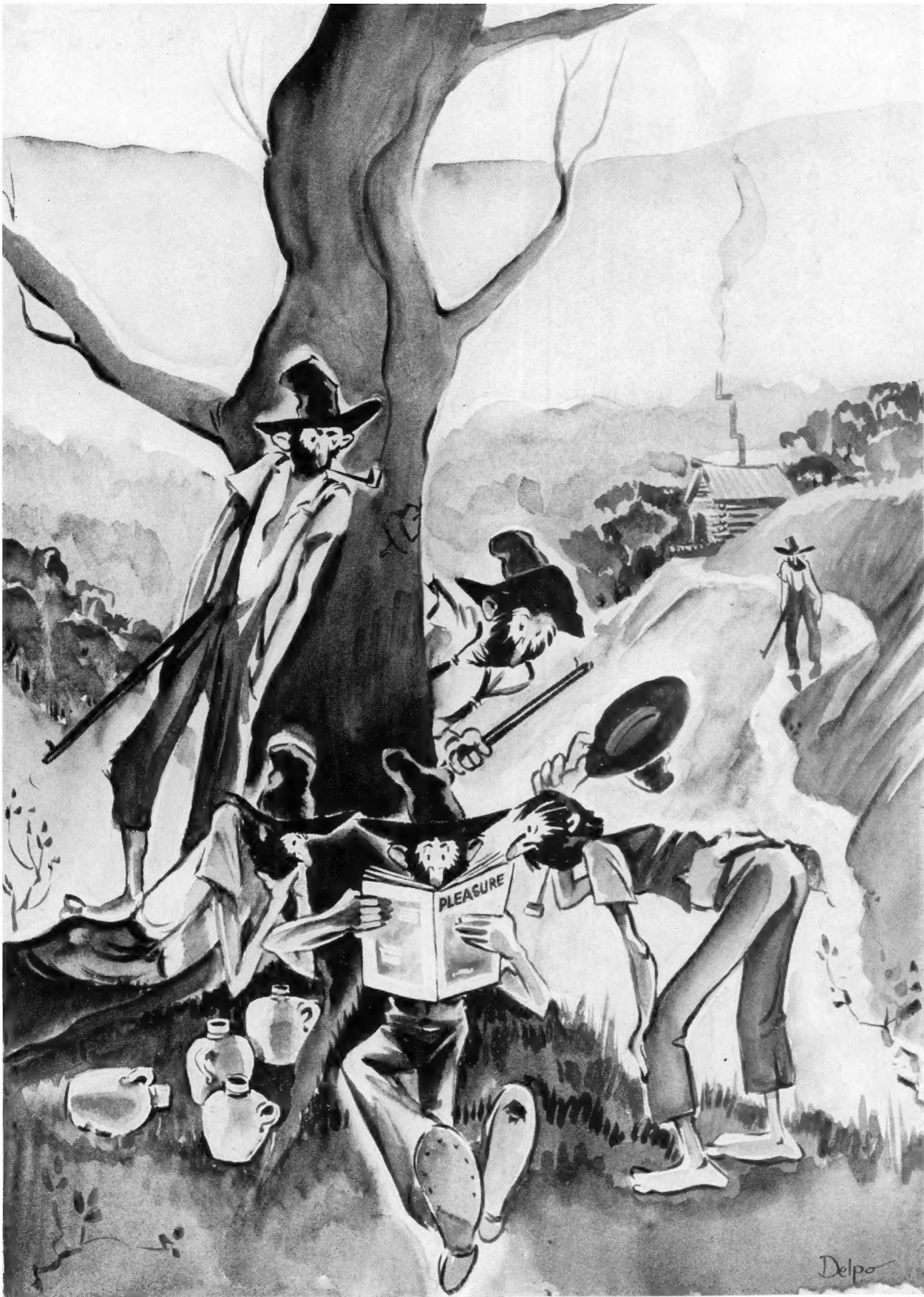


GUN CASE

Custom-built square case for gun with two sets of barrels.
\$25

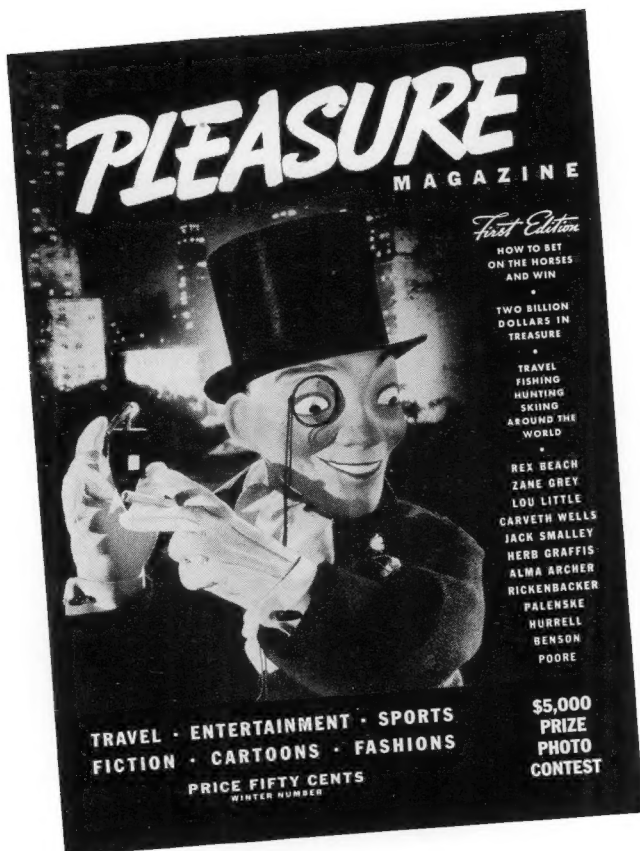


THE STORE FOR MEN
Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO



"Gawdamighty, another new magazine"

Contents of PLEASURE



SO PLEASURE takes a bow clad in top hat and tails. The title furnishes a clew to the purpose of the magazine. It aims towards pleasure and entertainment for the reader. And what is pleasure? A million different answers and each of them is right. Pleasure to the sportsman may be a well-played mashie shot, the pull of the tarpon on the line, a quick shot at an ambling bear, or trekking off to find another Panda. Fine morsels of information will be found between the covers, any one of which will be worth the cost per copy. PLEASURE will point out the best places to eat and drink or fish and hunt with the best results. As to our editorial policies—they will be hewn and fitted, plank on plank, as problems push their way forward to be solved. PLEASURE Scouts are surging forth at this very moment in a world-wide search for new things to report. And there is but one more matter of consequence before the bell. This is *your* magazine. Any suggestions, complaints, compliments, oranges or grapefruit will be given the same loving attention as Mussolini's chin. Complimentary letters will be rushed to the printer. Complaining missiles will be tucked in from time to time just to show how broadminded we are. All in all, it looks like a pleasant winter—and spring can't be far behind.

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Associate Editor, THOMAS MORROW

Art Director, C. G. HEMMICK

Movie Editor, JACK SMALLEY

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A Toast to Pleasure

IRVING DOUGLAS

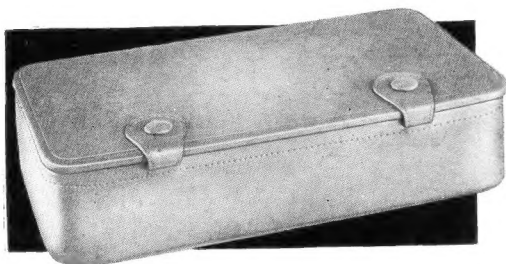
Pleasure! You spring from the heart of man to open a thousand gateways to adventure. The bright spires of Hope, Happiness and Inspiration are blazoned on your shield. You are the Apostle of Youth; the Patron Saint of Charity. You are Nectar to the weary; Solace to the discouraged; the crowning Reward of toil. You are the essence of Anticipation; and you keep the Vestal flame burning in Memory's long-lost hours. Pleasure! Your glittering wings lift flagging spirits out of the day's shadowy vaults to sunbright summits, more sweet than all the landscape smiling near. You pledge joy in every form Fancy can conceive; and chart life's unmeasured way with wreaths for every woe. The way-worn pilgrim seeks your bower where peaceful dreams sweep furrowed lines of care away. You are in the haloed music of temple bells; in every mother's sigh of content. You dwell only where Peace reigns. You are manifest in the best of everything men call their own. And you are every man's friend.

A Pleasure to give...
to receive

The Traveler



100% WILD BOAR BRISTLE



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Traveler...streamlined, smart, styled for the discriminating. Russet colored, genuine cowhide case, lined with brilliantly striped waterproof, oiled silk. It is compact in size, yet allows adequate space for those many necessary toilet articles. A life-time gift not soon to be forgotten.

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Step from your car into
the mysterious depths of
genuine tropical forest.

80 ACRES
of Nature's Romance
3 MILES SOUTH OF
VERO BEACH
McKEE JUNGLE
GARDENS



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*Enjoy the Hospitality of
the South
at Tampa, Florida's
Distinctive Hotel*

- Hillsboro excellence is one of Tampa's traditions. Here you find service first class and friendly.
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- The Hillsboro is famous for good food, and its seafood is the best in all Florida.

Open All Year

The HILLSBORO
Tampa Florida

WILLIAM C. NEILLY, MANAGER

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Chandler

San Marcos Hotel and Individual Bungalows. 250 acres of luxurious playground in the heart of the picturesque Arizona desert. Robert Foehl, Manager.

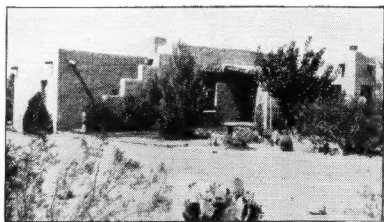
Phoenix

Westward Ho. The home of true hospitality and luxurious comfort. Concert and dance music. Every sport. European Plan. Fifteen stories. Fireproof.

Tucson

El Conquistador. Landscaped resort hotel, with spacious bungalows, in midst of desert grandeur. Distinguished clientele. Glorious climate. All sports.

Pioneer Hotel. Southern Arizona's Finest. 250 Rooms with bath. Europ. Coffee Shop. Dining Room. Roof Garden. Sun Deck. Sensible Rates. Booklet.



The Lodge on the Desert. Just the place to go for a winter vacation in the midst of desert grandeur. Glorious climate. All sports. Attractive lodge on the Alvernon Way. Patron Grande, Homer D. Lininger, The Lodge on the Desert, Tucson, Arizona.

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Arlington Hotel and Baths. Arthritis, circulatory benefits. Waters owned and recommended by U. S. Govt. Golf, Fishing. Write for folder.

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Arrowhead Springs Hotel. Curative steam caves, mineral water pool, riding, trails, golf, tennis. 1 1/2 hours from Los Angeles. H. S. Ward, Mgr.

Palm Springs

Desert Inn. Luxurious hotel and bungalow accommodations. All sports. Season, October 1 to June 1. American Plan, \$10 up. Write for folder.

El Mirador Hotel. America's foremost desert resort. Unexcelled cuisine. Golf, tennis, riding, skeet, outdoor swimming pool. Discriminating clientele.

Pasadena

Vista del Arroyo Hotel and Bungalows. In the beautiful westerly residential section. On brink of Arroyo (canyon). 400 rooms. Open all year.

Riverside

The Mission Inn. In the Old California tradition. Famous collections. All sports. Excellent cuisine. American or European Plan. Write for folder.

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El Encanto Hotel. California's most delightful hotel and bungalows. On the Riviera overlooking sea and mountains. Excellent cuisine. Golf. Riding.

Miramar Hotel and Bungalows. Situated on Pacific Ocean. Garden spot of California. Golf, Tennis. Riding. Country Clubs. Exclusive residential section.

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Yosemite National Park

The Ahwahnee. No California visit is complete without Yosemite—and the aristocratic Ahwahnee. All year. American Plan. \$10.00 to \$16.00.

COLORADO

Colorado Springs

The Broadmoor at foot of Pikes Peak. Aristocrat of resort hotels—center of social and sports activities in the West. Booklet on request.

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Hotel Martinique. 16th Street at M. Directly across from National Geographic Society. New and Modern. Every room with bath. European. From \$3.

The Raleigh Hotel. Across Penn Ave. from new Govt. Bldgs. Dining rooms air conditioned. Rooms with tub and shower, \$3-\$5 one, \$4.50-\$8 two. E. P.

FLORIDA

Avon Park

The Jacaranda Hotel at Avon Park, amid the orange groves in the center of the famous ridge section of Florida, on The Orange Blossom Trail, is distinguished for its charm, atmosphere and real southern hospitality. At Avon Park there are two fine golf courses available to guests of the Jacaranda, then there are forty lakes with big black bass waiting for the fishermen who want good fishing with rod and reel, and there are guides available at all times for the bird, deer, bear, wildcats and turkeys found in the Everglades. Only 27 miles to the Bok Tower, 100 miles to see the sponge fisheries and 217 miles to Miami. Fine white sand beaches at nearby lakes. Boating every day. Excellent food with an abundance of fresh vegetables and the rates are very reasonable—from \$2.00 a day upward.

When entering Florida from Georgia go to Lake City where you will strike the Orange Blossom Trail. Follow it and you will see Florida at its best. At Gainesville, the University of Florida. At Ocala, Silver Springs and the Cross State Canal. Orlando and its hill country. From Orlando to Sebring you see the most beautiful orange and grapefruit groves. And Avon Park is the place to stop. Send for a booklet. The Jacaranda, C. E. Crabtree, Manager, Avon Park, Florida.

Boca Grande

The Boca Grande. Newest and smartest West Coast resort. Rest and play in nature's tropic wonderland on the Gulf of Mexico.

Everglades

Everglades Inn. One of the finest places to go for tarpon fishing in all the world. Good guides. Fine boats. Moderate prices. Comfortable lodging. Make reservations in advance. Write Everglades Inn, Everglades, Florida.

Miami

The Dallas Park. Overlooking Biscayne Bay. 1 to 4 room apartments—desirable hotel rooms. Sun bathing atop 11th floor roof. M. F. Whelan, V. P. & Mgr.

Miami Beach



Le Roy Hotel and Villas, situated between the deep blue of the ocean and the silvery green of Indian Creek, is the setting for the perfect sunshine vacation. Against an exotic tropical background, this is the finest hotel and apartment home on Miami Beach. At the front door is a wide strip of golden sand, dotted with gay umbrellas and beach chairs, which is the Le Roy Hotel's private beach. Beautyrest mattresses offer solid comfort, and the furnishings in quiet good taste further contribute to the restful qualities of these tropical-air-cooled rooms. Complete cooking equipment in the kitchenettes and sun-terraces with "lazy-back" chairs. Breakfast in the cheerful Coffee Room, cocktails in the Cocktail Lounge and dinner in the Dining Room or on the Dining Terrace. Selected clientele. Address John M. Duff, Jr., Manager, Le Roy Hotel and Villas, 3200 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Florida.

The Flamingo. One of the finest hotels in America, and Florida's Foremost Resort Hotel with a selective clientele and a country club atmosphere. A wonderful place to Winter Vacation. Write C. S. Krom, manager, The Flamingo, Miami Beach, Florida.

Tampa

The New Hillsboro. Largest, most modern, safest, combining the charm of the old and the luxury of the new with unusually spacious rooms, large screened windows, open porch, four exposures, an abundance of sunshine and ventilation. "In the Heart of Tampa." You will like Tampa, and you will find the Hillsboro Tampa's most excellent and likeable hotel. The Colonial Grill is air conditioned and famous for its good food with fresh native seafood at its best. The Tavern, also air conditioned, is a popular rendezvous for sip or snack, dining or entertaining. If you go to Florida this season, be sure and stop at The Hillsboro in Tampa. Write for a folder.

HOTEL Jacaranda

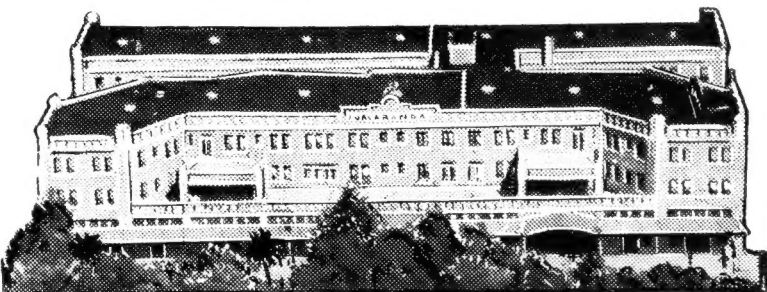
AVON PARK FLORIDA

In the center of vacation pleasures—but still not an expensive place to have a good time.

**FIGHTING BIG
MOUTH BASS
GOLF
HUNTING
SWIMMING**

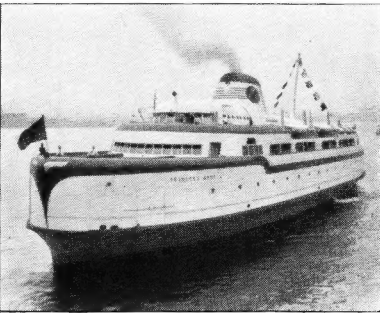


Write for descriptive literature.
C. E. Crabtree, Manager.





Ocean Highway to Florida



This is the **S. S. Princess Anne**, a symbol of a new era in water transportation for passengers and automobiles. The first fully streamlined ferry and largest and fastest ship in its field in the world. She operates on a regular schedule between Cape Charles and Little Creek, Va., across the Chesapeake Bay, nine miles from Norfolk, Va., and covers this 26½ mile water stretch in less than an hour and forty-five minutes, enabling motorists to take the fastest and safest all paved highway along the coast.

The **S. S. Princess Anne** is in length 260 feet overall, breadth 59 feet overall with a beam at waterline of 42 feet. She is constructed entirely of steel and is fireproof throughout. This unusual streamline ship is owned by the Virginia Ferry Corp. and is one of the vessels in the ferry service across the Chesapeake Bay near Norfolk which furnish the water link of the new Ocean Highway, "From Northern Pines to Southern Palms," the fastest and safest highway route to Florida. Going the Ocean Highway route from New York to Jacksonville is 1035 miles. Fine hotels along the route: **Wicomico Hotel**, Salisbury, Maryland; **Chesapeake Hotel**, Cape Charles, Virginia; **Monticello Hotel**, Norfolk, Virginia; **The Cavalier Hotel**, Virginia Beach, Virginia; **Virginia Dare Hotel**, Elizabeth City, No. Carolina; **Hotel Cape Fear**, Wilmington, No. Carolina; and **Fort Sumter Hotel**, Charleston, So. Carolina.

Vero Beach

McKee Jungle Gardens. The visitor to Florida who plans carefully his use of time does not fail to select certain outstanding points of historic or scenic interest. Among the most prominent of these is McKee Jungle Gardens, located just south of Vero Beach, on the central East coast. Here one can drop out of the stream of traffic and in a moment be deep in the fastnesses of native jungle, fully typical of the tropical Florida of popular fancy. Within the eighty acres of this scenic wonderland are to be found in great variety rare and curious plant specimens brought to the favorable environment of this workshop of nature from far parts of the world. Likewise, there is scarcely a type of plant, shrub or tree known to be indigenous to Florida which will not be identified for the visitor by the courteous guides. The utter restfulness of the leafy aisles which weave through the forest depths, together with the striking display of nature's delicate and sometimes grotesque handiwork, leaves an impression upon the visitor which is long remembered and cherished. McKee Jungle Gardens are visited annually by thousands of nature lovers, including leading authorities in botanical science and horticulture. The entrance to the grounds, affording ample parking space, fronts upon U. S. Highway No. 1.

IDAHO

Ketchum

Sun Valley Lodge will be host during the Christmas Holiday Season to the Dartmouth College and University of Washington Winter Sports teams, as well as a host of friends from Hollywood. Continental service and comforts. Matchless cuisine. Accommodates 250 guests.

Challenger Inn will be the scene of much activity because this beautiful new lodge combines economy with all the winter sports of Sun Valley, accommodates 400 guests, night club, motion picture theatre, swimming pool and all you need.

INDIANA

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French Lick Springs Hotel. Smart—Sophisticated—Spa—Europe's famous pleasure & health resort attractions. Climate ideal. Home of Pluto. Amer. Plan.

LOUISIANA

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St. Charles. The South's Most Modern Hotel, accommodating 1,000 guests. Spacious rooms, lofty ceilings. Center of New Orleans' historical points.

MASSACHUSETTS

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The Copley-Plaza faces beautiful Copley Square. Single rooms from \$4.00; double from \$6.00; Suites from \$10.00. Arthur L. Race, Managing Director.

Northampton

Wiggins Old Tavern and Hotel Northampton. An Inn of Colonial Charm, Springfield, Hotel Stonehaven. Glastonbury, Connecticut, Hale House. Excellent food.

Pleasure is Assured

When you motor
South this Winter
If you follow the

OCEAN HIGHWAY

THE NEW ROUTE TO FLORIDA

from Northern Pines
to Southern Palms

You Will Avoid

Dangerous Delaying Traffic
of Big Cities and the
Hazard of Ice and Snow

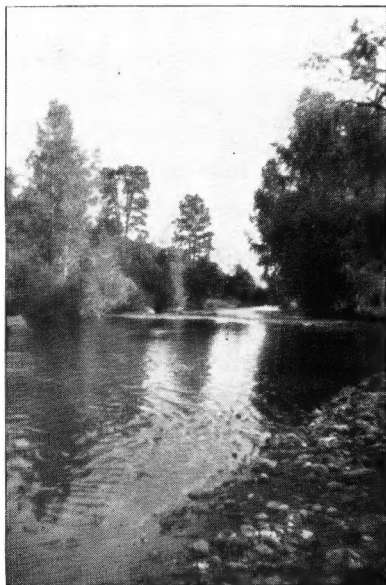
"It's Warmer on the Coast"

Write for Map Folder

Ocean Highway Assoc.

Dept. P. — Box 342

Charleston, South Carolina



FORKED LIGHTNING RANCH

Open the Year 'Round

Located on the best trout stream in the south-west—The Pecos. A few hours here mean a creel full of beauties.

On the edge of the game country—deer, elk, turkey and other game tempt hunters in the fall and the camera enthusiast in the summer.

Fine horses, well-trained for travel in the mountains or plains—one horse for each guest.

Write J. PRENTICE SANGER
ROWE, NEW MEXICO

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Spruce Mt. Lodge and 20 Bungalows. A resort offering every convenience and attraction. Also The Boulders, a delightful year-round house.

White Mountains—Franconia

Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill. A resort appealing to discriminating people desiring a cuisine, service and clientele which is internationally renowned.

NEW JERSEY

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Chaffonte-Haddon Hall. On the Atlantic City Boardwalk. 1000 rooms. Ocean Decks. Modern health baths. American and European plans.

Marlborough-Blenheim. Maintaining the standards of 35 years' continuous ownership management. American and European plans. Josiah White & Sons Co.

Ocean City

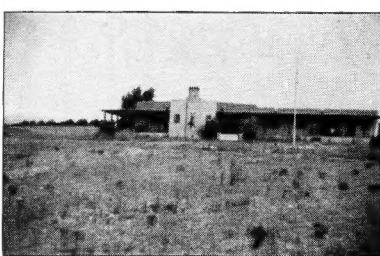
The Breakers. Spend your vacation by the water's edge. Bath houses. Garage. Free parking for guests' cars, other attractive features. Booklet: K. A. Young.

Princeton

The Princeton Inn. Facing golf course and Graduate College. Amer. Plan. 100 Rms. Fireproof. "Hospitality as in days of old." J. Howard Slocum, Mgr.

NEW MEXICO

Rowe



Forked Lightning Ranch. Near Santa Fe and Taos in the land of the conquistadores, situated on the Upper Pecos River, it is open the year round. You don't have to be an equestrian to enjoy all the benefits of this ranch. Every horse is safe and accustomed to mountain travel. Fun? There's no end of it. Rodeos, barbecues, ranch music, sight-seeing trips, cowboy photography. Visit the Indian Pueblos. Fishing or hunting is the best ever—every minute is crammed full of healthful pleasure. Winter days are mild and bright. The ranch house is steam heated and comfortable in all seasons. The comforts of home on a real ranch. Write for rates, J. Prentice Sanger, Forked Lightning Ranch, Rowe, New Mexico.

Santa Fe

The Bishop's Lodge. Finest mountain resort. Horses, golf, outdoor sports, cliff dwellings. Indian Pueblos. Dry healthful climate. Homelike atmosphere.

NEW YORK

Albany

De Witt Clinton. A Knott Hotel. New, well appointed. Faces Capitol Park. Splendid meals; attentive service. Come, we'll make you happy.

New York City

Barbizon-Plaza. New skyscraper hotel overlooking Central Park at 6th Ave. Tower rooms from \$3 single, \$5 double, Continental breakfast included.

The Plaza. New York. Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park. Single Rooms from \$6; Double from \$8. Suites from \$12. Henry A. Rost, President.

The Barbizon. Lexington Ave. 63rd St. New York's most exclusive hotel for young women. Cultured environment. Weekly \$12 up. Daily \$2.50. Bklt. "P."

Saratoga

The Gideon Putnam. Sparklingly modern, in appointments and comfort with a "home cooking" cuisine and a generous chef. Ask the friends who have been here. At Saratoga Spa in beautiful Geyser Park. Booklet and rates on request. Dept. PL, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Watkins Glen

Glen Springs Hotel. High above magnificent Finger Lakes. Natural Naueheim Baths. Splendid cuisine. Golf. New York phone ME 3-5295. Wm. M. Leffingwell, President.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville

Asheville-Biltmore. 100 rooms, 100 baths. European Plan. Restaurant in building. Single from \$2.25. Double from \$3. Three golf courses.

The Flamingo

MIAMI BEACH

Florida's Foremost
Resort Hotel

Country Estate Atmosphere

Selective Clientele

Uniformly Fair Rates

For Information Address
C. S. KROM, Manager

Battery Park. Five excellent golf courses. Many scenic places to visit. Entrance Great Smoky National Park. A Knott Hotel. Request folder "D".

The Manor and Cottages. In beautiful Albemarle Park. 2 famed golf courses, 5 minutes. Write for booklet. Albert Malone, Proprietor.

Greensboro

Sedgefield Inn. Restful, Modern. Adjoins Famous Golf Course. Riding, Tennis, etc. Excellent Food. American Plan. Folder. Louis D. Miller, Mgr.

OREGON

Portland

Multnomah. A nationally famous hotel. 600 rooms. From \$2.50. Three to four blocks leading stores and banks. Three cafes. Famous food.

PENNSYLVANIA

Hershey

Hotel Hershey. One of America's finest. Magnificent setting. Open year around. European & American plan. 4 Golf Courses. All outdoor sports.

Pocono Mountains—Buck Hill Falls

The Inn. Enjoy golf, riding, swimming, tennis, etc. Only 3 hrs. from N. Y. and Phila. Selected clientele. N. Y. Office, 500 Fifth Ave., L.A. 4-4212.

Philadelphia

Bellevue-Stratford. World famous for comfort, courtesy and cuisine. Moderate rates. Claude H. Bennett, Gen. Mgr.

TENNESSEE

The Great Smokies—Gatlinburg

Mountain View Hotel. Headquarters for your visit to The Great Smokies, described in Aug., 1936, Geographic. Modern. Always open. A. J. Huff, Prop.

Knoxville

Andrew Johnson. Your headquarters when visiting the Great Smokies Park and Norris Dam. Knoxville's newest and largest. 350 rooms with bath.

VIRGINIA

Richmond

The Jefferson. Richmond's distinctive hotel, recently refurbished. 50 miles from Colonial Williamsburg. Historic Richmond folder gratis. Wm. C. Royer, Mgr.

Virginia Beach

The Cavalier Hotel and Country Club. On finest beach in the East. Golf, tennis, riding, deep-sea fishing, swimming, dancing. Roland G. Eaton, Mng. Dir.

Hot Springs

The Homestead. In all the world there is no better place for spa-treatments than at The Homestead. Its direction, its staff and personnel, its equipment, all conform to the highest standards that medical men can suggest. We're always glad to send a booklet to anyone who is wondering about this Spa or spa-treatments. Located at Hot Springs, Virginia.

WEST VIRGINIA

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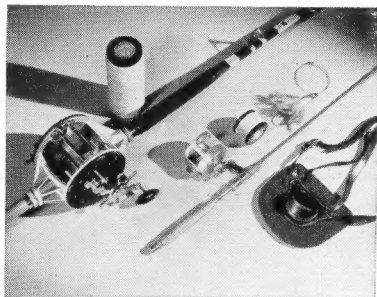
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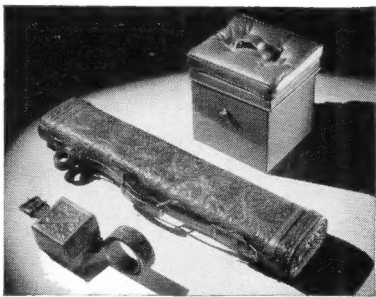
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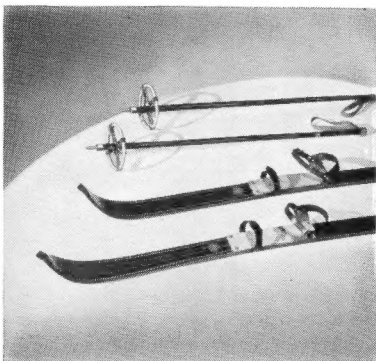
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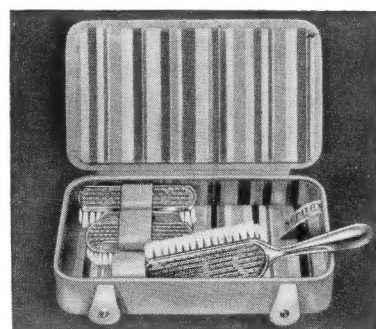
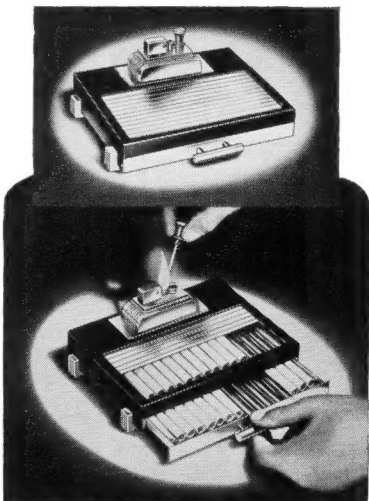
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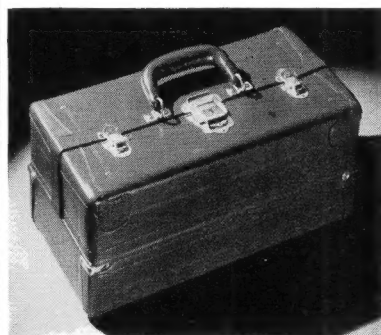
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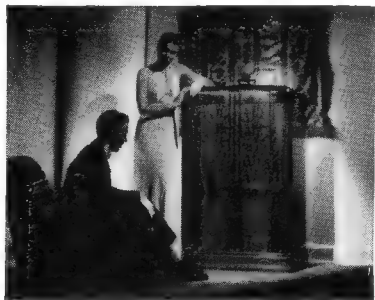


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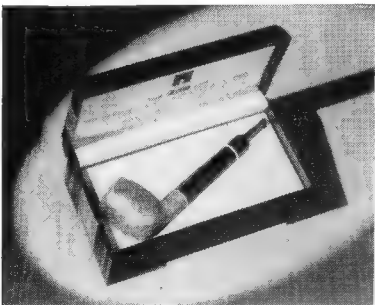
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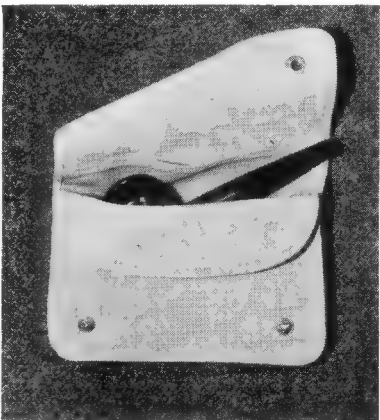


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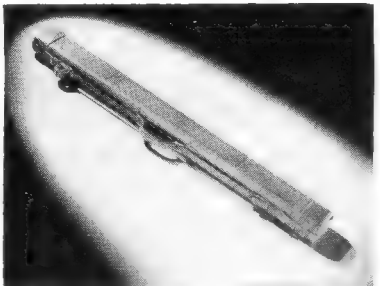
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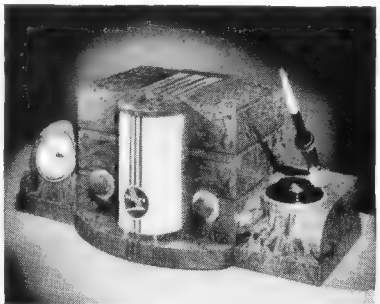


FINE GABARDINE SHOWER-PROOF SKEET JACKET with Bafin Cloth lining. Colors: Brown and Tan. Sizes: 36 to 46 or to order. Price, \$27.50. *Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.*

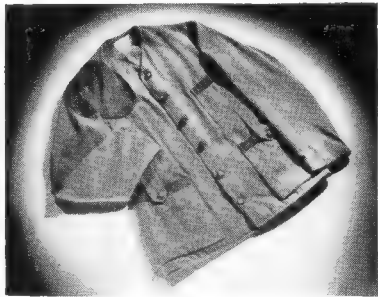
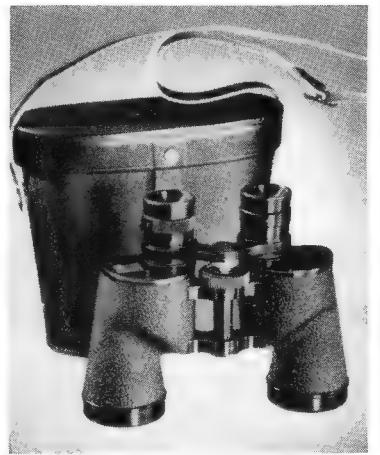
FINEST LEATHER OVAL ROD CASE made to accommodate 5 rods, tooled design on the sides, telescope caps with brass buckles and provision for locking. Length 44 inches, Diameter 5½ x 2½ inches. Price, \$17.00. *Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.*



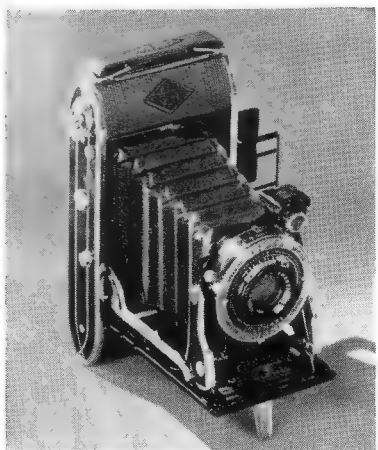
AIRITE DESK SET with clock, radio and self-closing inkstand. *Sengbusch Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*



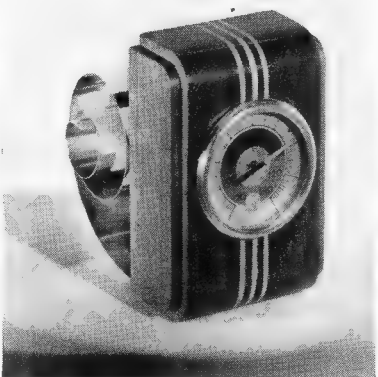
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GLOBE-TROTTER by Revere Copper & Brass is a unique accessory that holds your newspaper at just the right angle and conserves space at the table. Price, \$2.00.



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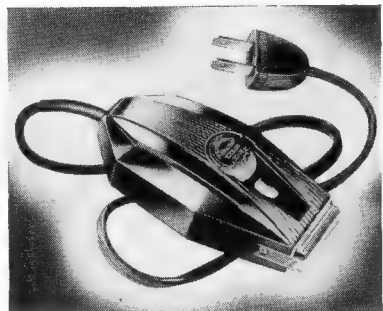


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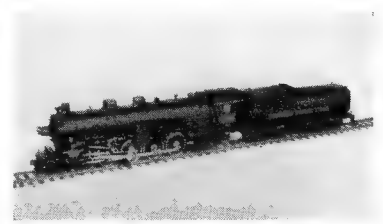
NEW FILMO DOUBLE 8, Model 134-E, Taylor-Hobson F 2.5 lens, twice as fast as F 3.5, has 4 operating speeds. On sale everywhere. Price, \$85.00.



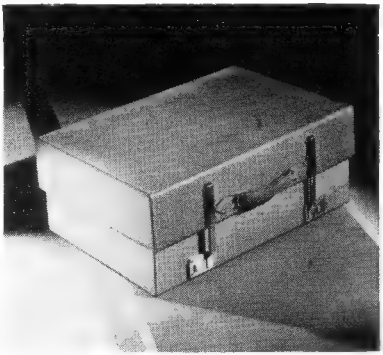
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AROUND THE TOWN

with VARIETY'S DAN GOLDBERG

FROM the dusty shelves and crowded drawers have come hundreds of scripts, from the summer barn theaters and drama schools thousands of players, from the marts of the nation dozens of angels and the new theatrical season is in its stride.

Things are buzzing. Many writers who have been absent from Broadway's line-up for several years are back in the game. Good, solid, dependable playwrights who have a definite following and reputations that make their output considered respectfully by critics and public. There is Sidney Howard, the nation's most consistent playwright. A Howard play has solid workmanship, solid construction. It never creaks, falters or fails to hang together. Howard is represented by "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle," produced by the Theatre Guild.

Paul Green has a drama, "Star In The West"; S. N. Behrman and Walter Philo have "The Rugged Individualist"; Clifford Odets is there with a pair, "Golden Gloves" and "The Silent Partner"; Irwin Shaw renews his option on fantasy with "Siege." Samson Raphaelson, aiming for another "The Jazz Singer" hit, is trying with "The Old Folks At Home." Zona Gale has dramatized her "Afraid To Marry." Ben Hecht's "To Quito and Back" is the Theatre Guild's first presentation of the season. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures has a legitimate theater venture with Ferenc Molnar's "Delilah."

Adaptations flood the field. Charles Anthony has "Barchester Towers"; Brian Doherty has dramatized Bruce Marshall's "Father Malachy's Miracle"; Hardie Albright has adapted Dr. Victor Small's "I Knew Three Thousand Lunatics." That standard adapter, Helen Jerome, has turned Somerset Maugham's "Theatre" into a play. Owen Davis has done the same thing with Arthur Train's "Mr. Tutt Comes Home." Jack Kirkland, with the coin of "Tobacco Road" clinking in his pockets, has written adaptations of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" and John Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat." John Steinbeck did his own playwrighting job on his "Of Mice and Men," and George S. Kaufman is staging it. Sidney Kingsley has adapted "Napoleon the First" from the German of Ferdinand Bruckner; Ian Hay has written a play from his novel, "The Housemaster"; Ben Levy has dramatized Flaubert's "Madame Bovary"; William Miles has adapted William Faulkner's "Friends and Romans"; John Taintor Foote has rewritten his short story, "Tomcat" into play form; Rita Weiman has turned out a script of Mildred Cram's story, "Beauty."

Musicals cost more money but their chances of hitting are better. There are fully two dozen musical shows to go to this season. Irving Caesar and Chuno Gottesfeld have one called "My Dear Public."

Arthur Swandstrom has written the book and Michael Cleary, the music, of "The Girl from Hohokus." Max Gordon has four musicals in his production stable. One is written by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern, another by Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay, still another by Samuel and Bella Spewack, who wrote "Boy Meets Girl," and still another by Clare Boothe, who wrote "The Women," for last season's Max Gordon hit. The Crouse-Lindsay musical will star Victor Moore and Burns & Allen.

Fighting up the comeback trail is the Theatre Guild which is now endeavoring to regain the prestige it has lost during the past few years.

Every possible device, every ounce of its resources is being lavished on the Guild productions. No expense is being spared. The staging of the current "To Quito And Back" is a case in point, with the Guild shipping director Philip Moeller and designer Aline Bernstein to Ecuador to obtain the proper mood and atmosphere for Ben Hecht's play.

"Quito" is the first play of an interesting list of shows scheduled by the Guild for the season. It is the spearhead of the Guild's prestige drive, and into it they have poured all their love and devotion. They brought in Sylvia Sidney from the motion picture colony, Leslie Banks from across the sea and Joseph Buloff from Second Avenue.

The reader is advised to study carefully the last name. Buloff. Memorize it—for this department predicts that Buloff is destined to become the new star in the wide sky of show business. He takes the play away from both Miss Sidney and Banks in "To Quito." *Watch Buloff!*

"To Quito and Back" contains much smart and much long talk by Hecht who lets out his belt to talk of many things, including "life" with a capital "L," humanity and "what's the world coming to?" The characters who do the most wondering about "l-i-f-e" during the play get killed in the last act. It's all very touching and many people will think it's deep stuff. Especially college sophomores.

Another Guild play is "Amphitryon 38" which broke in on the coast late last season and features Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. Much of the Guild's hope for the season, however, rests on Benn Levy's adaptation of "Madame Bovary" with Constance Cummings playing the title role. "Madame Bovary" is a long-winded, tiresome piece, full of atmosphere and scenes but without any sign of life. Making up the remainder of the Guild's schedule of hopes are Marc Connelly's adaptation of Andre Birabeau's "Dame Nature," S. N. Behrman's "Wine of Choice" and Sidney Howard's "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle."

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Restaurant, 40 E. 58 St., PL. 3-2313

DINNER . \$1.50

LUNCHEON . . . 75c

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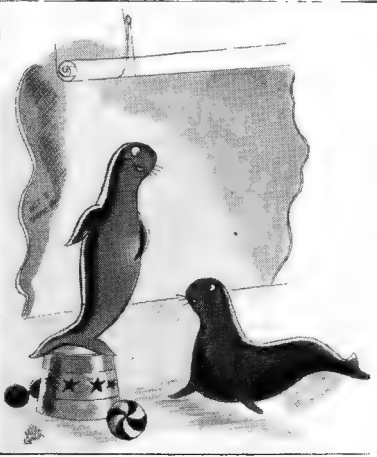
Many Delightful Famous Dishes such as Crepe Suzette Arnaud, Filet de Truite Armandine, Bouillabaisse de Pompano, Madelon (for two), Shrimp Arnaud.

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AFTER THE SHOW

ACROSS the nation stretch inns, cafes, restaurants and night clubs that are designed, according to the dreams of their proprietors, to delight the palate and tickle the toes. In a few instances the proprietor's dream has become somewhat dimmed in the fulfillment, particularly in certain instances which indicate that the dine-and-dance creation exists, not so much as a place to dine and dance, but rather as a place to see and be seen. In this, the initial edition of PLEASURE, a swift, fleeting streak across the wide land, with momentary stops at the big four, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and Los Angeles, would not be amiss. (Shades of Night, what will the other cities say to this!)



"LET'S GO TO LINDY'S AND TEAR A HERRING"

New York's night clubs, restaurants and cafes are so well known to the hinterland today by way of newspaper columnists who are certain that the world is bounded by 42nd and 52nd streets, by radio night club pick-ups whose breathless announcers are convinced that they are ordained to a hallowed profession, and by the various other means of modern communication, that the whys, hows and wherefores of these places need little explanation or delineation. Riding the crest of the popularity wave at this time are the Stork Club and El Morocco, which have, in a fantastic way, built up the national hallucination that if you want to find anybody you need go only to either the Stork Club or El Morocco where the person will be found on the dance floor giving the latest novelty swing. These are the entertainment spots of the big city and are getting the smartest of the cafe society patronage. New York is over-run with excellent eating places and yet, strangely enough, one of the finest is Broadway's own Lindy's. The hang-out of the bookmakers, gamblers, theatre folk and just plain business people out for a Sunday spree, Lindy's serves fine "vittles." That the gamblers eat there is a real tribute to the food. It's an old axiom among bookmakers that to find the best restaurant in any strange town is to ask the taxi driver where the gamblers eat. For strictly Broadway atmosphere the new International Casino is the eye-ful. Both the International and the French Casino present truly remarkable shows, with lavish production numbers and solid variety talent, in addition to good food and excellent dance music. The Paradise and Hollywood cater to a slightly different type of patronage and go in for a bit more raucousness in atmosphere and entertainment. For colored entertainment the Cotton Club and the new Harlem Uproar House have everything that can be desired and deliver what the average customer expects. The Cotton Club has contributed some excellent items to show business and music, and can be depended on to continue in that tradition.

While Chicago hasn't the large number of fine spots as New York, the midwest metropolis has some outstanding places. Topping the list without question is the Chez Paree, probably the finest night club in the country. For \$2.50 to \$3.50 the Chez serves a fine \$3.50 to \$4.00 dinner in addition to a show which is worth \$3.30 to \$4.40. It is the night club that gives value plus. The food and show are the finest. Probably the best breakfast place in the country is Henrici's in the loop. It is truly the crossroads of the nation, with the breakfast crowd always well

(Continued on Page 70)

CHICAGO

Smart Entertainment for Epicures

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L'Aiglon, with its cultured European atmosphere and internationally famous French cuisine and Southern sea-foods, now presents outstanding entertainment.

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"FAMOUS RENDEZVOUS FOR FAMOUS PEOPLE"

Blackhawk

CHICAGO



PAN-AMERICAN TRIO AT L'AIGLON





Left to right

Fred A. Alger, Jr., owner of Azucar.
Winner of Santa Anita Handicap, 1935.

Col. E. R. Bradley, famous stable
owner and three-time winner of the
Kentucky Derby.

Going to the post at Saratoga.

HOW TO BET ON THE HORSES

And Win!

by Mark Mellen, Editor of Post Time

Ask any lover of outdoor activities which is the most popular sport and the answer probably will be: Baseball.

This answer is not correct.

It is a fact that there are 16 teams in the two major leagues; and several hundred players. Each sunny afternoon thousands of happy fans find seats in the grandstands and bleachers to root for their favorites; the aggregate attendance is an enormous figure. But it pales into insignificance when compared with the total annual attendance at the various and many race tracks which brighten the landscape from snug Rockingham Park at Salem, New Hampshire, to beautiful Santa Anita Park at Los Angeles, California; and from picturesque Hialeah Park in Miami, Florida, to stately Saratoga, in New York.

In competition with baseball during the summer months and with football during the fall and early winter, and in opposition to various Conventions, Fiestas, the Mardi Gras and other attractions at one time and another, the horses draw big crowds, regardless of weather conditions, every day in the year. One never hears the announcement: "No game; wet grounds." The thoroughbreds race in the rain and through the mud, as well as on the days when the report is: "Weather clear; track fast."

During the year 1936 exactly 15,344 races were run over recognized tracks in the United States and Canada. More than 10,000 thoroughbred horses are in training during the

summer season; and half that number during the winter. The immense sum of \$12,993,890 was distributed in purses to the owners of winning horses during the past year. Millions of dollars passed through the betting wickets during the same period, the "mutuel handle" or amount wagered at one track alone (Naragansett Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island), aggregating \$34,186,865 in 1936.

Why is horse racing the most popular sport in America?

Why does the racing public attend in all sorts of weather, and pay admission fees larger in most cases than are collected at the ball parks?

Is it because a close finish between two fleet and game thoroughbreds freely striving to the utmost provides a spectacle unrivaled on the diamond or the gridiron?

Is it because the public loves the horses?

The answer to all these queries may be given in one word: BETTING.

Without legalized betting there would be no horse racing!

The racing fan does not go to the races only to enjoy a spectacle. He goes to the track to place a bet! He makes exactly as many bets as there are races on the program; and win, lose or draw, he gets a run for his money.

The bettors are in effect betting against one another. Every horse entered in the race is backed by various hopeful individuals, but only one horse can win. The lucky backers of the winning horse collect the aggregate sum

lost by the less fortunate ones who bet their money on the racers which finished in the ruck. When the next race is run many of those who had proudly found a place in the pay-off line in front of the mutuel department cashier and collected profits on the first race will back various losers and get rid of a portion of their winnings; others who had made a poor guess the first time will now experience the thrill experienced only by the man who has backed a winner, and they will recoup their earlier losses and collect a profit as well. At the race track "money has no home for more than thirty minutes," or the interval between races.

But the money is never lost! It is not retired from circulation. It simply changes hands. And every man who takes a part in the fascinating game is a winner at one time or another, even though he may eventually wind up with a diminished cash reserve. But if Smith's operations result in red ink figures, Jones finds that he is the favored son of Lady Luck, and figures most satisfactory profits. He "adds himself up" and finds he will now be able to buy that new suit, and take the vacation trip so long deferred.

Jones wins today. His head is in the clouds. His troubles are behind him. He may have lost a hundred dollars over a period of time, playing the ponies; but now he has two hundred, safe in his pocket. And he would never have saved as much as one hundred, even if he never had made a bet.



The horses have been good to Mr. Jones! He forgets that he was a loser yesterday; and the day before. His confidence in himself is restored! He is a winner! He feels like a winner! Even though deep-down, he fears that he may be a loser tomorrow, he will not acknowledge the fact. He is a winner today, and nothing else matters.

It is wonderful what an inspiring effect the feel of a healthy bank-roll in the pocket has on a man. The Jones budget does not permit him to bet heavily; he never has much cash with which to indulge his tastes for this, that and the other. Now he has what is "important" money to a man of his income. What matter that he has made losing bets in the past? Today he will enjoy himself to the limit, and indulge in a few extravagances.

When his cash is spent, he will continue to play the races. If he goes broke, he will be forced to stay away from the track for a time, but he will "dig up some fresh money" and be back, hopeful and confident as ever. Playing the races is his hobby; he is doing the one thing he wants to do. And that is worth more than he will ever lose at the game. He is one of the millions who find their relaxation at the race track.

During the 1936 racing season hundreds of millions were wagered at the various tracks in the twenty-one States in which racing and betting is legal. Incidentally, millions of dollars were paid into the coffers of these same States, in the form of taxes, license fees and percentages of the amounts handled through the mutuel betting machines. Racing was conducted at more than 90 tracks during the course of the year, and each paid a large sum to the tax collectors.

Racing is a Sport; but it is also Big Business.

In New York State racing has always been conducted on a high plane and it can be said that the many millionaires and sportsmen who race their horses at Belmont Park and Saratoga regard racing as a sport. They do not expect their stables to show a profit. The race tracks in New York do not show large profits at the close of the racing season. On the contrary, they frequently show a loss.

On various occasions the amount wagered at one track on one day has aggregated a sum in excess of one million dollars. That, it must be conceded, is considerable money—even if you are unable to win it.

One thing that makes racing so immensely popular is the fact that one can bet any amount, from a minimum of two dollars to the limit of one's resources, and win fabulous sums—provided the money is bet on horses which win.

At tracks at which the mutuel form of betting is used (all tracks outside of New York State) all bets are made in actual cash. No checks, slow notes, I. O. U.'s or promises to pay are accepted—nothing but the coin of the realm.

At no other place of business in the entire world is so much actual cash handled each day as at the race track. Money is a most potent attraction—the Lorelei which lures the normally conservative individuals to take risks and run chances which no other incentive is strong enough to do. It is the hope of winning a sizeable share of this cash that impels the thousands to visit the tracks day after day, regardless of rain, heat, cold and every other consideration. The money is there. The money bet on each race, less the percentage deducted by the racing association, is returned to the lucky individuals who back the winning horse. To collect the money one has only to place a bet on the right racer!

Which one is that?

It is not impossible to select a winner; thousands do it every day. Neither is it as easy as might at first appear. There are those who like to bet on long-shots, or horses against whose chances big odds are offered. These long-shots sometimes win. During the past year exactly ten horses won and paid their backers odds of 100 to 1 or better. When it is borne in mind that more than 15,000 races were run during that period it is at once evident that one who backs all the long-shots is headed for the rocks.

It is not impossible to win a very fair percentage of one's bets, however. In each race there is a favorite, or public choice, which expert handicappers figure to be the best horse in the race. Most of the bets are placed on such horse, and that is why it is known as the favorite. As evidence that racing is formful to a great degree it is necessary only to call attention to the fact that, year in and year out, about thirty-five to forty per cent of the favorites win. In other words, the handicappers and the public select the winning horse in approximately one race in three.

However, favorites do not lose two races and then win one in regular order. If they did, one would have only to sit tight until two favorites had lost and then step in and bet on the third race. It is not as easy as all that. Sometimes these favorites lose quite a number of races before one of them flashes first under the finish wire.

In Maryland, for instance, there are four major tracks: Pimlico,

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"Let's go this way, it's prettier"



O'Brien Galleries, Chicago

R. H. Paley '36

"Fanning"



"Let's strip her down and run for Newport"



By **ALFRED LANGLOIS**

Skiing

FROM ST. MORITZ TO SUN VALLEY

Illustrator **GLENN GROHE**

LAST winter, I happened to be one of a group that was discussing skiing. Several of us had been holding forth at great length about its thrills and joys with the fire and vigor that ski enthusiasts do, when one individual spoke up to say, "I don't know what you're getting steamed up about. This skiing business is just a fad. It'll have its day and disappear like the rest of them."

Now this person was a fairly average American, but somehow he had managed, like a good many others, to avoid the bug that has bitten a large proportion of the American people. Such a statement as his could never come from one who has given skiing a serious try. By a serious try, I don't mean having struck one's feet into the toestraps of long, heavy skis and spent the afternoon bouncing from tree to tree. What I do mean is having begged or borrowed a proper outfit and given oneself a fair chance of controlling speed and direction.

The spectacular phases of skiing that one sees in newsreels and newspapers have created the impression that it is a dangerous sport. Too many people still think that skiing means ski jumping. We skiers are constantly being

greeted with, "So you're a skier. My, it must take a lot of courage to go off of those jumps." That's like thinking that a swimmer is a person who dives from a 150 foot tower into a shallow tank. Swimming has its daredevils, its trick artists, and its competitors, but swimming for the majority is recreation done for its fun and enjoyment. So it is with skiing.

Still others are holding out because they think they are not young enough or agile enough or rich enough. The skiing sections of the world, and certain parts of the United States are included in this category, are a living rebuttal of this contention. Few people in America realize how completely skiing, young as it is, has taken hold in various parts of the world. In many European countries, it has become the principal sport of the nation. There, young and old, rich and poor all ski. Snow trains carry thousands every week-end from the cities all over Europe up into the mountains. Let us consider some of these well known ski regions of the world.

Norway has been the birthplace of modern skiing. There, skiing is probably the outstanding single characteristic of the country, and anyone who can get about without the

aid of crutches spends a good part of his time on skis. Oslo is the headquarters of all skiing and the Holmenkollen meet held there every year brings the world's best skiers together. On that day, all of Norway declares a holiday and thousands of people attend. The Easter holidays are the signal for another traditional ski event in Norway. At that time, the city dwellers make an exodus into the mountains for a last taste of its beloved sport.

It is natural that Norway be the home not only of most enthusiastic skiers but of the most skilled ski makers. Norwegian made skis are known the world over for their excellence. They are made of American grown hickory and sold in all the leading ski centers of the world.

Sweden has not the same favorable terrain for skiing that Norway has, but like Norway it is a nation of skiers. There are innumerable ski resorts with special trains bringing hundreds to them. They have many ski clubs and ski societies. In many places, one can ski until July and in the north at Riksgraensen there is skiing by the light of the midnight sun. Other famous resorts are Ramshytten near Stockholm, Storlien in central Sweden and Sollefteaa.

Most of France has a mild winter. Yet, France is one of the leading ski countries of the world. There are over 25,000 ski clubs and thousands of the French people are rabid ski fans. Can skiing be a fad if it is adopted so wholeheartedly by a nation? The thing that surprises most is the fact that skiing was introduced seriously into France so short a time ago as 1910. Today, the French skiers are among the best of the world, having won many of the stiffest competitions of the past season in European circles.

Mont Blanc at Chamonix near Switzerland is the unrivaled center of France's skiing and is, in fact, one of the world's leading winter resorts. Nearly 3500 feet in altitude, it has vast ski runs, ski jumps, a bobsled run, and aerial cable railway, a skating rink with races, hockey and curling popular activities, and a very famous ski school. The first winter olympics, in 1924, were held there and the annual French championships are now a feature of the winter season.

In the same region are located other prominent resorts such as Argentière at the foot of the Argentièr glacier, Mont Revard, Saint Gervais les Bains, Megève with its aerial cable railway to the Plateau de Rochebrune, and Mont d'Arbois and its famous ski school supervised by the French Federation of Skiing.

South of this region in Dauphiny, there are many more resorts, Montgenèvre, Briançon, Huez, Grenoble, Villard de Lans and many others. All have a popular winter season.

Near Germany, there is skiing in the Vosges mountains, and in the Jura mountains north of the Alps, we find such resorts as Pontarlier, Jougne, Morez les Rousses, and Le Pailly. In the maritime Alps, there is the Col D'Allos which draws many enthusiasts from Cannes and Nice as do the other resorts such as Beuil, Peira-Cava, and Thorenc. The Pyrenees is another popular region with many high peaks and vast snow fields. France is a sparkling example of ski development and a living proof that skiing is not a fad.

Germany, like France, received its interest in skiing from Norway. Around 1890, Norwegian foresters introduced the sport and the growth has been so rapid that today skiing

is its leading sport. There has been a tremendous growth of resorts, so many it is almost impossible to name them all. Snow trains are an established part of German life today.

The Erzgebirge and Riesengebirge regions of eastern Germany draw huge crowds from Dresden, Berlin and Leipzig. In the Thuringian Forest, there are many resorts which appeal to enthusiasts from Eisenach, Gotha, and Erfurt. The Hannover citizens journey to the Harz mountains with its famous Mt. Brocken. Near the Alps in southwestern Germany is the Black Forest region, one of the most beautiful regions of all Europe in which to ski. Munich, in southern Germany, is a tremendously ski conscious region, rich in tradition. It is close to most of the well known German resorts principally the Allgau, Garmish, and the Berchtesgaden and is a headquarters for a cosmopolitan crowd of ski enthusiasts.

Garmish was the site of the winter Olympics in 1936 and has some of the best skiing to be found in all Europe. There are funicular railroads to take the skiers high up such peaks as the Zugspitz, which is the highest mountain in Germany.

Austria has long been one of the guiding forces in ski development. The Arlberg technique, made famous by Hannes Schneider and which has swept the ski world, originated here. Those who had taken ski lessons in American resorts have most likely had Aus-

trian instructors who taught the Arlberg technique or some modification of it.

The terrain in Austria is ideal for skiing and there is a long season because of the high altitudes. There are so many mountain peaks that one can ski almost anywhere. In the late '20's, Austria anticipated the popularity of skiing and winter sports and cable railways are now available in many places.

Innsbruck and Salzburg are the most famous resorts and draw skiers from all over the continent and England. The Arlberg school is located at St. Anton, which is one of the leading ski resorts of Europe. Vienna, like Munich, is a headquarters for skiers. Winter in Vienna is a colorful time. Skiers from all over the world gather here, and there is a delightful spirit of gaiety and good fellowship. Austria, in general, is one of the most ski minded of all European countries and here one can ski the year round in a country of high mountains and magnificent scenery.

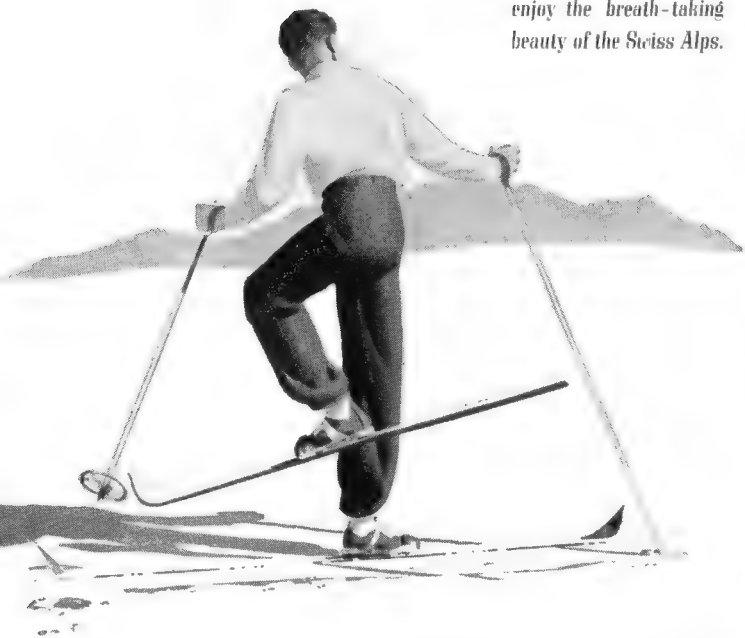
Switzerland, of course, is the resort capitol of the world. When skiing and winter sports came into prominence, it was natural for the summer resorts of Switzerland to become the centers for the vast body of skiers. There are so many ski centers in this country where every village is a resort and every mountain a major ski run, that it is impossible to mention more than a few of the most outstanding.

In the East is St. Moritz, perhaps the best known winter resort of all the world. Here is

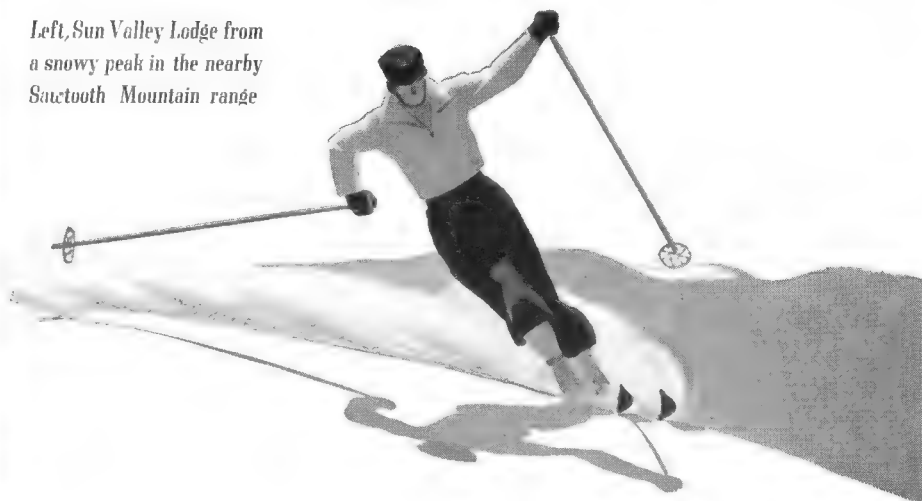


Right, Skiing in the Swiss Alps. Jungfrau Peak in the distance. Center, Skiing in comfort Sun Valley's chair lift carries you up the mountain side without effort. Below, Dog-sledging is part of the fun at Sun Valley Lodge.

Right, Skiers pause to enjoy the breath-taking beauty of the Swiss Alps.



Left, Sun Valley Lodge from a snowy peak in the nearby Sawtooth Mountain range



really a skier's paradise. There are innumerable mountain peaks, and railways make the climbing easy. There is not only the skiing but also many other activities to attract the winter sport's enthusiast. In the same region is Davos and the famous Parsenn runs. Central Switzerland around Lucerne is another well known region, Mt. Pilatus being one of the chief attractions. In the Bernese Oberland, we find Wengen, Murren, and Jungfrau. And then in Southern Switzerland, there is Zermatt. This is near the Matterhorn and is one of Switzerland's best known resorts.

Switzerland was supposedly discovered by the English as a summer resort. Today, it is the world's greatest winter sport's center.

In Italy, it is a frequent sight to see crowds of skiers boarding trains for the trip into the mountains for the week-end. There has been a great growth of skiing in Italy since the war and the people have found many places to ski. They have the Julian Alps, the Dolomites, the Swiss Alps, and the Maritime Alps and by their patronage of these places have proved themselves to be real enthusiasts.

Several countries which we seldom think of as ski countries have become important in the ski world. Most startling is Africa which has high mountains in its southern part. While the skiing is not the best in the world, it has attracted many people to its slopes. In Australia, too, skiing can be found. There are many high peaks and wide, open slopes and skiing is growing in popularity. Japan has become a factor in the winter sport's world in the last few years. They were represented in the last two Olympics by ski teams and did remarkably well. In some sections of Japan, such as the island of Hokkaido, there is actually skiing from December until July just as in any average American resort. Many of the mountains have a tremendous height going well over six and seven thousand feet. They have their snow trains and a good many of the people have taken up this popular sport. They still have work to do in developing some of their skiing regions but in a short time this should be accomplished. Chile and Argentina in South America have good ski terrain and last year France sent some of her

skiers as goodwill envoys to these countries. The mountains here are high and the snow conditions favorable for good sport. Mt. Crillon in Alaska is one of the newer places in the ski world. It is situated in a beautiful region in Alaska and there is abundant snow for the skier. It provides everything that could be asked of a ski center. There is height beyond all imagination and the slopes are expansive and open on the upper portion. Many have taken advantage of the fine conditions and Alaska belongs in our skiing picture of the world.

In Canada, there are many resorts and the ski fever has struck there as fiercely as it has here in the United States. There is a lively interest not only in skiing but in all winter sports, tobogganning, skating, snow-shoeing, curling and dog team racing. Montreal is one of America's leading sport centers. From Montreal, snow specials run into the Laurentians to St. Jovite, Val Morin, and St. Agathe des Monts. Around Quebec, there are many other resorts including the famous Seigneurie Club. Farther west are the Canadian Rockies



(Photo from European)



Center, at rest, 15,000 feet up.

Below, thrilling jump over a snow bank.

(BlackStar Photo)



and Banff at Lake Louise is well known. Around Vancouver, there is plenty of good ski country and they have many splendid slopes for skiing.

Skiing in the United States has had a tremendous growth in the last few years. Every winter week-end, thousands of city dwellers head for the mountains. The ski centers of the East are mainly in New Hampshire and scattered throughout Vermont, Western Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania, it is the Poconos; in Massachusetts, Mt. Greylock and the Berkshire Hills; in Vermont, Mt. Mansfield and the Green Mountains; in New York, Lake Placid and the Adirondacks; and in New Hampshire, the White Mountains with the well known Franconia, Pinkham, and Crawford sections. Mt. Washington, which is the ski center of the East, has skiing until July. Throughout this entire region, there has been a great change. Trails have been built, resorts have sprung up, ski tramways have been built, and what were once quiet snowed in villages have become gay winter sport's centers.

Western United States has changed in the same way. In general, there are higher mountains and wide open slopes rather than mountain trails. The outstanding development of Western skiing in 1936 was the appearance of Sun Valley Lodge in Ketchum, Idaho.

When the snow flies again, there will be a real trek toward this brilliant ski spa, opened last year by the Union Pacific railroad. Before the summer was over, there were several hundred reservations, and officials were con-

vinced that they had made no mistake in enlarging Sun Valley's facilities on the strength of the successful opening season.

This winter's guests will find the original Sun Valley Lodge flanked by a second complete hostelry, to be known as Challenger Inn, as well as by a number of other establishments such as cafes, shops of all kinds, a post office, a movie theater, etc. All these were started after last winter's season closed and are due to be ready when this year's winter activities get under way.

Enthusied by the heavy "repeat" reservations from last year's visitors and the equally enthusiastic swing of new ski enthusiasts toward Sun Valley, those in charge have developed a comprehensive program of special events and activities which will keep things humming in the Sawtooths all through the season.

The first major event planned so far will be the intercollegiate ski meet to be held during the Christmas holidays, when university stars from all over the country will gather for the thrill of staying at America's St. Moritz and of competing against the college ski aces of the United States.

Toward the end of the season, the second annual Sun Valley open ski tournament will be held and it will attract an even greater field of skiing stars from both this country and abroad than did the initial competition last March. Richard Durrance, Dartmouth college ace, swept through the array of 40 entrants last season to gain the first leg on the "Challenge Cup," presented by Mrs. W. Averell Harriman, wife of the chairman of the Union Pacific's board of directors. Dur-

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MARTENING UP THE MALE

Foremost Authority on Smartness

"Smart Wife" is not a subject for the be the topic toward which husbands the increase in the existing standards of some re-vamping of the late-for-supper and order. First harbingers of the later spring have their note of warning. Let the ax fall where it will.

It's safe to say that the eyes of the "little woman" are focussed on her husband through a microscope—not rose-coloured glasses. Lure—and stuff—may be getting him by with his secretaries and telephone operators but the nearest-and-dearest in this brave new world has scrapped the "love is blind" theory and can spot a fault at long or close range. She's her husband's best friend and severest critic but a little more adept at the severest-critic part of it. I know. I have it straight from the "little woman."

When I took over the business of putting the word "smart" into feminine vocabularies, I thought it was to be a localized thing—application of the healing antiseptic to the wound itself. It hasn't been that simple. To be sure, that wound heals, but suddenly its very healthiness shows up minor infections that have been there all the time, unnoticed. The "little woman" blossoming in a well-dressed, well-groomed, self-confident aura—looks at her knight-in-armour, her cave-man, her magnificent-obsession, and finds him wanting.

"Dear Alma Archer," one wife wrote me, "What good does it do me to be smart? I've come out like the flowers in spring, like sit-down strikes in Detroit, like the Supreme Court in dinner conversation. Frankly I know I've done a good job. If the shoe fits, put it on, I always say. Trite things are out of my conversational repertoire, conventional hats are off my head. Glassiness is out of my eyes and my 'dull' clothes and moments are as rare as peace in Spain. Yet what do I get for my pains? Evenings at home. With a good book or maybe a not-so-good book. After all, even 'Gone with the Wind' doesn't last forever."

"It's all because Herbert (that's my husband, could you guess?) doesn't like Society. To hear him fuss when I've asked a single dinner guest or accepted a mild cocktail-party invitation, you'd think I had called out New York's Four Hundred to look at him through lorgnettes. The first fifty years (it seems like fifty) I didn't mind. Maybe I was like that too. But I'm the worm that turned and now I want to play butterfly. I want to try smartness on my piano and not let Margaret Mitchell rule my night life. Can it be done without benefit of Reno?"

Rule 1 to the would-be Smart Husband is Don't be a "stick." (Also known as "dead pan.") When you catch the little woman idly flicking the pages of her novel and looking as determined as Hercules diving into the Hellespont, take a good deep breath and suggest a night club. Don't worry about your Methodist grandmother. She did an 1887 act—you go ahead on a 1937 basis. Not in the fragile sacrificial spirit of St. Joan at the stake but in the manner of a business deal—impressing your wife, not your office force. It's a matter of not looking like a fish out of water that will keep your wife looking at you during the evening, instead of at Benny Goodman. Too—next time she suggests a waffle breakfast for four or a dessert bridge or anything that sounds like an evening newspaper's woman's page, don't grit those expensive fillings out of your teeth. Get a copy of *Pleasure* or *The New Yorker* and brighten the corner where you are.

Next after the "Stick" comes the "Sower of Late Oats." The wife who wrote to me didn't call herself an Early Oat in her husband's life, but she was case-historing Common Husband Fault No. 7862 when she called in the marines—meaning me.

"Learning to whip up a meringue glaze hasn't been all my wifely accomplishments but I'm about to use that technique to whip up a mess about my

husband. I thought 'philandering' was some kind of a flavoring for oyster stew until my best girl friend said sweetly, 'Oh but my dear we all think it's PERFECTLY DREADFUL about Henry and that waitress.' I said just as sweetly, 'Helen, precious, your sympathy means *everything* to me and just now, too, when I know you must have your own worries about how heavy you're getting.' But Helen, the cat, did make me think about those Thursday nights that Henry hadn't been getting home for dinner. Our married life had been one of those moonlight and roses affairs. Middle age only meant a little less hair for Henry and a new program of rolling off my hips when your lessons jerked me out of a self-satisfied 150-pound glow. My hips are down now and my personal appearance stock is up but what am I to do about Henry? Mercy—a waitress! ! ! ! !"

Who am I to ring bells and sing songs over the fact that the dangerous age is still with us. We had the Stone Age, the Ice Age and the Bronze Age without anyone going "tsk tsk." Now we have the Dangerous Age with the old theory, boys will be boys, going to town as cause, effect and reason-enough. I agree to do my part with the situation—I will warn all wives directly in the path of the Dangerous Age that the bug is likely to bite and that it's a throwback to a lady-killer instinct that reason seems to have missed in its conquest of the male. But am I to suggest that standards must go by the board in this awakening of the middle-aged-man's fancy? Not this Miss America 1937! Standards are standards and the least a husband can do in having affairs is to have smart ones. If passion lights like a dove on some second love, let her be a queen-pin, no less. Don't flavor your ardour with ham.

A "Lug" is a horrid man. Women marry lugs before, of course, realizing that they are lugs. The Lug, I am sure you must realize, is the spirit of 1776 all done up in a 1937 exterior. The spirit of 1776 may be the birth of democracy to historians but it's just 161 years behind-times to me.

Helen, who got a Lug for a husband, wrote me, "It isn't that I'm not satisfied with *myself*, Miss Archer, it's that I'm not satisfied with my husband. For years we had our fun bringing up the kiddies. When they went off to school, I took a look in the mirror and decided that if I didn't want to pose for Whistler's next 'Mother', I'd better do things. I overhauled, re-upholstered and redecorated and got the mirror to change its story. But not my husband. He laughed when I sat down to my green vegetable diet and has tempered his laughter only with sarcasm for my every new dress, new coiffure and new cocktail hors d'oeuvres. He's mother's little discomfort, and tells me his mother never changed the way she did *her* hair."

The trouble with the Lug is that he doesn't recognize himself as one. Sarcasm has a way of making the sarcassee think he is being unusually clever. There are certain traits to be recognized if a husband is to determine whether he is being a Lug or a Westbrook Pegler in pulling his next crack. First of all, no laughter should ripple into the silence over the green vegetable until the subject has checked his waistline with that fatal side view in a mirror. When you are using ice picks to punch holes in belts to give you a little more "freedom," you are not making yourself exactly invulnerable to counter attacks, providing your wife should exhibit a sudden burst of Franco re-actionism. What profiteth a man if he loseth his own waistline? Next after the waistline, it isn't a bad idea to check ideas, and when you find a new idea as unfamiliar to thinking mechanism as tea leaves to a coffee pot, do a little up-stirring of ideas and give the little woman credit for at least having a try at something outside of eat, sleep and dust routine.

One of the joys in the little woman's life is, naturally, those brief interludes in the Big City. Or in the Big Restaurant, if she already lives in the Big City. But there is no doubt about it—these pleasures can be ruined if Main Street is sitting across the table from her doing a bad job of menu-juggling. One of these Main Street better halves had this to say about it: "John and I seldom get out for a big night. The family budget says no and I've reached the stage where I don't care much. If we do make the financial grade and find ourselves in one of those lure-ful be-palmed, soft-lighted dinner spots and have a couple of idyllic floating moments, it's all ruined the moment the menu is put before us. Honestly I cringe. John once had a year of high school French and though he never got past the je-suis stage he *will* practice it in public. So there we are back on Main Street!"

Anytime any man wants a partner in the campaign about America-

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Alma Archer is president of the House of Smartness, the only school of its kind, where students are taught through correspondence or private consultations the smart things to know about appearance, personality, manners and love.

Alma Archer, President of the Peckham, whose "Guide Escort Service" supplies lonely women with male companions—at a price—demonstrate some of the important "Stop and Go's" for escorts.

1. The smart-witted escort establishes his identity with flowers.

2. Services of an escort are strictly cash. The lady advances the salary and expense money via two envelopes.

3. The sophisticated male always maintains his savoir faire . . . if the lady insists on bringing "Scotch" along, the escort merely checks him.

4. Never, NEVER remain in the cab and permit a lady to alight alone. The gallant escort always gets out and assists.

5. Important! If the lady overtakes her alcoholic capacity, the escort must Bring the Body Home!



Karger-Pix.





Andrew J. Puplis
L. H.
Notre Dame



By LOU LITTLE



"Blackie" Caldwell
Bark
Alabama

TIME MEANS TOUCHDOWNS

The winning varsity football coach today is the coach who knows how to improve every fleeting moment of every practice hour—and even then the time is too short, which is the chief reason why those star freshmen never make the varsity teams.

THERE is in the possession of the Columbia University Athletic Association a prized memento. It is an old clock. But never again will it tell a perspiring assistant manager or a hurrying coach the time. It is hopelessly damaged, past repair. Once it ticked off the days, hours and minutes of the football season from a proud position of eminence in the coaches' room. But the day came when the old clock was derelict in its duty. That's why it's only a relic.

Percy D. Haughton was Columbia's coach. With the greatest name in football, as a result of his remarkable success in bringing Harvard to the gridiron heights between 1908 and 1916, "P.D." had been coaxed from retirement by Columbia in the early twenties. Columbia football was in the doldrums. The Haughton name was magic. So was the Haughton skill in coaching the game. The Haughton name meant morale; the Haughton skill spelled efficiency. Columbia football suddenly perked up.

There came the early October afternoon for which a great deal of work had been planned. This was one of the few days on which the entire squad was able to report on time for practice. Usually a number of the boys, then as now, were detained by late classes.

Haughton and his assistant coaches, dressed for the field, were concluding the little pre-practice session, going over the details of the work it was hoped to accomplish that day. The hands of the clock pointed to twenty-nine minutes past three. The squad was warming up on the field. Haughton had delayed pulling on the stiff football shoes in which he coached until the last minute. He was about to tie the lace of his right shoe when an assistant manager looked in.

"They're waiting, Mr. Haughton," he said. "It's twenty minutes to four."

"It's three-thirty," corrected Haughton, "and I'll be out there in less than a minute."

"That clock is wrong," insisted the assistant manager. "It's ten minutes slow. I should have told you that before."

There was a sudden, sharp burst of the Haughton temperament and a cleated football shoe, the one he had been about to lace, flew through the air. It found its mark. There was a crash, the musical sound of broken

glass and the old clock had ticked its last tick.

"Ten minutes lost," thundered Haughton. The fabled Jovian thunder must have been a tinkling cymbal beside that of the old Harvardian, according to the stories his former players tell me. "Ten minutes lost, and on the day we needed them most. Get another clock. Get that thing out of here. Even the clock-makers are against us now."

He retrieved the shoe, was on the field before another minute had passed and Columbia players of that season have told me since that they spent a never to be forgotten afternoon that day.

Perhaps you think that extreme. I don't. Sitting in that same room sometimes during the past six seasons, I have often felt much as "P.D." did that afternoon when, for unavoidable reasons, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, have been wasted. Time means touchdowns to a varsity football team. From the day the squad reports on September 10 or a few days later until the last practice is finished and the squad trots up the hill to the locker-room in the dusk of a late-November afternoon, there is no moment that is not important.

When I look over a new squad in early autumn, having already studied the personnel during the four weeks of Spring practice, I know almost to the minute the amount of time it will take for conditioning and drilling on fundamentals. My time is figured so closely that, if you were to ask me, I could tell you exactly what we would be doing at 3:35 on any afternoon during the balance of the football season.

That sounds like work to you, I suppose. And in one very real sense it is work. But the saving factor is that the coaches like it and the players, with very few exceptions, revel in it. The player who does not revel in it doesn't last very long, as a matter of fact. That's a condition, of course, which is not restricted to football among the athletic sports. Show me the man or woman who is proficient in any sport and I'll show you one

NORTHWESTERN DEFEATS MINNESOTA AT EVANSTON



who has worked at it. And that's the man or woman who has really earned the thrill and gets the real bang when it comes.

Like that friend of mine, an amateur yachtsman, who sailed the ocean race to Bermuda last summer. He came back to New York with hands gnarled, blistered and bruised and with muscles still sore. The weather had been heavy, the rain cold and the watches long. Forced to do this sort of work, he would probably have rebelled or hired someone to do it for him. But instead, he came home and insisted on regaling us through a long evening with his stories about the storm, the long night watches, the dangers that were encountered, the water-soaked food eaten from a flooded galley. And he couldn't understand my inability to appreciate his viewpoint that this was sport. He had earned his thrill.

I could better understand, however, the reactions of Tommy Tomb, Columbia quarterback of two or three years ago who played through an entire season of eight games spending only six minutes of the possible 480 playing minutes on the bench. The boy weighed only 155 pounds but he never was hurt, he was invariably the first out at practice, the last in, unless the coaches chased him in, and the first in line when tackling, blocking and heavy work was to be done.

"Pretty hard work, wasn't it, Tommy?" inquired a newspaper man the day after the season closed. He sensed a feature story about the "drudgery of football."

"Hard work?" repeated Tommy. "Sure it was. But it was a lot of fun to be out there winning those ball games on Saturday afternoons, too. And no work, no win."

Georgetown had a huge all-America guard a few years ago. His name was Harry Connaughton. As a sophomore and junior, Connaughton, who weighed 260 pounds, stood 6 feet, 2 inches in his stocking feet and was remarkably fast, never came close to living up to his potentialities. He was playing the game for the exercise and the fresh air. His physical equipment enabled him to take care of himself and have a lot of fun but the satisfaction of real achievement was not his.

At the beginning of his senior year, the coaches got big Harry off in a corner one afternoon and talked to him on this subject of achievement and the thrill that goes with it. It was pointed out to him what a remarkable football player he could be if he tried. He was told how much it would mean to him personally, as well as to the team, if he would really try to absorb the coaching and take the game seriously. He was told that that's where the real fun lies.

"Okay," he said at last. "I'll try it. I admit I haven't been as serious as I should have been. I'll buckle down this year. You show

me what to do and I'll do it."

The big chap was as good as his word. The preliminary practice season saw him reaching keener condition than in either of the preceding years. Paying attention to his line coach, he began to absorb some of the finer points which he had laughed off earlier. As his improvement became apparent to him, he began to take pride in the artistry that is part of the real lineman's play.

Before three games had been played, the sports writers were commenting on him, seeing him as one of the East's leading linemen. From that time on, he needed no urging. Desire to achieve had been born in him. He redoubled his efforts and the last four or five games of that campaign saw Connaughton one of the greatest linemen who ever played the game on any gridiron. "Fat" Henry of Washington and Jefferson still stands out in my mind as the greatest lineman, guard or tackle, that I ever saw but the Connaughton of that season comes close.

At the end of the year, his one regret was that he had played only one season of real football.

"Why didn't you explain to me before that it was so much fun to work hard?" was his reproach to the coaches. His ambition sharpened, he has been working hard ever since. He went on to an education in law, achieved high marks and is now a successful attorney in the Middle West.

The ten- or eleven-week campaign of football is the shortest devoted to any of our major American games. The amount of technical knowledge to be absorbed if the complicated timing and teamplay are to click is greater than in any other American game. That's why minutes are important and why you may see Dick Harlow at Harvard or Fritz Crisler at Princeton or any other of a dozen outstanding coaches suddenly glance at a wrist watch, blow a whistle and bolt practice at 4:10. Linemen who were practicing at "breaking through" now switch suddenly to blocking. Ends and backs who were practicing forward-passing and receiving now turn to defensive work against the pass. The component parts of this machine are being built. At 4:45, by the wrist watch of Coach Harlow or Coach Crisler, the machine will be put together for a trial. That means perhaps twenty minutes of scrimmage. If the parts click, progress is being made. If not, the machine is taken down, new parts inserted. In any event, spare parts must be developed. Due allowance must be made for speed, power, flexibility in pace. And all on a schedule in which minutes count.

That's why, so often, the sophomore, brilliant as a prep school star, brilliant as a freshman, fails to make the varsity team.

(Continued on Page 84)

Frank Souchak
R. E.
Pittsburgh



Robert W. Gibson
Center
Dartmouth



Fritz Washkowitz
Halfback
U. of Washington



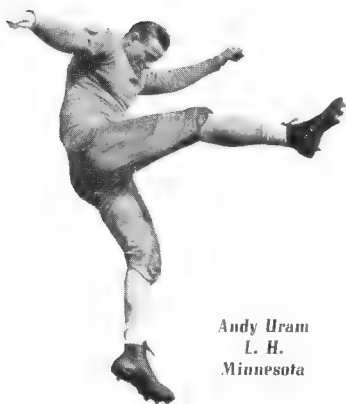
Marty Glickman
Halfback
Syracuse University



Miller Upton
Tackle
Tulane



Andy Uram
L. H.
Minnesota



Ken Cotton
Tackle
U. of California



PRINCETON vs. PENNSYLVANIA SELL-OUT AT PRINCETON



FISH THAT CLIMB TREES

And Other Tales of the Malay Jungle

By **CARVETH WELLS, F. R. G. S.**

World-Famous Explorer and Lecturer



Carveth Wells

Hal Phayre Photo

ON the whole, explorers take themselves too seriously. That is about the only fault that can be found with them. On the other hand, many of them criticize me for taking the profession too lightly. They say it isn't cricket. Be that as it may, I get a great deal of fun out of debunking this and that. Folks have often remarked, after hearing my lectures and broadcasts, that I have the faculty of making the truth sound like a lie, whereas I merely try to be accurate in my natural history without being too technical.

Until we actually have seen a certain thing, or a photograph of it, it is difficult for us to believe that it exists. When I first came back from the Malay Peninsula, and told stories of fish that climb trees, of mosquitoes that stand on their heads, of lizards that break off their tails, of singing earth worms, and of bushes that lie down when one approaches, my audiences laughed. "What a delightful liar!" some of my listeners would say. Others left out the "delightful." Nevertheless, such well-known scientists as the late Dr. Lucas, former Director of the American Museum of Natural History, and Prof. Crampton, of Columbia University, have vouched for the scientific accuracy of these stories.

Nor is incredulity confined to English-speaking people. When I went down to Malaya to survey a railroad, the coolies, sitting about the camp fire one evening, asked me to tell them something of America. One of the subjects touched upon was climate, and it occurred to me that perhaps they had never heard of hail-stones. They hadn't—and when I told them that lumps of ice sometimes fell from the skies and broke window panes, they expressed decided disbelief. Several years later, when I had returned to the United States and was lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit, I offered to answer questions. At the conclusion of one talk, a charming lady jumped up and called out before six thousand people: "Mr. Wells, have you ever heard of Ananias?"

Of course, there are some things that, in the opinion of Lowell Thomas, entitle me to membership in the Tall Story Club. For example, there was the time when I came across five elephants feeding on rattan in a swamp. Men who have hunted elephants in Africa, with an experienced guide, large-calibre elephant guns, and natives by the score, will not believe it, but I deliberately stalked those elephants, and fired five shots into one of them with my .32 calibre revolver. Five little clouds of dust flew from the pachyderm's tough hide, but he did not seem to mind. Perhaps it's just as well; if he had connected me with those annoying flea bites, he might have become very angry.

One day I saw a native boy catch a three-inch fish in his father's rice field. (Incidentally, this should convince the most skeptical reader of my truthfulness, for what teller of fish stories would admit that a fish

was only three inches long?) As I was saying, the boy caught this fish with a rod. Then he rubbed the fish on the ground. As he held it in his hand, the fish swallowed air in big gulps. Soon it grew round and tight, and the youngster bounced it up and down like a rubber ball. Finally, he tossed it back into the water where it deflated itself to normal size and swam away. This was merely a Malay puffing fish.

Then there are spiders that build their own bridges when they want to cross a river. One day I happened to see this interesting operation. The spider was up a tree on my side of the river, spinning a single thread. As he reeled it out, the wind carried it across the stream. The beautiful silver thread grew and grew in length, until it touched a tree on the opposite bank—and held fast. Then Mr. Spider walked across on his own private bridge, without getting his feet wet.

I have seen many columns of army ants on the march, yet could never find the beginning or the end of the line. Where they come from and where they go is still a mystery. Rivers do not stop a marching column of army ants; on reaching a river, the main body waits while scouts look for the best place to cross. And then, when it is found, they do not plunge headlong into the water, as lemmings do in the Arctic. Not at all. The scouts find a bend in the stream, where the current is shunted diagonally across the river bed to the other side. Next the ants form in heaps several inches thick, and slowly wriggle themselves into one solid ball about the size of a coconut. Then in some inexplicable manner, enough momentum is obtained to carry the ball of squirming insects down the slope to the water's edge, where it falls in with a splash. Here the ball rolls about, so that an

ant may be on top one second, and entirely submerged the next. Presumably they take in a good breath when they are on top. At any rate, the current keeps the ball rolling over and over, so that each ant receives only a momentary ducking. The instant the ball touches the bank on the other side, the ants unscramble themselves, toddle ashore, and continue their march!

It was this, or one of my fish stories, if my memory is not at fault, that brought the question from the lady at the Chautauqua lecture. Yet these tales are all true. She had never seen a fish come out of a hole in the ground, walk up to a tree, climb the tree, and deliberately wink its eye. But I have. The fish I saw seemed to feel the heat, because it climbed down the tree after a short while, walked leisurely over to a pool, stood on the edge, dipped up some water in its fin, and threw the water over its head!

Living in the eternal darkness of the caverns of Malaya are white snakes, white scorpions, white centipedes, and white cockroaches! On the Peninsula you will see butterflies and moths with a wing-spread of almost twelve inches, five different kinds of flying animals, and forty different kinds of monkeys. One of the Malay birds, a small parrakeet, actually sleeps upside down. Another bird, of the quail family, is rather an oddity, because the female is larger than the male. She lays the eggs, but he sits on them—and during the mating season the females reverse the custom observed throughout the animal kingdom by fighting for the males!

Of all my varied experiences in Malaya, the ones that I shall never forget are those which occurred during the first few weeks, when I was as green as the foliage around me. I was always having the most exciting experiences, chiefly because of my own active imagination. The heat was terrific. One of my men always held a huge Chinese umbrella over my head as I looked through the level or transit, but the perspiration poured off me and drenched every entry made in my notebook. My level got so hot that the spirit bubble shriveled to a tenth its ordinary size.

I saw the fresh tracks of elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, and tapir every day; and occasionally those of the seledang, that magnificent wild bull, the ancestor of our domestic cattle. Leeches slipped through the eyelets in my boots, got down into my socks, and feasted upon my blood. The bite of a poisonous snake laid me up for weeks, and might well have caused my death if I had not slashed the punctures with my razor and rubbed permanganate of potash into the raw flesh. Eventually a malarial mosquito got in his hellish work. A tiger carried off a turkey I was raising for my Christmas dinner, and a huge python entered my hen house one night and ate twenty white Leghorns. Unfortunately for the python, however, the twenty big lumps

(Continued on Page 88)



“We must have picked him up out of Bombay”



Old Map of Treasure off Cape Breton
Copyrighted 1937

**SEE
ROIALE,
OF CAP BRETON.**

Two Billion Dollars of Unclaimed Treasure

by **HAROLD T. WILKINS**
of Kent, England

Author of "Captain Kidd and Skeleton Island,"
"Hidden Treasure Hunting," "Pirate Treasure,"
"Modern Buried Treasure Hunting"
and "Treasure Hunting"

This article dealing with actual treasure and where it may be found is the first of two stories on the subject. The second will appear in the next issue of "PLEASURE." The stories are written by Harold T. Wilkins, the greatest living authority on hidden treasure and pirate gold. As Mr. Wilkins spends most of his time debunking wild tales of mythical treasure, you may rest assured that his descriptions locating available treasure are accurate.

—Editor's Note.

WOULD you like to have two billion dollars?

That sum in treasure is waiting at the bottom of various oceans for someone to pick it up. This estimate was made recently by an international banker with offices in London after he had made considerable research in the subject.

Nor do you need to seek far distant climes to start your search. Just hop in the trailer and head for California. Off Santa Catalina, where Phil Wrigley searches for shortstops, there is treasure to be found.

And, if you fail to favor the California climate, there are other more or less local treasure troves. Buried in the sands of Bermuda is a fortune in pirate gold. On a reef in the Bay of St. Bernard, off Pensacola, the

waters hide five richly laden Spanish ships sent down by a hurricane in 1767. Pot Rock, Hell Gate, New York, marks the watery grave of two well laden British ships. And there are other spots in or about the coast of these United States.

For those who favor California and are ready with diving equipment, the following is of interest: Off Santa Catalina, lies the most ancient treasure wreck (in North American waters) known to the writer. In the late 16th century, there began a two-way sea line of traffic between old Acapulco, in Mexico (or Nueva Espana), and Manila, in the Philippines. From Mexico went millions of gold and silver, in *pesos* and (later) doubloons and moidores, stamped with the effigy and pillars of Hercules of the Royal Mint of Mexico, or of mints in old Portuguese Brazil. Soldiers guarded the burro and Indian trains and caravans to the port of Acapulco, where the treasure was shipped on one or two stout galleons bound for Manila.

The ships coming the other way from the China seas carried rare China goods: silks, jades, antiques, fruits and produce, destined for the Court of Old Madrid, in Spain. The ships outward-bound from Acapulco carried the pay of the officials and garrison in Manila. It is of importance to note these facts, because



The sale of the sunken liner EGYPT being hauled aboard a salvage steamer with a powerful scissors grab.

the wreck-seeker will generally find it not so worth-while to hunt for treasure wrecks of galleons which came from east to west. Why, is obvious, when we remember that only two of the strongest combined acids known will deteriorate or dissolve gold, while sea-water and the forces of gales will ruin and rot silks and stuffs and antiques.

The Manila galleon carried a certain amount of money remitted in trade, and it was one of these galleons, very richly freighted with China goods and curios, that, in the late 16th century, crashed on a reef off Catalina Island. Some of her goods were washed ashore, because, in 1602, when the old Spanish navigator Sebastian Vizcaino landed on Catalina, the Indians showed him rich cloth and China goods which the tides had washed on shore.

In the days of the gold rush on California (about the 1850's), a man in a boat, bending down over the gunwale, looking at a coral bloom in the clear and limpid water, saw plainly the outline of an old wreck. It lay in about 6½ fathoms of water, close to a spot called in the old Spanish charts "El Arrecife de Bejel" (or "Ship's Rock"). Gold is in this wreck and fishers would make their money out of the antique value of any China or old Spanish curios they fetched up.

There are numbers of these galleon wrecks off the coast of southern California, and some of them would be rich prizes. For example southwest of the Coronados Islands, there lies an islet, awash, and marked on the charts as Cortez Bank. (Such hazardous spots, as the British Admiralty pilots warn, should be given a wide berth by any sea-going liner or freighter. They are shoaly and rocks are alee.) The hulk of a rich treasure galleon, from Acapulco, lies in this bank; but the snag for the wreck-fisher consists of thick jungles of kelp which would have to be hacked away, and of swirling currents and variable winds. The wrecker would need to have an eye on the barometer and choose his time of the year with care. San Nicolas Island, farther out in the North Pacific, is also the grave of another rich galleon of the old Dons.

Catalina Island is a place with a sinister and romantic history, in which it resembles

Cocos Island—another treasure trove. At one time, the old Spanish adventurers and conquistadores landed on Catalina. They were followed, in a later age, by the old English and Irish buccaneers and pirates of all nations, including Chinese and even Moorish corsairs from Barbary and Tunis, who ravaged the whole seaboard, right down south to Chile. One of these seafaring and picturesque scoundrels left two queer heart-shaped coins of brass which are marked in a very peculiar way. It will be noted that four of the same symbols appear on both coins. No one has been able to interpret their meaning, though one surmise is that they indicate a cache of old pirate treasure on the island.

Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, is another place well worthy of attention by the fortune seeker. When the French frigate *Le Chameau* drove on a reef in a great storm, in the year 1725 (on a night in August) she was carrying some well-to-do French colonial officials, including the new French Governor of Montreal. No doubt, the wreck would be well worth a search. The old frigate crashed on a submerged reef off Cape Breton, lying between the islet of Portenove, "2 leagues quarter east of the beacon tower of Louisbourg"—the old French fortress town of Nova Scotia—"and a quarter league from the coast." An old Frenchman who, 240 years ago, had seen the wreck lying below the waters off the reef, warns any future hunters to have a care: "for the sea breaks over the reef at all times." My reader will note that all genuine caches or sources of treasure usually involve some risk which adds the spice of adventure to the undertaking.

There is another lonely island in the region of winds and reefs and waters, also close to the old French-Canadian fortification of Louisbourg, Nova Scotia. It is called Saint Esperit, and whenever a gale blows over the sea, beachcombers and longshoremen, wandering along the strand, are said to find bits of gold dust washed up from the depths of the ocean—always uneasy in these parts. Somewhere around, below the waters, is said to lie the hulk of the old British frigate *Tilbury*, which foundered in 1757, when conveying

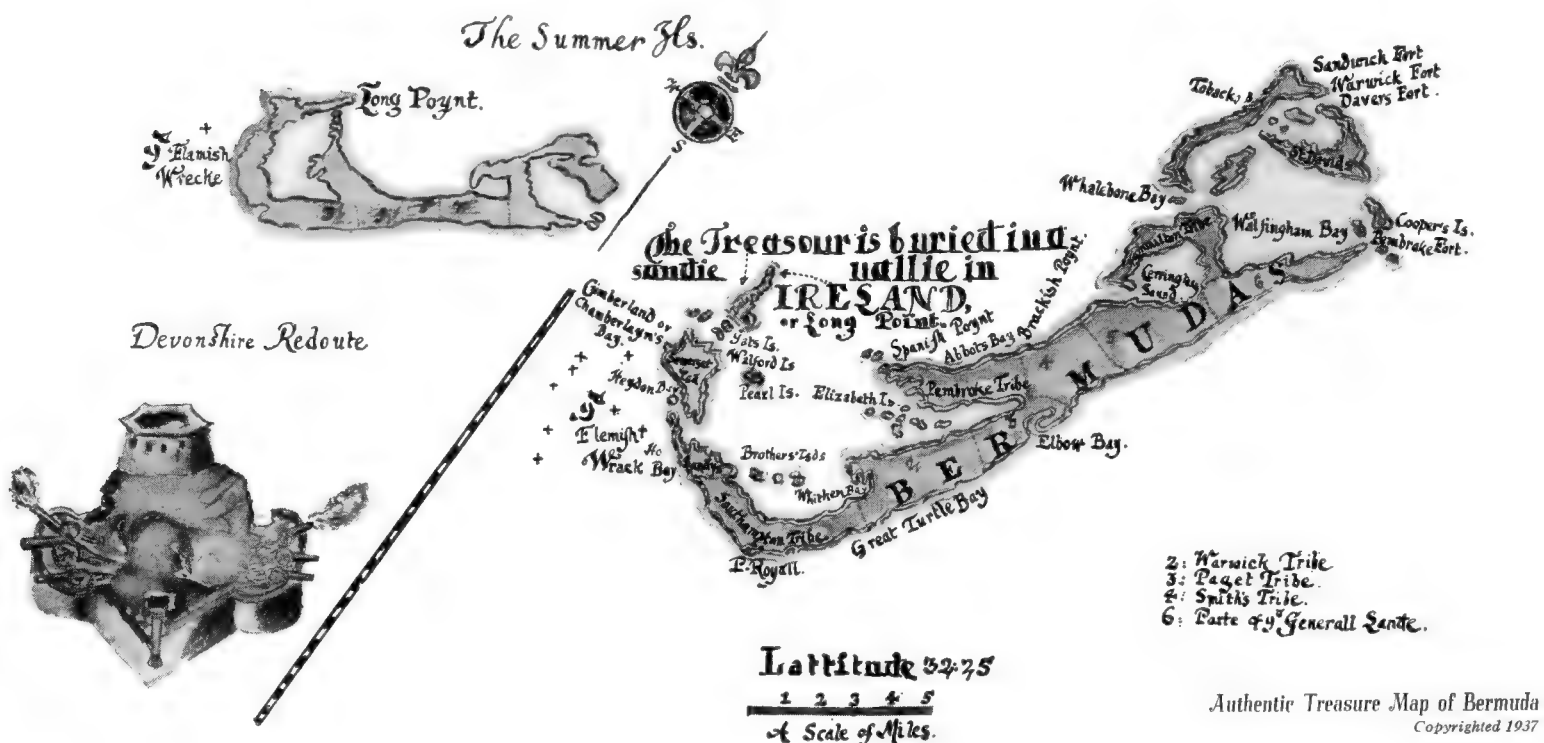
money to pay the troops warring in North America against the French. The ship was wrecked in the time of that Lord Loudoun, a British "dud" general aptly described by the famous Benjamin Franklin as "like St. George and the Dragon, on the signboard of an inn; always on a galloping horse but never going anywhere or moving a step." Two New Yorkers—one of whom once staged a faked find of doubloons in a harbor of the Bahamas, in order to boost a film—were hunting after the sea gold in 1934. They did not locate the treasure wreck. Indeed, I, myself, after a hunt of the old naval records, find no record of such a ship having been wrecked off this coast—at any rate, when carrying gold in chests!

Another graveyard of old galleons and treasure ships lies between the old pirate capes of Delaware and the Florida Channel. It extends in a half circle, northwestwards and then due westwards towards the old French port of New Orleans. A big book would again be filled with the romantic story of the hundreds of pirate brigs and pinks and snows, and the old galleons of the Flota of old Spain, lying on the reefs and straddling the shoals of this wide region.

Here, on October 23, 1767, the richly laden ships of the Flota being convoyed by Spanish warships from Havana to old Spain, were caught in the tail of a Caribbean hurricane, and, like straws in a whirling millrace, blown across the Gulf of Mexico towards Pensacola. That night, five of the richest register ships—carrying about a million of Peruvian and Mexican gold and silver, in bars and ingots and specie, consigned to the King of Spain—crashed on a reef in the Bay of St. Bernard, not far from Pensacola. This is a chance for modern salvors, and I have never heard that one attempt has been made on these bankers' treasure vaults of old galleons!

Simon Lake, my old friend, the famous American submarine expert, salvor and wrecker—placed in the forefront of the world's wrecking men, by another old and deceased friend of mine, Sir Frederick Young, K. B. E., European wartime controller of the salvage

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Authentic Treasure Map of Bermuda
Copyrighted 1937



“Drat it, I knew if I went shootin’ without my specs I wouldn’t have any luck”

AFTER THE COUNT OF TEN

Dual Personalities, or at Home with the Mannikins of Mayhem

by MARVIN MCCARTHY

THERE are so many sides to heavyweight boxing in its modern complexity that quite often we lose sight of that incidental, but nevertheless interesting one—how the warriors look, how they act and how they think when OUT of the ring.

What manner of men are the Mannikins of Maul when their performances of Punch are ended and the strings of manipulation fall away? Perhaps you would be surprised.

Heavyweight boxing today is a game of Jekylls and Hydes. Promoters assure out of one side of the mouth and out of the other betray. Commissioners rant piously of right and integrity when their own contracts are being violated; scheme gleefully to “get around the law” when it is they who see gain in transgression. Managers deal with both hands—different decks, different games.

So it is probably natural, then, that dualism runs rife through natures of the duelists themselves, the young men who throw the punches and catch the punishment.

And a strangely paradoxical pack we have peopling the upper strata of pugilism today . . . Jekylls and Hydes . . . familiars of millions on the sports pages, strangers to all but intimates behind the scenes.

It is big-time battle night in Yankee Stadium, White Sox park or Long Island Bowl. The last preliminary has ended and its principals have been carted away—on shoulders or stretchers. An excited hum rises in the bleacher blackness and ringside necks crane, because that is the signal—“he” is on the way.

Toward the ring is striding the most vicious “killer” of the fistic age, a tawny Thor with thunderbolts in his gloves, murder in his soul and no quarter in his heart. Joe Louis, a “born” fighter, a merciless “assassin,” is on the way to another slaying.

This picture of Joe Louis every boxing fan knows. The 50,000 packed in the stadium, eye-witnesses to the butchery, will swear in court it is the real Joe Louis.

For a few rounds these witnesses strain in their seats and shudder at the details, the cruel lefts that slash the victim's face, right crosses that numb his sensibilities. They gasp at the finishing blow, the knockout punch which is as instinctive with the “killer” (they believe) as the routine of sleeping and breathing. But is it?

The blood-letting over, Louis leaves the ring, toweling crimson smudges from his gloves. His face is set in a fistic death mask. Like Genghis Khan with savagery sated, he vanishes into the blackness, no more to be seen by the fight thousands until next execution night.

So that is the real Joe Louis, you believe? Well, step with me for a brief peek behind the scenes—

Soon the rabble is cleared from the dressing room. The photographers make their quick flashes of posed victory smile, the reporters grab momentous quotes from lips of the “winnah.” Seconds,

hangers-on, autograph seekers and pompous commission officials thin out.

Quickly the champion dresses and slips away behind the disguise of colored glasses. A cab whisks him to his hotel or, if in Chicago or Detroit, to his home. He pushes impatiently through the door, flings hat and glasses aside, strips off his coat and loosens his collar.

“Where's that chicken at?” he bellows. “Where that milk? Can't a guy get nothing to eat around this place?”

A sloe-eyed damsel greets him. Marva Trotter Louis, mate of ringdom's panther.

“Now, Joey,” she soothes, “Just you wait a minute. Everything's all ready.”

As swiftly as the flitting of a movie scene the mantle of “killer” falls from Joe's powerful shoulders. The death mask melts from his face and a snatch of song bursts from his lips.

The king sits down to eat and in a twinkling is himself, the TRUE Joe Louis—an overgrown boy with a monstrous appetite, a vagrant from the cotton fields and creek banks and banjo serenades who is trying his best to live up to an artificial role of assassin.

“I'm getting awful tired of this fighting business,” Joe growls between great bites of baked fowl. “Ain't no fun. Training all the time. Going to bed when I ain't sleepy. Running up and down country roads when I'd rather sit down and fish. Mauling guys who ain't done nothin' to me . . .”

And then it comes out . . . Joe Louis wants to retire from the greatest office in heavyweight pugilism! He wants to quit the fight game. He is willing to go through it “just once more,” make good on his obligations to Max Schmeling in a title bout next summer, then give himself back to the happy, care-free life from which he came.

Joe wants to hear music and he yearns to dance. He wants to travel forever with his softball team, the Joe Louis Brown

Bombers, and take his clouts at a big fat “mushball” instead of granite human chins. He has money now and he wants to enjoy spending it.

So 50,000 eye-witnesses can't be wrong? Joe Louis is a “born” killer, with only murder in his soul? . . .

Now here is a picture from another ring. It is “showdown” night for Max Schmeling, the phlegmatic, imperturbable machine which every fan knows in action. Like some mighty war tank from his native Vaterland, Max forges relentlessly on, never faltering, never changing pace, never flurrying into an outburst of rage.

It is “Schmeling the Stolid” doing his stuff and ringdom sees in him the acme of unemotionalism. No punch ever jars Herr Max solidly enough to bring creases of worry to his corrugated counte-

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The Big Three

GIFFORD, HEMINGWAY and LERNER?

HELLNO!!!!

SWORDFISH, TUNA and MARLIN!



by S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

"Look at those big dolphin being chased!" yells Captain Tom Gifford as first one, and then another, is batted high into the air. "There surely is a big marlin under them."

Although Gifford has caught dozens of giant marlin, his voice is excited as he continues: "Watch out! Keep your eyes on those baits! I'll have a marlin up for you inside of five minutes."

His warning and promise instantly bring my fishing companion and myself to our feet so that we can keep a sharp watch on the five-pound bonefish baits we are using. They skip from wave to wave with a tantalizing motion that should, and does, attract big fish.

Although Gifford had said five minutes, not more than two have elapsed when a gorgeous big marlin rushes my bonefish and pulls it out of the outrigger, all in one motion. Down falls the line, and as it comes up tight, the rod whips and bends. Gifford and the mate, Bagby, yell to me: "Strike like hell, again and again, to set the hook!" I do so, a half dozen or more times, and then fall back into the chair. How's that for calling your shots?

In the third game of the 1932 World's Series, when the New York Yankees beat the Chicago Cubs four straight, Babe Ruth, after hitting one home run, pointed to the stands in right center field on his next turn at bat, and promptly made good the gesture by poling the ball in there for a four-bagger. For a fishing guide, Gifford's achievement in making good his boast was no less remarkable than the incomparable Babe's.

"It's a striped marlin," Gifford and Bagby called to me. His long pectorals were a lovely lavender, his stripes a pale blue, with lavender coloring all through his body and tail. A few of these fish, which are rare in the Atlantic, have been caught off Havana, but this was only the second taken at Bimini. Their shape is different than that of their giant cousins, the blue marlin. Their heads, particularly, are much smaller, and they have fewer spines in their dorsal fins. In action, they are more spectacular than the blues, and put up a harder fight. Ernest Hemingway believes they are the finest of all marlin; and after catching that one, I agree with him.

For the first ten minutes that marlin was never in the water. Tearing over the surface like a torpedo boat destroyer at full speed, he rushed around and around the boat, throwing water in all directions. A witness to the fight, Ernest Hemingway, who was fishing from his boat, the "Pilar," more than a mile away, knew what kind of marlin it was. His Cuban mate, Carlos, who does not speak English, dryly remarked in his native tongue that the "ape man" (meaning Gifford) had a "castros" that would give him much trouble—"castros" being the Cuban market fisherman's name for striped marlin.

After its rushing subsided, the marlin greyhounded, jumped, somersaulted and tail-walked, completely clear of the water, for another ten minutes, then put up a hard under-water fight for fifteen more before he was boated, at the end of thirty-five minutes. It was a female fish, twelve feet long, weighed 426 pounds, and her magnificent tail had a spread of forty-eight inches. In her were two roes that weighed between twelve and fifteen pounds apiece. Game as she

was, I believe that if a male fish had been on my line the fight would have lasted a full half hour longer, particularly if it had been the long, lanky kind, which usually prove to be males and put up the hardest battles.

With the hanging of that striped marlin, I completed a grand slam of every fish that swims the Atlantic Ocean. Despite the size and variety of the others, however, first place in my memory will always be reserved for this member of the finny tribe. Next is the blue marlin, although my memories of him are mostly of a heart-breaking nature. In third place is another cousin, the smallest member of the family, commonly known as the "white" marlin and the greatest jumping fish in the Atlantic on any line under 24-thread. The largest of these ever taken weighed only 152 pounds and was caught by Mrs. Marian Stevens of Miami, who is the only woman in the world to hold both the man's and the woman's records.

Marlin have the hardest mouth of any fish that swims. They are the most difficult to hook, and straighten out more hooks than any other fish in the ocean. Their very rough bills act as a cover of coarse sandpaper on even the heaviest of stainless cable leader wire when it becomes wrapped around them. Many wonderful fish have been lost on this account.

It is nothing short of ridiculous that the Atlantic Coast marlin record is only 636 pounds. It is held by that master angler, Tommy Shevlin. He, Lerner, Hemingway, the Baldrige brothers and myself, among us, have lost at least thirty marlin that would have scaled well over 800 pounds apiece, and plenty of them are swimming the Gulf Stream today that would weigh over 1,000 pounds. Their luck can't last forever, though; eventually they will be taken, and I don't think the day is far away.

(Continued on Page 85)





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(1) Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lerner of New York and Barefoot Boy Ernest Hemingway take four big blue marlin off Bimini in the Bahamas. Largest marlin, 478 pounds.

(2) As fine a Christmas present as one could wish for was the three hundred pound blue marlin caught in the blue waters of the Gulf Stream off Lou Wasey's Cat Cay, Bahama Islands, by ad-man J. Stirling Getchell of New York.

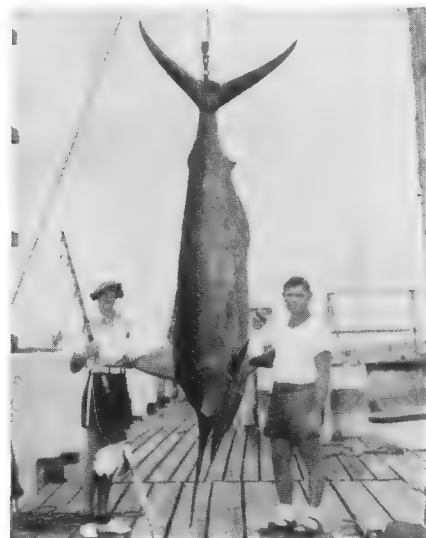
(3) From Palm Beach to Key West the sailfish is king. He affords thousands of anglers real sport every year. Action of this one was photographed in the Stream off Miami Beach, Florida, by R. B. Hoit, Miami.

(4) Mrs. Kip Farrington, 354-pound blue marlin and Capt. Tommy Gifford on the dock at Bimini, and that's the story.

(5) This 605-pound blue marlin was caught off Bimini by Erl Roman, fishing editor of the Miami Herald. He is being congratulated by Ernest Hemingway of Key West and points North.

(6) Larry Bagby (Mate), 601-pound broadbill swordfish, Michael Lerner, 535-pound broadbill, Capt. Tommy Gifford at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, in 1936, when Mike's fish established a new North American record. World's record broadbill is 842 pounds, taken by George W. Garey, Tocopilla, Chile.

(7) Three men in a boat. Look at that fish! Whatta beak, mouth, fin, tail! Well, it's the North American record broadbill about to be boated by Lerner, Gifford and Bagby.



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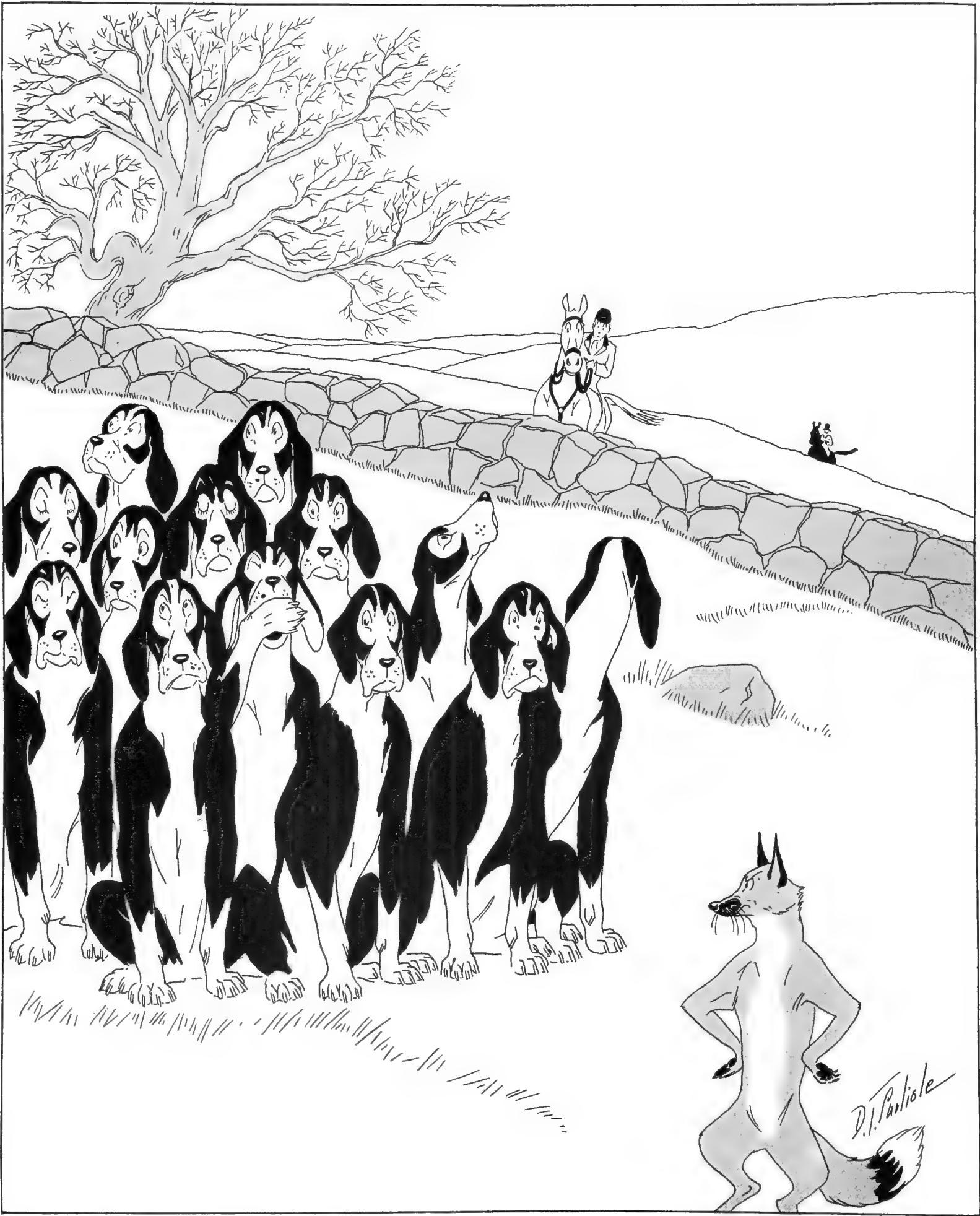


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The Belvidere hounds go on a sit-down strike



“Well, what else is there to do?”

Ninth Wonder of the World

Su-Lin

THE GIANT PANDA



OUT Brookfield zoo way, just west of Chicago, the folks have a drawing card greater than Aimee Semple McPherson. It is Su-Lin, a baby giant Panda, if you follow that line of reasoning, and the only beastie of its kind ever to grace a zoo.

Su-Lin was plucked from behind a tree in Chinese Tibet by Mrs. William Harvest Harkness, Jr., in less time than it takes to say her name. The better minds on Panda held that catching an animal of this sort was little short of a million to one.

Over a period of seven years, only four had been seen and shot in the Panda playgrounds. Yet Mrs. Harkness set out with, above all things, a baby nursing bottle tucked under her arm. She arrived in Chinese Tibet and there was the Panda. She packed up the milk and the Panda and started for home.

Now the Panda, according to Mr. Webster, is a plantigrade carnivorous mammal of high altitudes in the Himalayas. It has a white body, black forelegs, white face with black rings around the eyes, and the makeup and personality of a perfect clown. Its drawing power is directly traceable to the fact that it rouses a desire in those who view it to burst forth in a cluster of baby talk and pat it.

It weighed just sixteen pounds when it reached Chicago. At last reports it was gaining rapidly and by this time, for all we know, may be taller than a pole vault. Mrs. Harkness, when she left the Panda in the zoo, cried a little bit, took it in her

arms, and said, according to eye-witnesses, "Dood bye, baby." The Panda giggled and swung a playful left hook which removed most of the skin from Mrs. Harkness' face.

The Panda is not to be confused with the Pandarctos, if you had that in mind, nor other less palatable terms which sound like that. The place where a Panda is kept is not called a Pandary. And, if you were worried about it, Su-Lin is a female Panda. And little good that will do Su-Lin unless someone shows up with a male giant Panda in tow.

(Photos by Al Madsen)



Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Donnelley fishing in the Gulf Stream off Palm Beach, Florida

HOOKING A KILLER WHALE

by THORNE DONNELLEY

OUR tussle with this unusual whale took place on the fifteenth of last March. We did not know at the time precisely what kind of sea-beast it was, but a party of us were out after sailfish about three miles off Jupiter Lighthouse, just opposite Jupiter, Florida. There were four of us, Mrs. Donnelley, Hunter S. Marston of New York, Captain Frank Seabrook, and myself. We were not accomplishing much with the sailfish, and I had just suggested that we move to another stretch of water and try our luck with blue marlin. As I was reeling in, Captain Seabrook called our attention to a black hulk, blowing and wallowing in the water to seaward.

"I think it's an Orca—a killer whale," said Captain Seabrook.

"How about giving him a taste of this bait?" I suggested, only half in earnest.

"Might try him," said the Captain, laconically. Then he added: "But Orcas are bad hombres. Have been known to attack boats, and, by the look of him, that is a big one."

The skipper glanced at Mrs. Donnelley, wondering what her reaction would be to running down this monster.

She was as keen as any of the rest of us, however, to go closer for a look. Might as well see what the big fellow is like, we reasoned, and maybe Hunter Marston would have a chance to use his camera.

So we began to ease over in the direction of the disturbance. Our boat was a 22-foot twin-motored sea-skiff, equipped with outriggers—good in smooth water for 42 miles an hour. And the sea that day was smooth, as nearly level as you ever find the open water.

When we had come within 100 yards of the great fish, we stopped and watched. He seemed to take no notice of us, but rolled and flounced about in the water like a bull elephant having himself a bath. Marston snapped a number of pictures.

"Let's hook on that big bonita, and drag it past his nose," I suggested. "See what he does."

Captain Seabrook looked carefully about us.

"O. K.," he said. "We've got smooth water. Remember these babies are bad actors. If you should hook him, he might try to rush the boat. We're going to need all our power to outrun him."

So he hooked on a two-and-a-half foot bonita for bait. The equipment we used was a 16-0 double handle Fin-Nor reel, geared 1 to 1; a laminated Tycoon rod made for a 72-ounce line; and a 72-thread best grade Zane Grey Ashaway linen line, with a breaking strength of 216 pounds, wet. For killing, we had a 405 Winchester. Good equipment, but hardly designed for whale fishing.

Captain Seabrook cautiously moved around to bring the bait into proximity of the killer's nose. Meanwhile, he had livened up surprisingly, jumping clear of the water and showing a dorsal fin which alone was as high as the boat. Presently, the bonita came within range of his nose, and—Wham!—the bonita disappeared.

Let it be recorded to our credit that we waited fifteen to twenty seconds to set the hook. Maybe we were just naturally petrified. Then things began to happen. Immediately after being hooked the big fish jumped twenty feet clear of the water. Captain Seabrook exercised his utmost in seamanship to keep the boat headed in the right direction and moving away from this insane torpedo that was tearing up the water and looking for the source of his troubles.

Then in the midst of his wildest gyrations, we lost track of him altogether. The line was slack. We wondered whether we had somehow allowed ourselves to move into his line of fire. Suddenly we felt the panicky uneasiness an air fighter experiences at the awful moment when he loses his adversary in the sun. Into the minds of all of us flashed Captain Seabrook's words, "*They sometimes rush a boat; this is the one fish that can think.*"

It turned out that the boat, luckily, had been moving away from the battleground. Nevertheless, the killer's charge brought him to the surface within thirty feet of the boat. One slap of that flailing tail, correctly placed, and we should all have been floundering in the water, at the mercy of a water demon whose mind was on only

one thing—murder!

Then—Pop!—the line had parted. We had a feeling of relief, and the motors in the sea-skiff were allowed to roar wide open. All we wanted at the moment was to move with all possible speed toward a more peaceful section of the Atlantic. From a comfortable distance we watched the water in all directions. An hour and a half elapsed before he reappeared.

Be it said to the glory of Hunter Marston that neither the wild performance of the Pseudorca nor the sudden movements of the boat prevented him from operating the shutter of his camera. When Old Man Pseudorca came up almost close enough to demolish us with one smash of his tail, Marston snapped pictures! A veteran news photographer could not have done better.

Now I am going to conclude this account with a few statistics which may surprise some of the historians of the sea. But I know what I saw, and there were three other persons present whose eyesight is good and whose judgment is generally regarded as fairly reliable. The Pseudorca came up, remember, within thirty feet of the boat. The boat is 22 feet long. I estimate that the killer whale we hooked must have been close to fifty feet long. One more estimate, and skeptics can quarrel with it, if they must, we estimate that the great fish must have weighed at least ten tons, maybe fifteen. Somewhere in between would probably be about right. To the best of my knowledge this is the only time on record when a member of the killer whale tribe ever took bait.

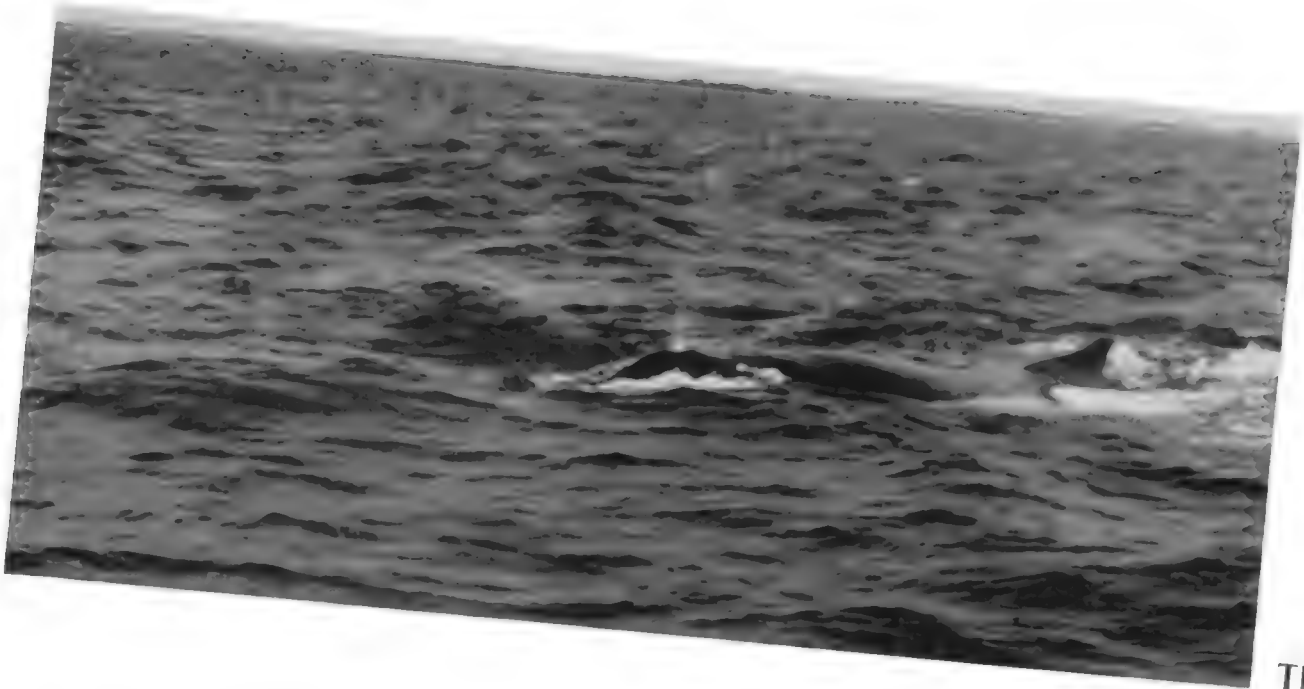
At the Shedd Aquarium and the Field Museum they were very kind in helping us identify our big fish. Books, pictures and scientific bulletins were brought out which showed shark whales, porpoises, grampuses, blackfish, dolphins, orcas or killer whales, right whales, and all the other big timers of the sea.

Always something was missing, always some detail did not check with our facts and photographs. The search finally narrowed down to a fish with a dorsal fin of very odd shape, shorter than the fin of the true orca, in combination with pectoral fins of somewhat pointed contour. The books and pictures showed scores of whales and near-whales, but none which had the particular fin we were looking for. After a further search, Dr. W. H. Osgood, Chief Curator of Zoology of the Field Museum, uncovered a book which seems to provide the identification.

The book in which we solved our mystery about the fish is Bulletin No. 36 of the United States National Museum, published at Washington in 1889. From a picture and description contained in an article by Frederick W. True, "A Review of the Family Delphinidae," we learn that our subject is a Pseudorca, or false killer whale. To quote from the book, "PSEUDORCA RHEINHARDT. This genus is sufficiently well distinguished from Orca, its nearest ally, by its small dorsal fin, pointed pectorals and other characters, pointed out by Rheinhardt and Professor Flower, to merit a separate generic appellation."

In other words, the Pseudorca is first cousin to the Orca, or killer whale, one of the most murderous inhabitants of the open ocean. Although not a great deal appears to be known about the behavior of Pseudorca, he comes of a family of marine gangsters and desperadoes, he is evidently much larger than any of the true Orcas, and our brief experience with him leads us to believe that he measures up fully in vicious temper to his disreputable cousins.

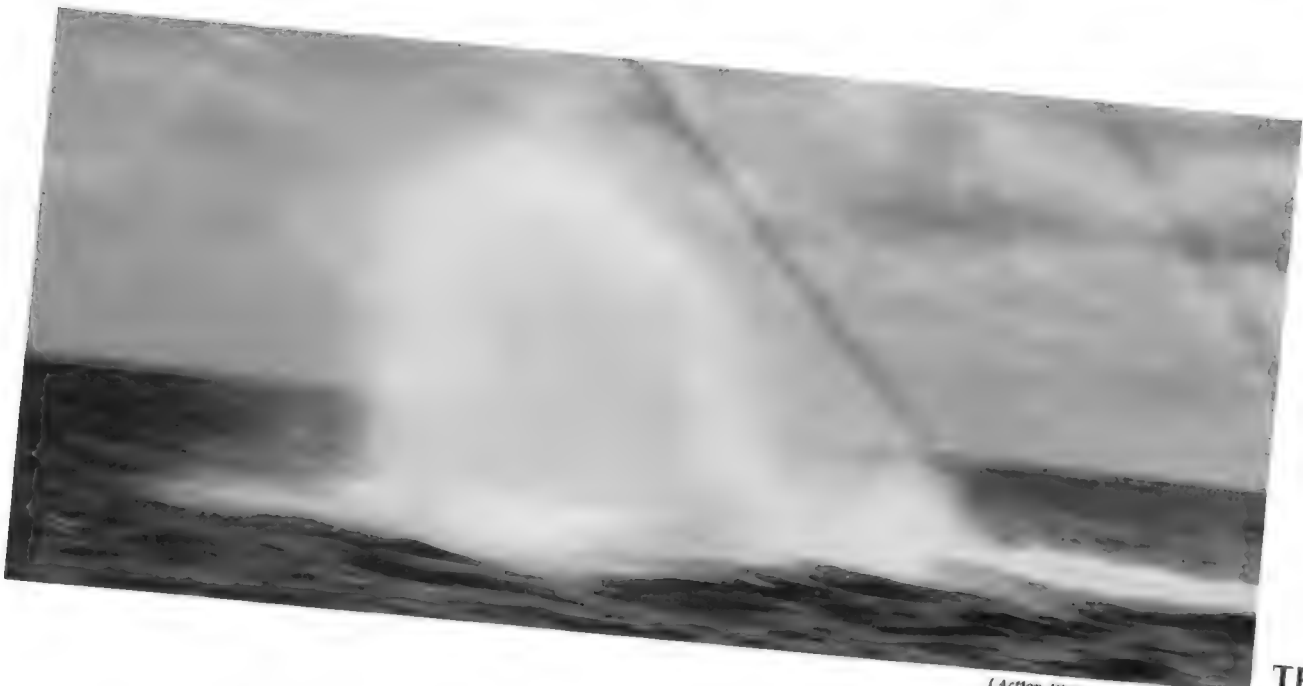
The Orca or killer whale tribe has a terrible reputation. A hundred foot whale will streak away for his life the instant he senses a killer in the neighborhood. The largest of the whales, however, are frequently victims of the Orca. Cow whales with their calves are sometimes attacked by Orcas operating in packs. With wolfish cunning, the killers separate mother and young and kill them by forcing their mouths open and tearing out their tongues. Sea captains who have witnessed these terrific encounters say that the water in the immediate neighborhood is often red with blood.



THE STRIKE

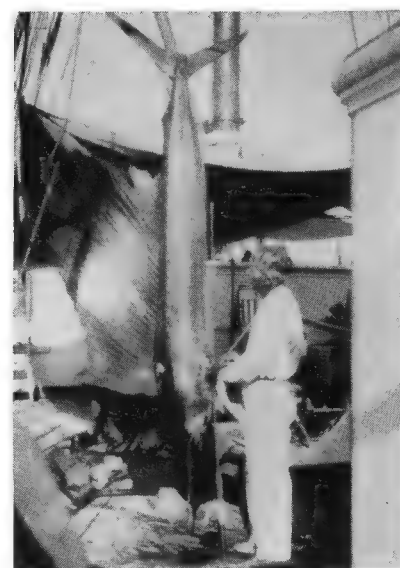


THE JUMP



THE SPLASH

(Action Photos by Hunter Marston)



Big Game Fishing

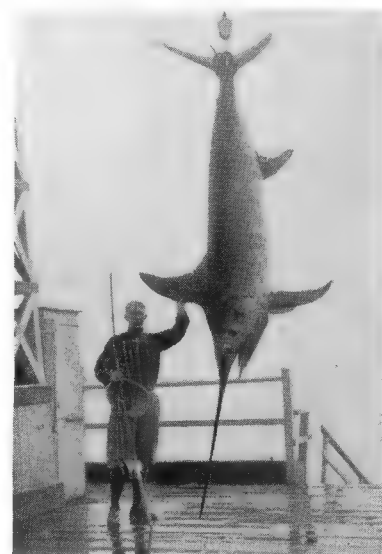
with ZANE GREY

Anglers may come and anglers may go but the name of this grand man of fishing will live forever. Zane Grey gave deep sea fishing its start and in behalf of the sportsmen of this country and the world who have seen him fish and have read his books, we say "Thanks a Million, More Pleasant Journeys and Tight Lines." (EDITOR'S NOTE.)

ANGLING with Zane Grey would be a travel jaunt and a fishing lesson. His yacht, Fisherman II, has taken him to many seas, and he has had fish in the air so big they will never be taken with hook and line. Like all great men, Zane Grey has a few favorite places—perhaps Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Cocos Islands and our own State of Oregon. He also has a few favorite kinds of fish—marlin, mako shark, swordfish, tuna and trout. Grey's 1040 pound striped marlin caught at Tahiti is his outstanding world record.

To give an idea of what a variety of fishing he does we present Zane Grey and a few of his prizes—*Top right*, New Zealand, the land of Big Brown and Big Rainbow Trout. A Pacific Sailfish. *Top to Bottom*, Tonga Island Record 170 pound Pacific Sailfish. Tahiti Marlin of 550 pounds. Nova Scotia GIANT TUNA Held the world's record for 10 years, 758 pounds. Record 1036 pound Tiger Shark caught in Australian waters. *Below*, world's record Giant Tahiti Striped Marlin, 1040 pounds. Record Broadbill up to 1930, 582 pounds.

(Photos by Zane Grey)





“Oh—but certainly, madam—in all the best families”





George Hurrell

★ HURRELL

by JACK SMAILEY

HOLLYWOOD

IN glamorous Hollywood, mecca of all artists, great and near great, lives a man who has achieved fame, not by the use of oils or water colors, but by the use of the most elusive of all beautiful elements—light.

To the studio of George Hurrell, photographer extraordinary, come the screen's great names, that their glamour may be recorded through the lens of the portrait camera in Hurrell's intelligent hands. Screen players are finally realizing the importance of good still photography. The major players will not accept any photographer, or any photograph, for they have learned that a mediocre photograph is definitely harmful. Now they insist on the right to choose the man most able to emphasize with lighting their particular features and dramatic nature. The glamour and allure of the motion picture star is one of the greatest assets of a great industry. From a photographer's point of view, these qualities are almost entirely dependent on the intelligent use of artistic lighting. The direction of one light; the intensity of another—a spot or a flood in relation to balance of light and shade, to bring out or subdue certain facial areas.

Hurrell's background, including study of painting and drawing at The Art Institute of Chicago and the Academy of Fine Arts, has rendered him amply able to cope with the problems of handling pose and composition. He regarded photography as more exciting work than painting and at different studios got technical groundwork, so essential to good photography, particularly with the famous Eugene Hutchinson, who proved to him the unlimited artistic possibilities of photography.

With Edgar Alwyn Payne, the landscape painter, Hurrell came to California in 1925, establishing a studio at the well known Laguna Beach art colony. Contact with so many artists at the Laguna colony proved to be an excellent influence. William Wendt, the national academy painter, became his closest friend and helped him greatly with his painting. Hurrell believes that all painters are rebellious individualists and seldom think alike, while photographers, as a whole, think pretty much alike and will become individualists

only when they become rebels against conventional "camera technique."

Believing there was room for an individualist in the field of portrait photography, Hurrell opened a studio in Los Angeles after leaving Laguna Beach. It was at this tiny studio that he made his first sitting of a movie star—Ramon Navarro, who had dared to come to an outsider in the middle of town. Navarro found he had not come in vain and the fame of Hurrell's technique began to spread through the movie colony. Lovely Norma Shearer next came to him and a short time later Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios persuaded him to give up his own establishment and take over their gallery, where he spent three years.

Following his term with MGM, he again opened his own studio. This time in Hollywood, where he has since been photographing for all the studios on special assignment.

Many times, since the first star sat for him eight years ago, Hurrell has enjoyed the gratification of hearing that his stills have caused producers to see unsuspected dramatic possibilities of one nature or another in a star who had always been confined to a few certain roles. Perhaps one day soon a fine set of "stills" of some lesser star or unknown might bring to light a new dramatic actress who can make history for herself and the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*. A good set of

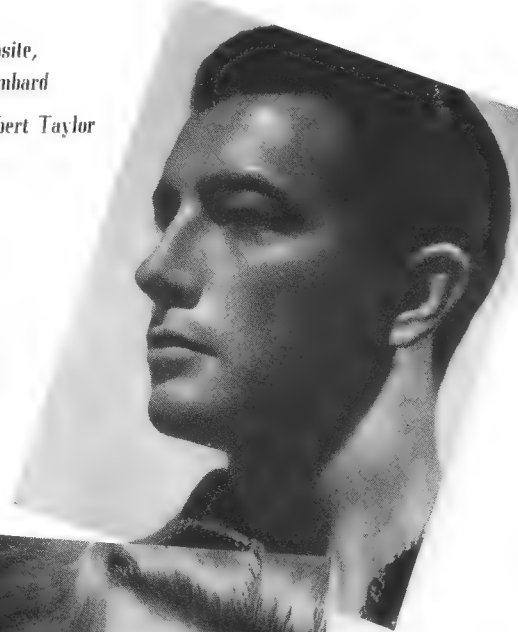
still portraits, carefully thought out in regard to hairdress, makeup, gowns and—most essential—mood not infrequently causes a great deal of stir in producers' offices.

Stars like Garbo, who have a superior understanding of the camera, add force and strength to a portrait. In the case of Garbo, Hurrell believes she is fortunate in having fewer limitations photographically than any

(Continued on Page 80)

Page Opposite,
Carole Lombard

Right, Robert Taylor



Left, Joan Crawford
and Madeleine Carroll

FOR the last two hours Janet Mason had been sitting alone in the Aquarium Bar, the smallest of the three bars in the splendid palatial edifice that was the Shenstone Hotel of San Francisco. She had whipped off her brown felt slouch hat. With a weary gesture pushed back her smooth, gold hair and unbuttoned the short jacket of her brown tweed suit. Sparky the bar-tender had brought her several martinis.

Her shoulders were erect, tensed against the leather cushion at her back, eyes bitter with brooding focused on the door . . . waiting, waiting for someone. Her thin, nervous fingers twirled her cocktail glass. Her thoughts skipped crazily.

She'd known all along he was that sort of man, really. She'd let herself be fooled by his wit, his insidious flattery, his distinguished looks. So often, they'd come here together after work. It was earlier than his usual hour. He'd be coming soon.

Her eyes memorized the small, squarish room. Bar for ten, at the end of the room, opposite her. On the left wall, the Men's Room almost opposite the back-bar. Further down, just this side of the bar, the Ladies' Room, elegantly designated the Powder Room. A few feet further down the door leading from the Hotel corridor, the only entrance to the bar. Janet sat in the corner on a pale, grey leather seat that ran the width of the room with tables for two placed at intervals before it.

Along the right wall of the room, just this side of the bar was the grand piano. Nick, the pianist, had come in and after sending Janet a smile of greeting, began striking plaintive, aimless chords. The three low round tables in the centre of the room, each

surrounded by four comfortable chairs waited, gloomily empty.

The exotic deep-sea murals, the silvery expanses of mirror, had always given Janet a lovely under-water feeling. She shivered. Today the room filled her with a sensation of drowning.

Who would Lorry come to meet tonight. Perhaps the tall girl who had just walked in and perched at the bar, "third stool from the left," counted Janet idiotically.

She recognized that girl as Cara Whitcomb. A debutante of last season, the society pages doted on running her pictures, because not only was she a willing and personable subject but one of America's richest heiresses. Cara Whitcomb turned every once in several minutes to watch the door. When she did, Janet could see the oval face, pale and arrogant setting for a full red mouth above the collar of her chunky silver fox coat.

Impatiently Cara slid the coat back on her shoulders. Her mahogany hair was a soft, cascading bob. A clip, diamond and emerald magnificence blazed on her black turban. Cara Whitcomb would be just the type to attract Lorry. Lorry! He was just now coming through the door. Janet's heart leapt to her throat, stuck there, impaled on a sob. She was looking at a stranger's handsome cruel-profiled face. His deliberate pause at the door heightened the drama of his entrance. He nodded a vague sort of recognition at Janet. In that moment Janet Mason's soul changed its occupation from waiting to hating.

Lorry Logan went to the stool at Cara's left. He placed one hand apologetically over her clasped fingers.

"The usual Blue Blazer, Sparky!" he ordered in the commanding voice of a well-known Vice-President of a well-known Bond House.

"Gotta fix up Miss Mason and Miss Whitcomb first." Sparky was pink cheeked, amiable, his crest of hair as white as his apron. He'd once done a sleight of hand turn in a vaudeville act and his big, clean hands went about their business, miracles of deftness.

Janet watched Lorry place an opened pack of cigarettes on the bar to his left,

Cigarettes in the Dark

By FOLEY MARTIN

It could only have been a matter of seconds before he pitched forward on the floor and lay there, face staring sidewise at the base of the bar.

ILLUSTRATOR BEN STAHL



a characteristic gesture she knew well. He always bought cigarettes about four o'clock. By the time he arrived at the Bar, there'd always be four or five of them gone. Funny, the little things you remembered about people.

Top-coat flying out with his long strides, an attractive square jawed young man confronted Janet.

"Hello, Ted!" Her eyes went swiftly back to her drink.

He slid in behind the small table, put a strong, comforting hand over hers. "Sally called and told me what happened."

"Sh! He's here!" Janet nodded towards the bar.

Ted followed her nod. The muscles tightened in his lean cheeks, as he recognized the broad-shouldered back of Lorry Logan. He turned back to Janet. "Sally and I have been crazy with worry about you. We didn't know what you might do after you called her."

"Poor Ted, you're sweet to worry about me. I've been a fool. Why couldn't I have married you when you asked me and skipped all this."

"Cigarettes!" lilted a gentle voice. It was Marie Gambino, the cigarette girl. Janet loved the slim little Italian girl who for all her twenty-two years resembled a child in her abbreviated full-skirted costume.

Janet said, "Not right now, Marie!" and Marie wandered over to Cara and Lorry, then back to the door-way where she stood, dark eyes dreaming on something far away.

Four people trailed into the bar. Janet whispered, "The first one's Lorry's wife. The big one's Mrs. Wood. The man is Mrs. Logan's brother and last is his wife, Sybil."

Evidently the party of four didn't notice Lorry until they were seated at the table nearest the piano. Mrs. Logan nodded grandly to Janet, then turned to see who was at the bar.

Charlotte Logan laughed when she saw her husband, a thin mocking sound. She was a fragile ash-blond woman, perfectly groomed in a dinner dress of an electric shade of blue. Its harsh color added four years to her thirty-five. In repose she held her thin lips together as though keeping back a secret. Now, she manoeuvred the four in her party to the bar. After the introductions to Cara had been accomplished Charlotte said in a voice of determined lightness, "I thought you were working tonight, Lorry, you

wretch! That's why you refused Mrs. Wood's invitation to dinner."

Lorry wasn't embarrassed; not smooth-spoken, quick-thinking Lorry, accustomed to lying himself out of situations.

"I just happened in for a drink and discovered Miss Whitcomb. By the way, Sparky, where IS my Blue Blazer? I've got to get back to a meeting."

"Just a minute," apologized Sparky, "I forgot to figure something up for the boss."

"A likely tale, Lorry, you'll have to do better than that, you know. Especially now, that I've seen Miss Whitcomb." Charlotte Logan was playfully arch. Everybody laughed nervously. Under the woman's sophisticated veneer, Janet detected very close to the surface, a jealous hysteria.

"Sybil and I just arrived in town. We're on our way East." Grant Bliss, Charlotte Logan's brother snipped his words as though he hated even the civil necessity of having to address Lorry Logan.

"Don't flatter yourself that I followed you, my pet," explained Charlotte gaily. "Grant and Sybil popped into town so unexpectedly and are going to be here such a short while I asked Mrs. Wood to join us for cocktails before her dinner."

Mrs. Wood, the largest and showiest society dowager in San Francisco . . . not knowing what else to do gave her famous two-hundred-pound laugh.

Sybil's furtive little brown shoe-button eyes darted pryingly over the glamour that was Cara.

"I'm delighted to have you join us!" reassured Lorry exuding charm. "What will it be?"

"Make his Blue Blazer first, he's in such a hurry," Charlotte told Sparky mockingly, "We'll wait." Then she explained to everybody at large, "Lorry always orders a Blue Blazer, he's such a show-off. I can't stand them. Horrid things!"

The lights faded to darkness save for the dim glow from the corridor and the flame of the blazing drink; blue fire arabesquing from one shaker to another. In the shadows, the room's occupants were dim shapes, undefined. Cara, Janet thought it was, vanished into the Powder Room.

Janet pushed the table away from her. "Let's get out of here!" she said.

(Continued on Page 78)



MARVELOUS MEXICO

by CHARLES O. DAVIES

MERE mention of Mexico brings shrill shrieks of ecstasy from Americans who have been there. Of course, you have been told of the scenic trails and the beauties of Mexico, the fine fishing and the abundance of big game, and all those stories are true. Any trip into Mexico either by train, plane, steamer or motor car is really refreshing. No matter which way you go it is exciting—like seeing Spain, Switzerland, Italy and North Africa in one trip. Many prefer taking the train or plane to Mexico City, then driving a car from there to the famous places you simply must see if you really want pleasure and happiness for the rest of your days. Twice I have been to Mexico and a third trip is now in the making, just as soon as I get delivery on my 1938 Buick.

Our last trip from home took us five days to Mexico City, but what scenery is there to see—what a thrill comes as you approach the Capital of all Mexico. Whatever may be your starting point in the States, the roads are now good. It is a two day drive from the border to Mexico City over the beautiful and well-engineered Pan-American highway. There were about sixty miles under construction between Tomazunchale and Jacala, but by now it probably is as smooth as the Grand Concourse. To you I wish less fog than we experienced, as this particular stretch furnishes much of the finest scenery on the continent. En route the motorist encounters multicolored wild parrots, birds of paradise, buzzards, eagles, quail, doves, mountain turkeys and parakees. Also to be sighted on the trip are red fox, lemur, jaguar, puma, deer, wild cat, javil, squirrel, alligator and jack rabbit. To the sportsman I recommend Jose R. Elizando, manager of the Tomazunchale Inn and Hunting Lodge. He is able to equip you with hunting and fishing permits, guides, dogs, guns, reels and lines, for a fee of \$2.63 per day. If put to the test this versatile fellow would probably be able to furnish fish or game or marry a couple.

Arriving at Tomazunchale, the motorist will find civilization something only remembered. It is not present in this jungle city. Apparently one prerequisite of life in the

town is ownership of two to seven dogs. Dogs of all description go sniffing their way about the city in unending droves. Here at Tomazunchale you will find the primitive barter system. Natives without money, as means of exchange, gather in the market place exchanging meat for clothing and other necessities. Here meat is sold by the yard. The D. Z. Camp at Tomazunchale will furnish courteous treatment, good food and lodging.

Following the Moctezuma River at Tomazunchale you will enjoy the Indian Jungle country, thick with tropical vegetation, coffee, sugar cane and fifty different varieties of fruit, along with other products that grow wild in this section.

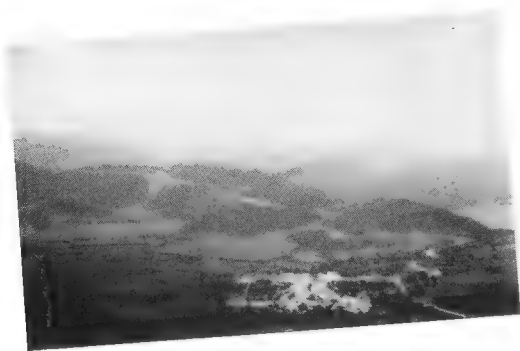
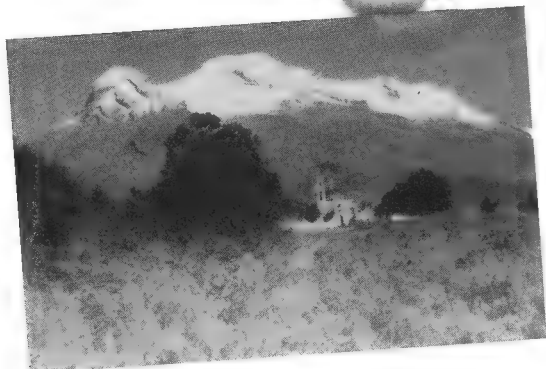
After passing many small villages and hundreds of Indian shacks perched in the most inaccessible places, you glimpse beautiful Jacala from an elevation of a thousand feet, a sight that will leave a lasting impression. As you enter Jacala get gas from Mr. Simpson, a fine fellow who hailed from the States and who has resided in Mexico for the past sixteen years as a mine operator. He can furnish you with the most palatable sandwiches on the highway—good American cheese and ham imported from Holland.

The final stretch of 166 miles from Jacala to Mexico City is notable for Pachuca, a mining town. My advice is that you see this town on your return trip. A particular incident that we considered one of the highlights of our trip was the courteous treatment afforded us at the Hotel de Las Banas. Rather than have us inconvenience ourselves by driving to a garage, they insisted we drive into the lobby of the hotel. We parked amid a group of tables set for dinner.

Arrangements can be made to see the silver mining operations. Arriving in Mexico City, we decided on the Hotel St. Regis, which we recommend for economy, complete comfort and for its central location. The management is exceptionally courteous and especially helpful. After a good night's rest we secured the services of our trusted guide, Tony Zorola, and left for our final destination, Acapulco. Cars and guides are available at reasonable rates through your hotel, or Cook's have an office that renders

Top to Bottom—Snow-capped Ixtlacihuatl mountain which takes the form of a "Sleeping Lady." Town of Jacala, Mexico, one of the most scenic points on the continent, as taken from

the Pan-American Highway. Opening parade of matadors, picadors and toreadors before the weekly bull fight at "Plaza de Toros" arena in Mexico City. Harbor of Acapulco, oldest Pacific port. Burros, Mexican beast of burden, on road to Chilpancingo.



perfect service in Mexico. The trip can be made in a Bellanca plane from Mexico City in a hundred minutes, a distance of 310 kilometers. We, however, decided to drive to Acapulco in order to miss nothing of the beautiful jungle country.

Our first stop out of Mexico City was Cuernavaca, where we lunched at Borda Gardens, the former home of Maximilian and Carlotta. En route to Cuernavaca there is a wonderful view of the Valley of Mexico and the snowcapped peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtlachuatl (Sleeping Lady).

Leaving Cuernavaca at two o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in Taxco in the evening. This picturesque town is built on the side of a mountain and is one of the oldest silver mining towns of Mexico. It was founded by a Frenchman named Borda who reaped a fortune in silver in the seventeenth century. The town of Taxco will remain truly primitive as the government has prohibited the construction of anything modern. The climate is ideal, due to its elevation of 7,600 feet. Don't miss Taxco.

As you leave Taxco for Acapulco you drop down to 3,000 feet into dense tropics. The trip is 182 miles of corrugated road. Combining the none too good road and the heat, we saw nothing of interest until we reached Chilpancingo, where you again climb to a higher altitude. Purchase some of the fruit when you stop here because it cannot be equalled. Lemons weigh as much as five to six pounds, and the oranges and bananas are delicious. Fruit that ripens on the tree is always superior in taste and juice.

All through this section down to Acapulco you will see true native and jungle life, huts made of bamboo, roofs thatched with



Author with a morning's catch of rooster fish.

banana and palm leaves with an African jungle appearance.

In Acapulco we found the hottest point on the trip with the temperature at 103°. Later in the year the climate is ideal, but in November it's just plain hot.

Acapulco is named the second port in the world for natural facilities and is ranked with Rio, Sydney and Naples as one of the world's most beautiful harbors. It is the oldest port on the North American Pacific Coast and it has a fort more than 300 years old on its cliffs. The outstanding hotel of the city is the El Mirador, which is built on the very edge of the hanging cliffs above the ocean. After registering you are assigned to a house instead of the proverbial room.

Next Issue—a BIG STORY OF MEXICO with some truly great photos taken by four PLEASURE Travel Scouts—one goes by Steamer, one by Train, one by Plane, and one by Automobile. Don't Miss It!

These houses are called "Jackals" and are built of bamboo and palm leaves, as are the native huts, but the interiors are strictly modern. The view from your veranda is one never to be forgotten—an endless stretch of water with untiring breakers pounding on the cliffs below your "Jackal." The beaches are wonderful for bathing.

With the aid of the guide we obtained the services of Pancho Marenas, a native fisherman who has fished these waters for the past 25 years. Guaymas guides are perhaps younger and have more modern cruisers, but Pancho knows his sailfish and marlin. The rate is nominal, four pesos (\$1.12 American money) an hour, irrespective of the number in your party.

For the fisherman who goes after the big ones, there are tuna, dolphin, albacore, giant ray, hammerhead shark, swordfish, rooster fish and Pacific sailfish.

For the more conservative fisherman, there are plenty of yellow tail, bull fish, bonita, trigger fish, skip jack, Jewfish and the fighting rooster fish. Of all the fish we caught we most enjoyed catching the fighting rooster fish, a beautiful fish with a long fin resembling the comb of a rooster. These fish travel in schools, and we caught as many as five at one time, ranging in weight from 6 to 20 pounds. On our return to shore we hooked a beautiful sailfish, which we lost due to makeshift equipment.

And so—you must make Mexico. Marvelous miles of mountain scenery . . . forests rich in game and sights . . . primitive people and pleasant living . . . soft nights and silvered days—a thousand resorts rolled into one. Hysterical? See it and say that! And—the final word—DON'T MISS MEXICO.



Bird's-eye view of Playa de Cortes, Southern Pacific's new resort hotel at Guaymas, Mexico. Best deep-sea fishing.



by HERB GRAFFIS

Long Live the Alibi

SO YOU are the fellow who gets a score of a few strokes over a hundred and console yourself that you have more fun out of golf than the sharpshooting pros do?

And you say "those fellows worry so much over missing a ten foot putt for a 69 they can't enjoy themselves?"

Keep on cheering yourself. You're paying for it. But your hunch about the golfing stars not enjoying themselves when they fail to score well is merely a hunch, not a fact. As long as the scores are not so bad that they damage reputations, the professional notables of golf can turn in a most satisfactory job of forgetting their golfing cares.

As the foremost exhibit of pro golfer with disappointments that might prove a deadly burden, were its bearer so inclined, you can view Mr. Harry Cooper, a very frequent first but more often second or third in tournaments all over the country during the last eight years. Cooper has seen two National Open titles snatched right out of his grasp. Seldom has there been a first rate Open golfing affair since 1926 when Harry has been very far out of the money. But he has fewer major titles to his credit than many another professional with a far worse scoring average over a goodly stretch of years.

Do you think Cooper doesn't have fun out of golf? Watch him some day when he's trying to take up the slack of a bad round of the pre-

ceding day. A bad round for Cooper is a 75. Chances are that when Cooper poured his seventy-fifth stroke into the eighteenth hole on his "bad" round he fumed and fussed. But, at that, Cooper probably didn't do any more beefing than was done by some fellow who'd taken an eight on the last hole when a four would have given the aspirant a 99. Cooper in a comeback round has the joy of a tiger with a fresh steak. True, when the round is over he probably will comment on a few missed putts but that comment will not be as lengthy or as enthusiastic as his remarks about a long brassie that split the pin on its route. "My woods were working like rifles today," Hard Luck Harry will gloat as he whips the bath towel around his shoulders and reviews his day's work.

There was a time when his comrades in arms figured Cooper could use a crying towel big enough to double as a circus tent. They ribbed him for his operatic moans which would pour forth in response to the casual question, "How'd you go today, Coop?" The laddies believed Harry was tearing his heart out and they might as well do a little needling just to mend up a pal.

It was the astute and acidulous Tommy Armour who first diagnosed the Cooper sobbing.

Said the Silver Scot, when a professional comrade came into the bar with a report that Cooper was putting on a cry that had men, women, children and live stock fleeing out of the flood zone:

"I am now ready to bet \$500 against your \$300 that Harry won't be over 72 tomorrow. Nobody enjoys a good moan or gets any more benefit out of it than Harry. No wonder the fellow is good and stays

(Continued on Page 89)



Bundling

or the Pilgrims had a place for it . . . by THOMAS MORROW

IT seems that out around Uniontown, Pa., the Mennonites definitely have something. It is called bundling. And little did most of us think that those grim fellows had a thing like that concealed among their religious precepts.

Now this bundling is variously described as courtship in bed, a sin and a shame, and as good, clean fun. Summed up in words of one syllable, it means that if you wish to pay court to your girl you hop into bed.

Yes, sir, with full consent of papa, mama, Aunt Mary and a covey of brawny brothers, you roll out the Murphy, whisk off your shoes, and pop into bed with the intended. It's written right into the religious code. In case you old roués have started to pack, it should be remembered: (1) that the railroad fare to Uniontown is considerable, and (2) that there is a right successful campaign among the Mennonites to eliminate the bundling.

The Mennonites, in case you were looking the other way when the cult came into being around 1500, originated in Holland, and spread to the United States along with Paul Revere. When they began their bundling is a moot matter.

Bundling in the old country and in early colonial days was practiced because of a shortage of beds, and in order to economize on light and fuel. The beds gradually multiplied, but the custom of bundling hung around like Hitler's grin.

In order that prospective Mennonites may not get the wrong impression, it would be only proper to point out that there are ground rules for the ten goal bundler. There is the little matter of a sound oak plank placed in the middle of the bed between bundler and bundless.

Not only that, but it is scored a personal foul by any Mennonite papa for a prospective son-in-law to seek the courting cot with brace and bit, saw or handaxe. But shucks, look at the pole vault record.

Bundling had skittered along its cheerful way these past some hundred years without any four sheet billing and might have continued so. However, some months ago the Mennonites conjured up a dog fight over its fitness and the general public got in on the ground floor.

Ervin Hershberger, writing in the *Herold Der Wahrheit*, held
(Continued on Page 86)

Fabulous Frontier

BY REX BEACH



Distances are so great that travel in Alaska is a significant part of the life in the Territory. While the dog team is still an important means of transportation in winter, the plane has been of great assistance to Alaska.

ALASKA has always spelled hardship, hazard, adventure, spoils. It stands for something remote, unknown and forbidding. The very name calls up visions of ships half sunk under mountains of freight, their decks and rigging black with shouting men: of bleak, wind-swept Chilkoot Pass, up which a file of human ants creeps to the very sky: of Miles Canyon and White Horse, those roaring death traps into which they hurl themselves with curses or with prayers: of blazing gold camps where it was said that never a law of God or man prevailed.

That was the Alaska of the gold rush era. There never has been and there never will be anything quite like it. For many it was a

land of toil and sweat and disappointment, for the few it became Golconda. It yielded fortunes for the lucky ones but in spite of greed and ruthlessness its richest treasures remain untouched.

Men still wash its gravels, stamp mills thunder, trappers tend their lines and fishermen by the thousands turn its silver salmon into gold. To the traveler in quest of health, relaxation, sport or adventure it remains a Sinbad's Cavern which never can be robbed.

It used to be an incredibly vast country, its secrets were grimly guarded, every purple valley was a pathway to the unknown and peril walked with those who followed them. But its distances have shrunk, it is no longer remote, its trackless wilds can be crossed in a



matter of minutes or hours and its impassable mountain barriers have become a mere spectacle to look down upon. On wings the modern traveler soars to the inaccessible. He hunts the world's largest bears on Kodiak Island and for world record moose on the Kenai Peninsula.

Scenically it is a land of matchless grandeur. A maze of mountainous islands fringes much of its coast line. Here yachtsmen may cruise for weeks in land-locked security amid a tranquillity broken only by the rush of leaping waterfalls, the plaintive cry of gulls or the sullen rumble of some distant glacier.

Bottomless fjords, like crevices rent by volcanic force, lead back into the very heart of the stately coast range, a region of perpetual snow.

Salmon follow the tides—huge, hungry fish that will take a fly or strike savagely at anything which glitters. Over the bait schools upon which they prey whirl blizzards of screaming sea birds, and here an angler without rod or reel is likely to go mad.

Every clear water stream, every mountain lake boils with trout. Game is plentiful. Certain islands pasture thousands of deer, others are famous for the number and size of their bears, herds of mountain sheep and goats graze above timber line.

The vast interior with its rainbow trout and grayling streams, its moose ponds and its herds of caribou is accessible now. To travel the sky-way that leads to this vacation land is an experience no man will ever forget.

The flight from Juneau to White Horse, for instance, is undoubtedly the most spectacular, the most thrilling on this hemisphere for it leads over a wilderness of hidden valleys and precipitous peaks amid which lie writhing glaciers of stupendous size and breath-taking beauty. It crosses the dazzling ice cap itself from which flow these prehistoric rivers. Cruising above them one can look west for a hundred miles over a tumbling chaos to the lofty splendor of Mount St. Elias and east for an equal distance across the very ridge pole of the continent.

The romance, the beauty, the grandeur is still there but the hardship is gone. Alaska is an open, friendly country now and it beckons to you.

It is, indeed, the Fabulous Frontier.



Flying Fisherman

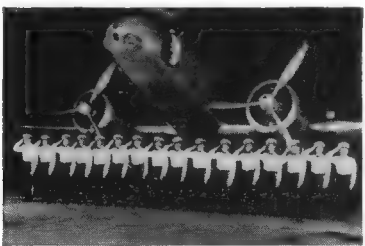
by CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER



Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker is an ardent fisherman.



Capt. Tommy Gifford, world famous guide, and S. Kip Farrington, Jr., noted angler and member of The Flying Fisherman Club, with a 426-pound and 500-pound blue marlin caught at Bimini with a 14-0 Vom Hofe reel, 30-ounce rod and 54-thread Ashaway line.



Alert Flight-Stewards who attend daily to the service and comfort of Eastern Air Line passengers.



"Flying to the Sun" via Eastern Air Lines to escape the nippy northern weather

IN a universe of clubs, it seemed scarcely possible there could be any field of taste or endeavor left unserved by an attending club of some description.

Social, sporting, travel, garden, business and literary clubs—clubs for men, clubs for women—town clubs and country clubs, are to be found in every section of the land.

But a fast-moving, changing age creates new social needs; and science, developing just as fast, meets those needs. An interesting example of how science plays its part is found in one of the newest of clubs. It has nothing to do with flying fish, yet it is called The Flying Fisherman Club.

The whole idea started a few years ago. It was suggested by a group of sportsmen, ardent fishermen all, who between the months of November and August fly to the famous Florida fishing grounds. Many of these sportsmen hold down important executive jobs in the north. They can't be away from their desks too long or too often. But air transportation has brought Miami within less than 8 hours of New York and the trip from Chicago to Miami can be made in a little over 9 hours.

Thus, science, through the development of commercial aviation, has stepped in and made it possible for fishermen to go after Tarpon, Marlin and Sailfish whenever they

desire, in season. It allows these busy men to enjoy the thrill of deep-sea game fishing, not once, but many times during the season, and with a minimum loss of time away from business.

The story of how The Flying Fisherman Club came into being, how you can become a member, and many interesting sidelights on the organization seem worth recording here for the first time.

Some say The Flying Fisherman Club was really conceived in the minds of a group of Washington and Philadelphia sportsmen who had a particularly successful week-end, fishing the Bimini waters in the Gulf just off Miami. Six thousand feet over Jacksonville, while returning north, they commented on how many times they had flown down for the fishing that season.

At any rate the boys felt, because they were so keen on fishing and because they were prompted to fly south to Florida on week-ends and spare holidays to get more of it, that perhaps they were entitled to feel they were in a sort of special class by themselves. The idea of a club was a natural one. Under such circumstances, what else could be expected? A club, then, by all means!

But there was another so-called founder's group made up of about eighteen fishermen from Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ken-

tucky who, quite by chance one night while sitting around in a Florida hotel, discovered they were all members of Izaak Walton's fraternity, and more, that to get in as much fishing as possible, they all flew down from the middle west! They thought there should be a club.

Allowing that East is East and West is West, the two groups described, and other groups and individuals, all met, notwithstanding. Met, that is to say, in mutual agreement that something would have to be done about it.

"Why not," they suggested to Eastern Air Lines, "give us air-and-fishing-minded folk a little special recognition? A club of some kind, perhaps. *Dues*: one fish—say a tarpon, marlin or sailfish—duly caught, attested and registered. *Inducement*: a contest with prizes for the best catches each year."

There it was! Idea . . . everything . . . but the name, details and prizes. These, somewhat jealously, we insisted on providing. The name selected was—"The Flying Fisherman Club." We hope fishermen approve it. We rather like its symbolic reference to *Cypsilurus Robustus* (the flying fish)—that truly unique species which, strangely human-like, wants to get away from it all every so often and take to the air.

(Continued on Page 80)



“Must have been a swordfish, you can see my hands”

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"Take command, Chutney, I'm going after some of this easy money"



"So this is the Chez Paree. A nice spot, Bergen, if I can get loose in that covey of blondes."



"McCarthy coming to you from a right nice place." Charlie compliments Lorraine Schultz while Bergen literally puts the words into his mouth.

Our Diminutive Little Chum Charlie McCarthy

"Yippee! Yippee! Yippee! I'm an old cow-hide, *hand*, on the Rio Grande," sings Charlie McCarthy, Radio's Impudent Little Imp, Edgar Bergen's meal ticket and the diminutive little Two-By-Four who restored to active life the Cedar-Nosed W. C. Fields.

Whattaman-Casanova-Chuckling McCarthy is the No. 1 Man on the air today. That in itself is a real break for Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields and the radio sponsor, Chase & Sanborn. This program has a way of attracting headliners that is really easy to figure, but still all eyes are on the little lemonade salesman whose affairs with several Hollywood blondes helps to sell Dated coffee.

By now everyone has listened to Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy who first bowed to radio on the Rudy Vallee program. Although Bergen carries Charlie around in a suitcase, McCarthy is a real personality. Oh, definitely!

"I'm really so valuable to Bergen he wants me right with him all the time," said Charlie, when interviewed on this subject. "In fact, sometimes I have a dickens of a time getting him to scram."

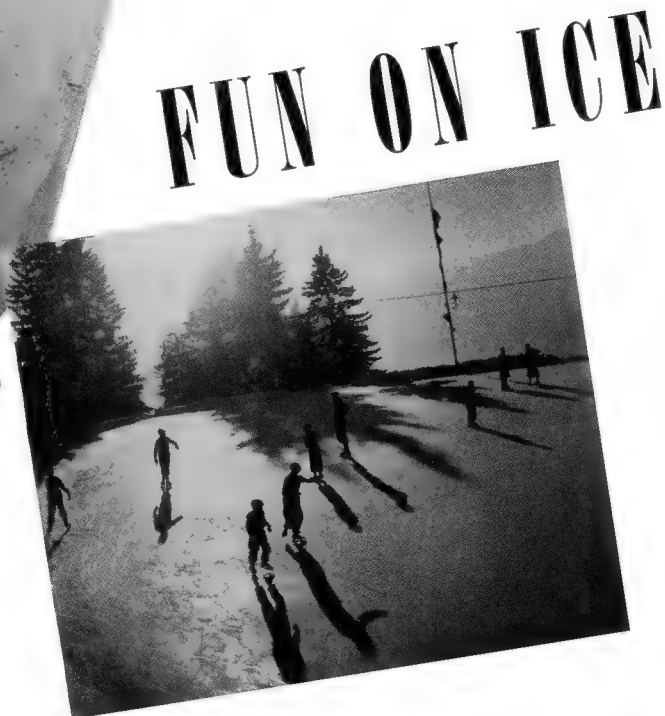
"A nice evening, Miss Bopp. And, now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go help Bergen do his chores."





ABOVE, SONJA HENIE, ten times world's champion and three times Olympic champion, as she appears in the great box office movie hit, "Thin Ice."

RIGHT, skating pond in the Alps, where the youngsters are at home on ice.



FUN ON ICE

by CHARLES JOHNSON

ICE SKATING is real fun and is often called the king of winter sports. There is something enchanting about skimming over the glistening ice, a fascination which remains a source of wholesome recreation down through the years of life, for skating is suitable to all ages. Other fads and fancies come and go, but skating has added additional thousands to its followers year after year.

The Charleston lived and died, Mah-Jong had its sway, and flag-pole sitters caught the fancy of a country given to brief enthusiasms. But every form of ice skating, including ice hockey, racing, figure skating and, biggest of all, pleasure skating, has shown a phenomenal growth. Skating was born before bustles and now flourishes with shorts.

Strangely enough, the pleasure given to millions by skating is believed by historians to be the result of a mistake of a long-dead blacksmith. Given a wide iron runner to be fastened flat to a wooden shoe, this blacksmith back in 200 A.D., affixed the implement horizontally and made skating on it possible.

To Jackson Haines, born in Chicago in 1840, goes the thanks of the American people for popularizing skates and skating. Haines, who early studied for a stage career, killed the stiff style of skating then popular in Europe. With his fine feeling for dramatic values, he thrilled the public here and abroad with his grace and easy style. Haines was the first to fit skating to music, thereby opening a pleasurable experience for folks then and now.

This form of sport has gained in popularity until at present skating is one of the spectacular events on every program at ice carnivals and festivals. At the ice resorts and snow capitals of the world we even have skating waiters who glide to the side of patrons with food and drink.

But it is not necessary to journey abroad to enjoy winter sports. Yosemite, in California, offers one of the most complete winter sports areas in the world—everything from comfortable hotels to the largest outdoor ice rink in the West. Pocono Manor in Pennsylvania also attracts a great crowd of winter sports enthusiasts and skating on the lake that is floodlighted at night. Here the famous Skytop Club offers deluxe accommodations and wonderful skating.

Society, too, has discovered the skate in the last decade. Country and town clubs have found there is fun in skating. Winter parties on the ice, the vogue in Eastern society, are now weekly events in every part of the country where ice is possible. New Year's skating parties stole devotees from the smoke-filled air of dances and the headaches of the punch bowl. Perhaps the zing of speeding blades on pond ice outrivals the clink of crushed ice in the cocktail shaker.

Rinks and ice palaces have been built in all parts of the United

States as far south as Tulsa and Los Angeles, but still—the backbone of ice skating is the neighborhood pond, lake or flooded tennis court. Orchids to the firemen who each year take time from their duties to flood the corner lots and tennis courts for the neighborhood skater.

To Sonja Henie may be traced another reason for the unprecedented interest among grownups in the sport of skating. This lovely miss, who has raised skating to an art, brought her flowing grace and easy style to millions through the medium of ice carnivals and the movies. As a result she has sent the interest in skating bounding to a new high among the American public. It was about seventeen years ago that figure skating was first introduced in the unofficial Winter Olympics at Antwerp, but since that time figure skating has made real strides, for in 1924 it became an official part of the Winter Olympic program at Chamonix, France. In the 1928 Olympics, held at St. Moritz, that fifteen-year-old Sonja Henie of Norway won her first Olympic championship. The next Olympics, held at Lake Placid in 1932, gave Sonja her second Olympic victory. She won three successive titles and now she is a movie star.

Skating is fun, it is good exercise, and it brings the tang of health. It is the thrill of mastery, speed of whirring blades and wind-swept faces that makes ice skating the greatest winter sport today. If you have ever donned a pair of ice skates you can feel the goodness there is in it; it causes the red corpuscles to race; it brings color to your cheeks; it gives you the pep you have lost. On skates you are fit and fifteen. No other sport compares with ice skating because it gives more than it takes.

Increasing thousands are flocking yearly to the winter carnivals held around the world. There is something to a sport that will attract thousands of people each year to far-away places such as St. Moritz, Lake Placid, Quebec, Montreal, Yosemite and Sun Valley for skating and to watch the work of masters in exhibitions and in competition. The Olympic Games attracted a great field and a great crowd. Hockey games, professional and amateur, draw capacity crowds in the East and in the Middle West. Interest in ice skating last year reached an all-time high, and this season it looks like a new record. And why? Because ice skating is the best exercise in the world, and is sport for all classes of people from novice to master. Hardy fellows who have been restless since their college competitive days, find the outlet they have been seeking. Others like it because it gives them more exercise than they have ever before experienced. As a result of community or neighborhood gatherings of this kind, dozens of games have sprung up, to list a few: "Ice Tag," "Crack the Whip," "Potato Racing," "Follow the Leader," "Ice Hockey," and "Sail Skating."

PLEASURE IN ATTIRE

What to Wear and When to Wear It

by ROBERT SURREY

NEVER has dress been more important than at the present time. The country is growing to maturity. More stress is laid on dressing well. The radio and automobile have pioneered the last frontier where the well-dressed man was thought foppish and effeminate. The most masculine among men cannot deny the satisfaction of correct clothing correctly worn. And clothing carefully chosen leaves a want beyond it. What matters the ensemble if the modish male is ignorant of the foibles and feelings of his companion female?

For formal wear all style notes point to the importance and growing popularity of midnight blue tailcoats and dinner jackets. The double-breasted dinner jacket will be the favored dinner coat style this season. Also popular will be the single-breasted dinner coat with soft-pleated bosom shirts and turned down collars. The three-button, single-breasted waistcoat is the best-liked style to wear with a tailcoat. Noticeable changes in the new tailcoats are wider lapels, longer tails and a smoother fit across the waist and back.

For business wear the double-breasted jacket will be the foremost model this Winter and is ideally suited to the trend for neat stripes and faint overplaids. And here's a new style note: cuffless trousers, in typical town fabrics such as worsteds, are correct for business wear and are gaining in favor.

New in color this season is mallard green. Color stylists have blended blue with green and arrived at a rich, masculine shade. The bluish green cast of the mallard's plumage provided the influence. One might hazard the observation that men hunting the wild duck have unwittingly identified their joy at bagging the green birds with the wearing of the green. With this color suit men will be attired in ivory, green or tan shirts with separate white starched collars.

One of the outstanding developments noted at smart country and town affairs just recently was the combination of blue with brown for both sports and business wear. As important this year as the gray and brown combinations of a few seasons back in this new vogue for merging shades of brown and blue.

That stirring military air, "The Campbells Are Coming," is being replaced with "The Camels are Here," if the great profusion of camel hair coats seen at Eastern gridiron and polo games is any criterion.

Men's habits are changing with the acquisition of more time in which to play. Indulging in sports and becoming accustomed to loose, comfortable cloths, men are now demanding the same easy-fitting styles for business wear. This is reflected in the increasing use of softer cloths tailored for lounge or occasional use, and in soft folds of the chest, slightly broader shoulder effect and gatherings at the shoulder.

In lecture room fashion, here is the college man's wardrobe:

1. A Shetland suit in herringbone or diagonal weave in solid color of gray, tan or brown.
2. A double-breasted jacket suit, in good worsted material (something that holds its press). For week-end parties and general off-campus wear.
3. A camel hair topcoat in the popular polo model.
4. A reversible tweed coat, gabardine on one side for rainy days, and Harris tweed on the other for general campus wear.
5. A welt edge moderately wide brim, brown felt hat, snap down in front (lower crowns).
6. Another hat of mixed felt in lighter shade of brown. The new semi-Tyrolean model with matching hat band of the same color.

7. Plenty of button-down Oxford cloth shirts in solid colors.

8. Sleeveless sweaters, wool hose—Argyle diamond weave—and heavy soled English brogue shoes in brown, waterproof leather. A pair of moccasin type shoes, Norwegian last, with heavy red rubber gum sole and heel.

9. Ties of regimental stripe rep silk. (A new note this season is satin neckwear in stripes, solid colors, and figures.)

10. Surely, full dress and double-breasted dinner jackets, with one pair of trousers to be worn for both coats.

With a dinner jacket wear:

Waistcoat: Single or double-breasted, black or white.
 Shirt: Stiff bosom, pique, or plain, or soft pleated. Wing or folded starch collar.
 Necktie: Black or midnight blue bow, pointed or square ends.
 Hose: Black silk, light weight wool or lisle, plain or ribbed.
 Shoes: Patent leather oxfords.
 Hat: Opera hat or black Homburg.

With a tailcoat wear:

Waistcoat: White, single or double-breasted.
 Shirt: Pique or plain stiff bosom—one or two studs.
 Necktie: White bow, pointed or square ends.
 Hose: Ribbed solid black silk, plain or self-clocked.
 Shoes: Patent leather oxfords or patent leather pumps.
 Hat: High silk, or opera hat.

With both dinner and tailcoat wear:

Gloves: White or gray buck, or kid, slip-on or button, or yellow or white string.
 Overcoat: Black, oxford or midnight blue.
 Jewelry: One or two studs—black pearl, white pearl, or gold with cuff links to match.
 Muffler: White crepe or silk.
 Handkerchief: White linen
 Note: Cruise and resort wear permit dark blue, or deep maroon bow ties.

With a brown suit wear:

Hat: Semi-Alpine shape for country wear, rolled brim for town wear, crown not pinched, in brown or blue.
 Handkerchief: Brightly figured brown silk.
 Shirt: Ivory ground with brown and blue stripes.
 Necktie: Rep in various shades of brown and blue.
 Shoes: Heavy soled wing tip in brown calf.

With a gray suit wear:

Hat: Same shapes as with brown, in gray or midnight blue.
 Handkerchief: Solid red, blue or ivory.
 Shirt: Ivory ground with red and gray stripes or blue.
 Necktie: Rep in various shades of gray, red, blue and yellow.
 Shoes: Heavy soled wing tip in black calf plain or grain.

With a blue suit wear:

Hat: Same as with gray suit, or derby.
 Handkerchief: Blue or ivory silk.
 Shirt: Blue stripes on ivory ground.
 Necktie: Same as with gray suit.
 Shoes: Either brown or black, plain toe, in calf. If brown shoes are worn wear brown hat.

With a mallard green suit wear:

Hat: Green or tan, a brown snap brim or rolled.
 Handkerchief: Brown silk with bright green and yellow figures.
 Shirt: Ivory, green or tan, with separate white starched collars.
 Necktie: Rep in various shades of green and tan.
 Shoes: Tan, plain toe, or wing tip.



Top Row: Crepe with hand-blocked pattern and narrow floral border, by Cisco; Jacquard crepe in white plaid with three-tone novelty design, from H. C. Cohn; Jacquard crepe with all-over design and satin figures, by Cisco; Jacquard Crepe with novel baseball motif, from James Lehrer. Bottom Row: Hand-loomed, two-tone wool in broad herringbone, by McCurrach; Imported wool with hand-blocked print ski motif on wide border, from Cisco; Challis with novel bias Persian stripe, by Kramer-Brandeis; Challis in authentic MacInnes Clan, by Botany.

THEY ALL WEAR SCARFS

For More Colorful Necklines

THE popularity of scarfs is noticeable everywhere. There is a keen interest in mufflers throughout the country as a buffer against wintry blasts. The man of today will be tempted by the decorative appeal of this season's muffler crop. Collections, which fall into three classifications, wools, silks and challis, show a splendid diversity of interest. Wools have been designed with emphasis on

their particular function—street and sports wear. The latter attract attention by the injection of sports motifs and emphasis on ensembling of matching gloves and socks. Silks and Challis are notable for the novel treatment of design and splendor of coloring. An interesting development of the season is the adaptation of fine neckwear silks to mufflers and the creation of matching tie and muffler sets.



Tyrone Power, 20th Century-Fox, like many young stars, prefers a wool shetland check muffler.



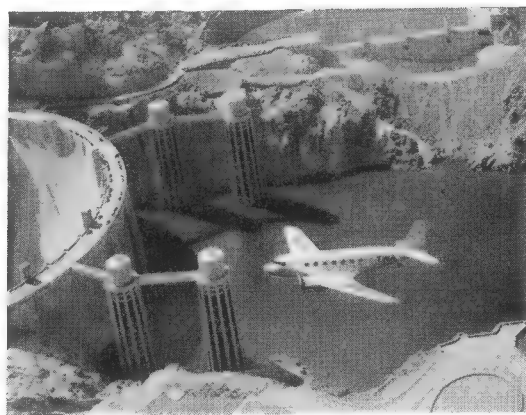
Errol Flynn always wears sport clothes about Warner Bros. lot—and always with silk scarf.



First National's "Tough Little Guy," Edward Robinson, in evening clothes with plain white silk scarf.



(Courtesy Men's Apparel Reporter)
Arthur Treacher, famous 20th Century-Fox butler, wears his white silk scarf close to the neck.



Photos Like These Will Win Prizes in the Candid Camera and Movie Contest

ABOVE: S. S. Bremen; Moonlight in Hawaii; TWA Plane Flies Over Boulder Dam on Regular Route West. LEFT: Lake of the Woods, Ontario, Muskie Fishing; Beautiful Kona Coast, Hawaii. RIGHT: Scenic North Coast of Jamaica; Skysleeper Lands at Airport. BELOW: left to right, Two Hollanders Pose; Jamaica Coast Line; Surfboard Enthusiasts at Waikiki; Night View of S. S. Bremen.



\$5,000.00

In Prizes For Candid Camera Shots

Awards Include Two DeLuxe American Bantam Automobiles, Two Round Trip Tickets to any city on the Transcontinental and Western Air Lines (TWA), Two Round Trip Tickets on the American Air Lines, Two Round Trip Tickets on Eastern Air Lines, Two Beautiful Scott Radios, Two Bell & Howell Movie Cameras—also Gruen Watches, Bausch & Lomb Binoculars, Graflex Cameras, and Leather Traveling Cases. Complete list of prizes may be obtained by addressing The Contest Editor, Pleasure Publishing Co., 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Rules

- 1. The Pleasure Magazine Photographic Contest is open to everyone residing within the 48 states of the U. S. A. or District of Columbia, with the exception of the employees of the Pleasure Publishing Co. and their families, and those engaged in the manufacture, sale or professional use of photographic goods.
- 2. Pleasure Publishing Co. will pay \$5,000.00 in merchandise prizes for the best photos and movie films submitted in the contest. The prizes will be awarded in the order of the merit of the photos and movie films.
- 3. The contest will close at midnight, May 5, 1938, and all entries must be in the hands of the Contest Editor on that date or entries must bear a postmark not later than that time.
- 4. All photos and films will be judged on the basis of human interest, photographic excellence and technique. Judges will be J. C. Godfrey, Editor-in-Chief, Wesley Bowman and S. Elmo Linton.
- 5. Any make camera or any brand of film, chemicals, or paper may be used in making pictures for this contest.
- 6. Every photo or film must be accompanied by a separate *official entry blank* obtainable at all leading photographic and camera supply stores without charge, or if your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail these entry blanks free on request. An ENTRY FORM may be clipped from newspapers, magazines or circulars and will be equally acceptable. Contestant's name and address must be on the entry blank together with the class in which the entry is made.
- 7. Contestants may submit as many photos or films as desired and at any time during the contest.
- 8. Pleasure Publishing Co. reserves the right to hold all photos or movie films, winners or losers, until May 30, 1938. None will be returned until after that time and then only when the entry is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or container. Contestants agree to produce negatives for photo entries in the event they are requested by Pleasure Magazine, and all prize-winning photos or movie films will be the property of the Pleasure Publishing Co. upon payment of the prize.
- 9. No photo or film entered in the Pleasure Photographic Contest can be entered at the same time in any other contest.
- 10. Upon entering this contest and by submission of answers, the contestant accepts these rules as binding and agrees that the decision of Pleasure Publishing Co. in all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the making of awards shall be final. Pleasure Publishing Co. will establish a file for all photos, but will not be responsible for entries unduly delayed or lost in the mail, either from or to the contestant.
- 11. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Six Classes of Eligible Photos

- 1. Animals, Birds and Fish.
Taken in your own back yard, at the zoo or aquarium, of dogs or horses, ducks or black bass, bears, the panda or other animals, birds or fish. Action photos desirable.
(\$1,000 in Prizes for this type of photos.)
- 2. Travel in the U. S. A.
Trains, busses, planes, boats, automobiles and trailers, scenery in city or country, National Parks, mountains, lakes, streams, oceans and beaches.
(\$1,000 in Prizes for this type of photos.)
- 3. Travel and Vacation Trips Abroad.
People, vehicles, or scenery.
(\$1,000 in Prizes for this type of photos.)
- 4. Photos from Commercial Planes.
Taken while a plane is at the airport or in the air; or from a commercial plane while a passenger either in the U. S. A. or abroad.
(\$1,200 in Prizes for this type of photos.)
- 5. Color Photos (Kodachrome, Dufay or other color photographic processes).
Color photos may be of any subject.
(\$500 in Prizes for color photos.)
- 6. 16 mm. Movie Films.
Movie strips of 50 foot lengths, any subject. Pictures need not be titled.
(\$300 in Prizes for 16 mm. movies.)

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Date.....

PLEASURE PHOTO CONTEST
360 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

CONTEST EDITOR:
Please enter the attached (photo)..... (movie film)..... in the Pleasure Photo Contest.

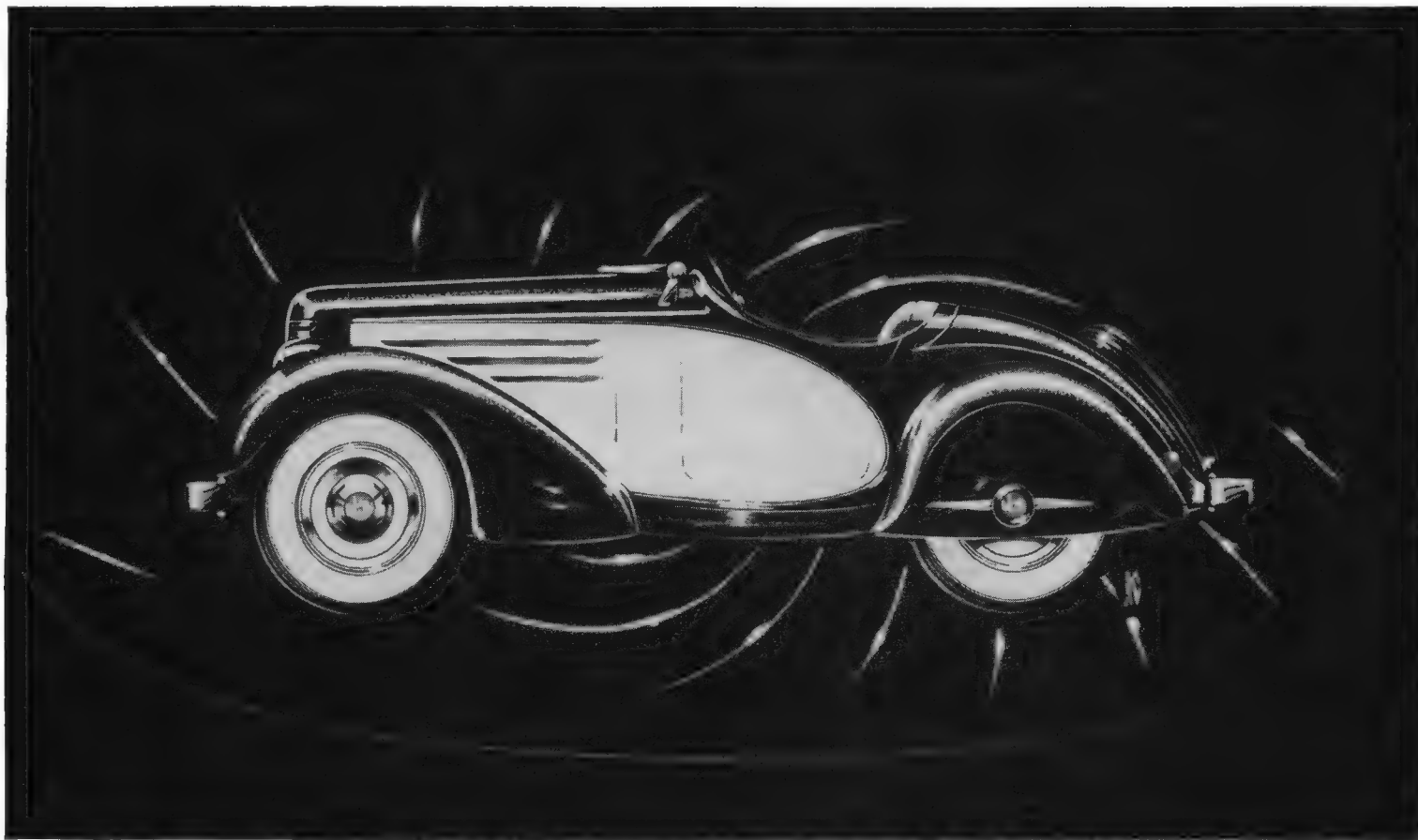
I agree to abide by the rules of this contest.

.....
Name

.....
Address

.....
City and State

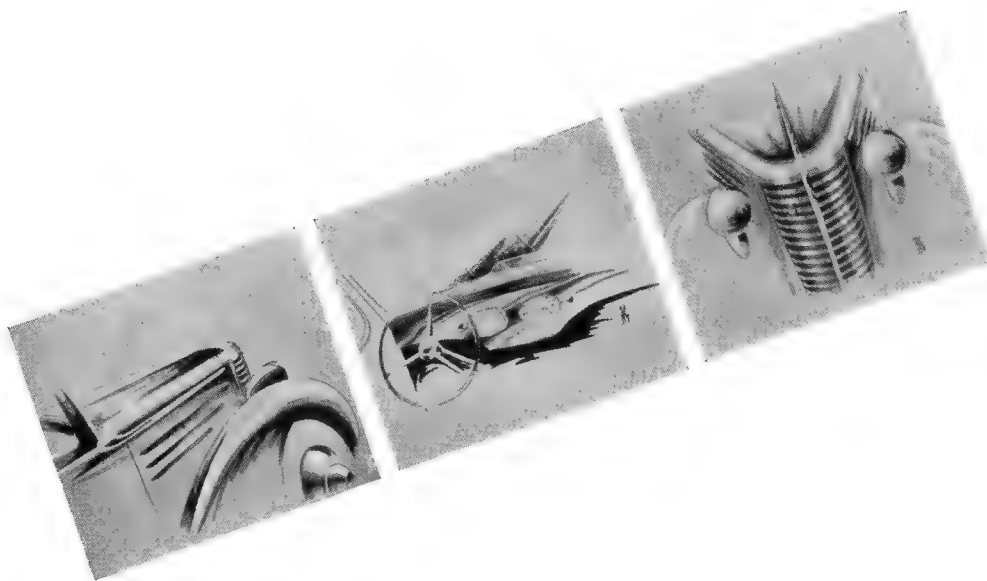
.....
Please print name and address plainly



1938 BANTAM "60" ROADSTER

The Bantam "60" roadster carries two passengers and has a large rear compartment. A weather-tight top completely disappears behind the seat. The car is supplied complete with standard equipment, safety glass and in standard colors.

AT THE AUTO SHOWS



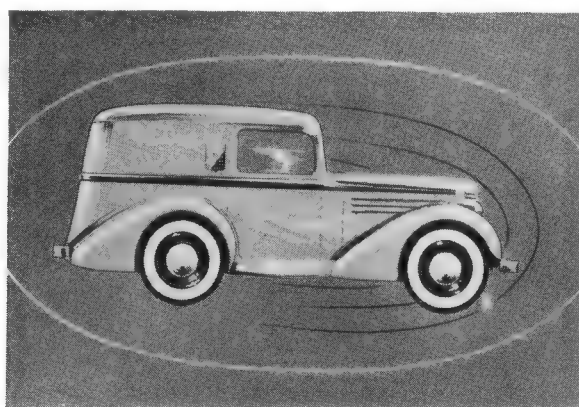
On the new horizon of the automotive world there is a new line of passenger cars and trucks with 1938 prices from \$75 to \$125 below any other auto in America. This attractive line is known as the Bantam "60."

Presented at the Automobile Shows by The American Bantam Car Company, these cars were received with real enthusiasm. There are Bantam coupes, roadsters and quarter-ton panel and pickup trucks.

Performance claims include the fact that the Bantam "60" will go 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline, will attain a speed of 60 miles per hour, and can be operated for less than three-quarters of a cent per mile for gas, oil and tires. The Bantam is 120 inches long, has a 4 cylinder, 20 horsepower engine mounted on live rubber, and the body is of welded steel. It has synchromesh transmission with silent second gear, 4 wheel brakes and oversized shock absorbers. Price at Butler, Pa., including safety glass and all Federal taxes paid, is in the \$400 range.

(Left) 1938 Bantam "60" Panel Truck

This quarter-ton Bantam "60" truck has a load carrying space 36½ by 38 by 34 inches. The rear door gives an opening 31 by 31 inches.





The New Buick Series 40 Convertible Coupe for 1938

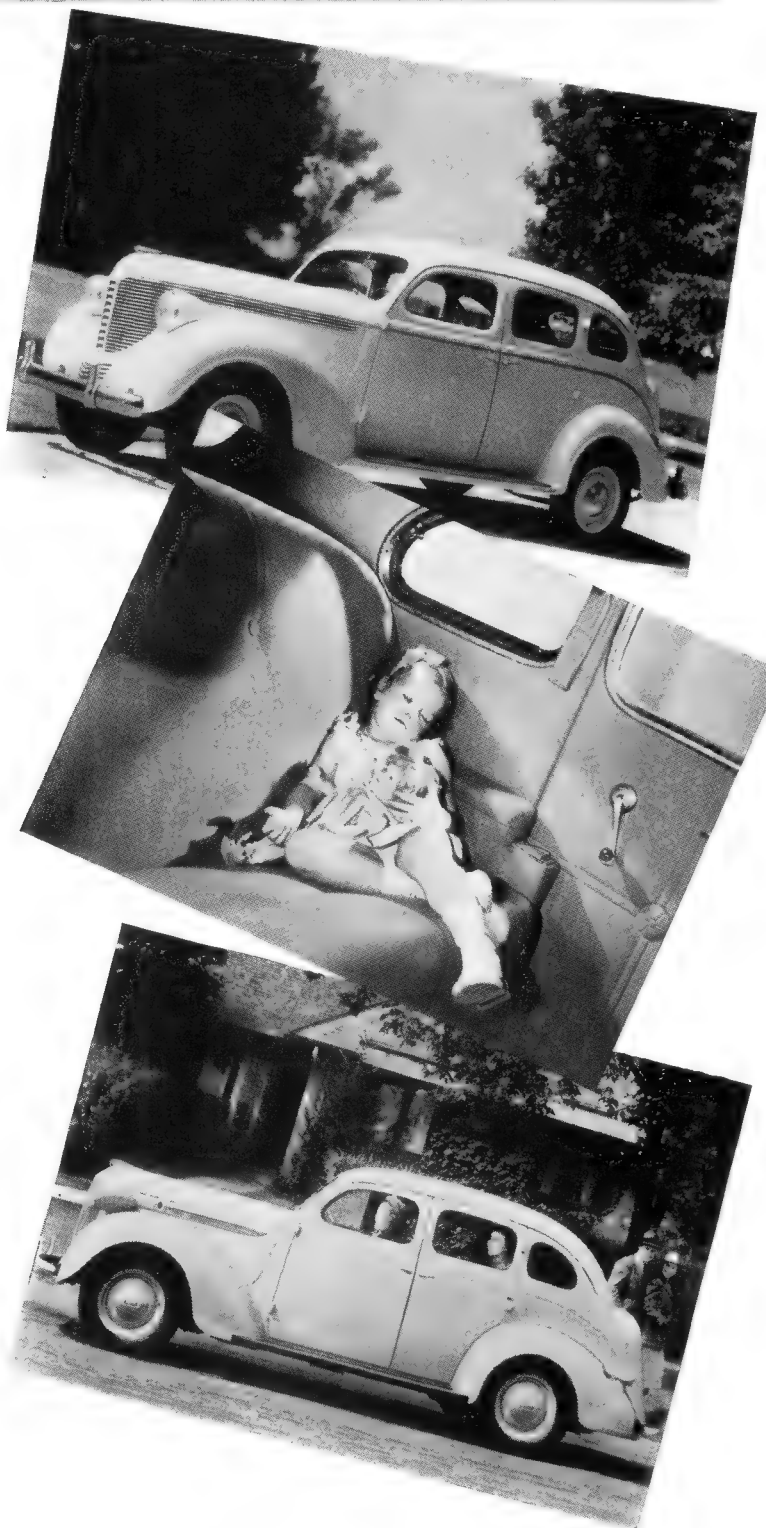
NEW CARS FOR 1938 . . .

(*Top*) Four new lines of Buick cars for 1938 made a definite bow at the auto shows this season. The Buick hit a new high in streamlining with new die-cast radiator grilles in two sections and with the color line of the hood carried down through the center, surmounted by the Buick crest. Long bullet-shaped headlamps and similarly shaped fender lamps on the front fenders give it a racy appearance. Buick bodies on all four lines are Fisher uni-steel turret top and are equipped with Fisher no-draft ventilation.

(*Right*) De Soto's four-door sedan is bigger this year. It is on a wheelbase that is three inches longer, 199 inches from bumper to bumper. The new De Soto is quieter and the little girl can sleep for there is no noise to disturb her. It is sound-proof.

Here is one of Plymouth's tenth anniversary "Jubilee" models for 1938 with deeper fenders, higher windshield for safer vision, and faster steering. The interior color scheme is Sable Brown and the upholstery materials are optional, broadcloth or mohair. The new Plymouth is a beautiful automobile.

(*Next Issue—Candid Shots of Autos and Trailers*)



Mr. Hotomato Complains!

By ED HOLDEN (Frank Watanabe)

Mr. President,
Shokomoto Automobile Factory,
29 Yaku St., Japan.

Sir & Dear Gentleman:

I have possess your "Honest 8" open top sedan for ten month beginning last year. I make purchase him from direct factory by mail order method. Do you remember me? Thank you. But I must say that the flabbergast on those purchase have come to my end. What the Sam Jones are the matter with those car? My car cannot keeping any oil on its stomach. And for past three month the carbonizer blows up very week every punctual. When that can do working I must driving same up all hills backwards! This are to mortify to me because fellow citizens on street side they laughing and start bursting up the following ncuns—"Get a bicycle. Get a bicycle." Which I are threat to did in the soonly future if no medicine are advance.

It are a bitter lump because when I telling my friendships that I are going to purchase a auto they say, "I told you so."

In irritate

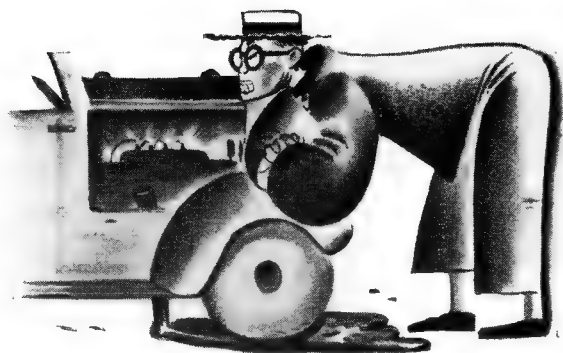
Your loving customer,

Y. Hotomato.

P.S. You got no more business running a auto factory than for goodness sake. That's all I hope.

Me again - in storm.

Y. H.



Mr. Y. Hotomato.

Dear "Shokomoto Honest 8" Owner:

We notice you have slight trouble in your auto, but are it necessity to talking at us with such hot brains? No! We emulsify. We thinking no use to getting heat and bother on such trifle matter. Please remembering our motto "Every Shokomoto Honest 8 are made to go or we shall knowing why." And our 2nd motto are double insurance. It are: "When better cars are made Shokomoto will get one."

We thinking all your car needing are a couple of screws to turning or other visa versas. Here are how please. (A) Turn screw on top side your carbonizer marked #2743 turn 4 and $\frac{1}{4}$ times at least to left. (B) Please be surely the front end of your car are facing forward, otherwise we will be backward to you, then all mix up. (C) Depress smallish spring on lower below end. Push same sideway up and down many times till gasoline juice burp out; that are sign you got some. (D) Removing the collapsible button marked #68 and washing same maybe some dirt have collaterated.

We have similar case other day from Mr. Itchiwaka. His carbonizer blow up every week also. So please not worry. Trusting us please because we knowing our autos upside down, that are experience.

Servicably yours,

T. Shokomoto.
The Dear President.

P.S. Excuse please. Maybe a firefly are caught in your carbonizer. Please look swiftly.

T. S.

INTRODUCING

With Pleasure—The Smart New

BANTAM "60"

America's Lowest Priced Car

NOTE these startling economy features.

- 1. Up to 60 miles on a gallon of gas
- 2. Up to 60 miles an hour
- 3. Up to 60,000 miles on a set of tires
- 4. Less than $\frac{3}{4}$ c per mile for gas, oil and tires

Bantam prices and Bantam economy are front page news. But that's not the whole story— for Bantam cars are as smart and rakish as they are thrifty. Trim, sleek and compact, the new

Bantam has the distinctive style and flare of the highest priced cars.

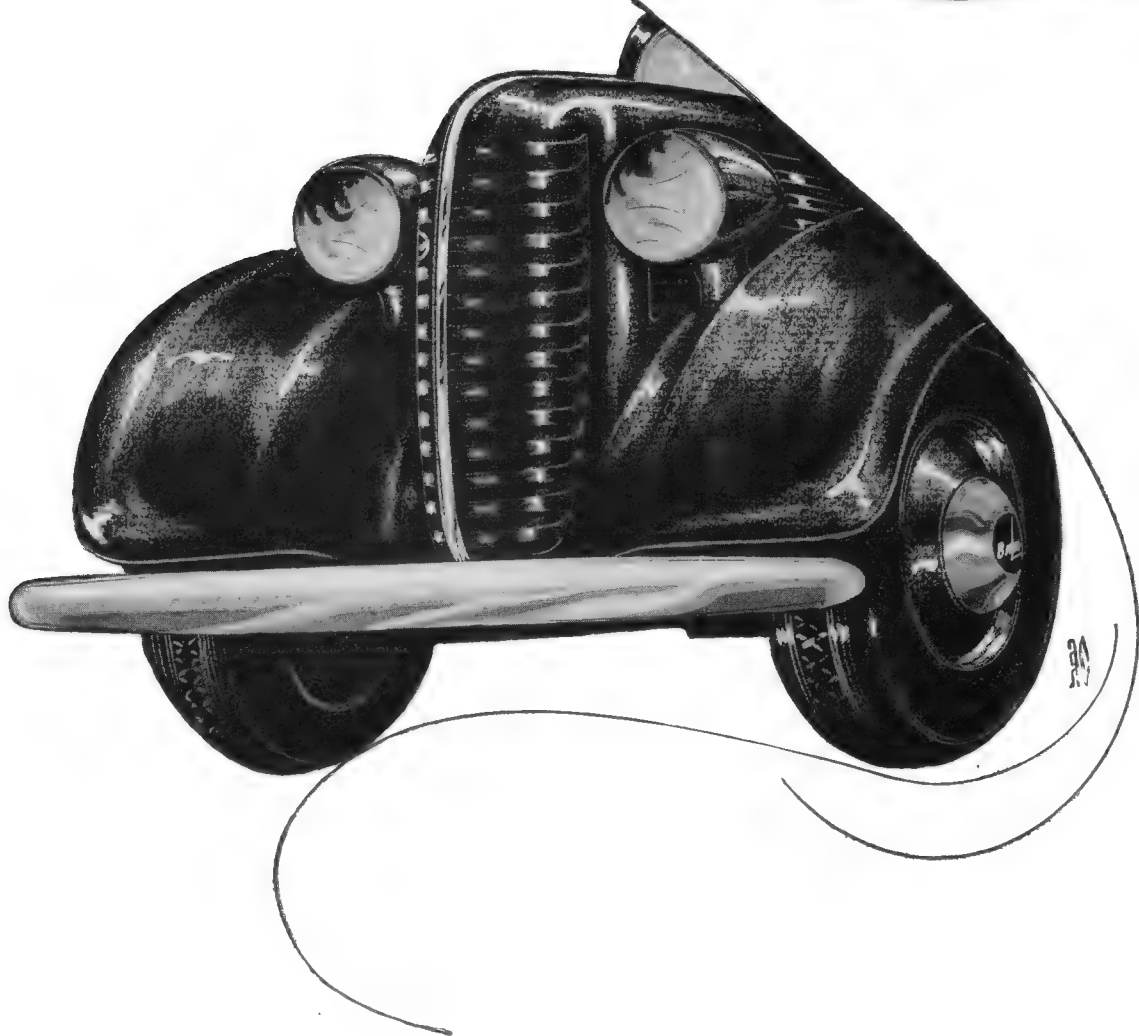
Drive the new Bantam! You'll find it comfortable, roomy, easy-riding—and unusually traffic-wise. It handles quickly and easily, darts nimbly in and out of traffic, and slips into impossible parking places with a twist of the wrist.

See the smart new Bantam Roadster or Coupe at your dealers! Check it point by point for style, engineering and performance. It's a real buy.

Complete line of $\frac{1}{4}$ ton Trucks also available

**AMERICAN BANTAM
CAR COMPANY**

BUTLER, PA.





Opening of the New Challenger Inn

—combining economy with all the Winter Sports of Sun Valley. Modest rates for rooms—popular prices for meals—accommodations for 400—all in a “mountain village.” Warm water swimming pool—motion picture theatre—two restaurants including unique night club—shops for all your needs.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SKI MEET

Dartmouth College
Univ. of Washington
SUN VALLEY
DEC. 29 to JAN. 1

Sun Valley Lodge

Living at its best! Continental service and comforts. A matchless cuisine. Rooms for single or double occupancy, or en suite. Accommodations for 250 guests. American plan.

Nothing like it anywhere else—long, timber-free ski runs, deep “powder” snow; brilliant summer sun—skiing stripped to the waist—sleighbearing in bright moonlight, skating, swimming in warm water open-air pools—the perfect Christmas holiday.

ONLY UNION PACIFIC SERVES SUN VALLEY

For information ask Union Pacific representatives in principal cities, or write or wire

THE
PROGRESSIVE

K. M. SINGER
General Manager
Sun Valley, Idaho

W. S. BASINGER, P.T.M.
Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebr.

UNION PACIFIC

SERVES ALL THE WEST



How to Bet on the Horses

(Continued from Page 16)

Havre de Grace, Laurel and Bowie. They are fairly representative of what may be expected at any tracks. During 1936 there was a period when the favorite or public choice failed to win on 17 consecutive occasions.

At the New England tracks (Narragansett Park, at Pawtucket, R. I., Rockingham Park, at Salem, N. H., and Suffolk Downs, Boston, Mass.) the post favorites failed on 18 consecutive occasions, and it would have required considerable capital to “stick” until one scored.

During the summer season at all tracks in Maryland, New England, Texas and Kentucky the consecutive string of losing favorites never exceeded the 18 mentioned above.

Fortunately for the man of limited resources, these long losing streaks do not occur very often. The figures given are the limit in the run of bad luck. It must further be borne in mind that in arriving at the number of losing favorites or public choices we have taken the races just as they appear on the programme; and on the card for each day there are always one or more races which the shrewd players would pass up. The ones who make money by following the races do not make a bet on each and every race. If 18 consecutive favorites were beaten, these wise players would not lose 18 bets, even if they were confirmed backers of favorites, for they would not back them all.

How does an experienced player know which races to pass up?

Under what conditions will he refrain from making a bet?

Different men have different ways of determining when not to bet as well as when to “set it in.”

In other words, the successful player is the one who does not bet on every race, but wagers larger amounts when he backs a horse which he considers a safe bet.

It is possible to beat the races; but it is not easy. The man who bets on every race is sure to risk his money on poor horses in many instances. This fact gave birth to the adage: “You can beat a race; but you can’t beat the races.” The bettor who attempts to beat every race on the card, day after day, will not show a profit on his turf transactions.

In order to be successful, the player should bet in a systematic manner.

A profit can not be made by playing the Favorite System and backing all the favorites with “flat bets” (wagers of equal amount) on each, for the simple reason that while approximately one-third of the favorites win, the winner does not always pay odds of 2 to 1; and if one loses two bets for each winning wager he must collect at odds of 2 to 1 when successful in order to break even.

Right here it can be seen that successful operations at the race track are based on mathematics as well as on ability to handicap or select winners.

Some players think to show a profit by using the “Double Up System.” This means that they start with an initial bet of two dollars, for instance, and bet four dollars if the first bet loses. This System would necessitate a wager of eight dollars on the third selection, and so on.

With as many as 18 favorites losing consecutively, the Double Up System of 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, etc., would require a bet of \$524,288 on the nineteenth favorite, the ultimate winner. This is more capital than the average bettor can raise, and the System must therefore be cast into the discard. It is not a winning system.

“The Great Discovery” is the System that wins.

A gradual progression, with each wager increased in size by a comparatively small amount produces most satisfactory results if used to back the selection of any successful handicapper.

An excellent Method of Progression is shown in “The Great Discovery.” This System forbids a bet on any horse which is quoted at less than 8 to 5, or \$1.60 to \$1.00 (a \$5.20 mutuel pay-off). The logic for this is that many short priced favorites fail to win. It must be borne in mind that “betting on a horse does not make it win.”

“The Great Discovery” also bans a bet on any Maiden race (a race in which are entered horses which have never won a race, and which, in race track parlance, are referred to as Maidens). Steeplechase races also are passed up. And the player is cautioned to make no bet if there has been a change in track conditions after the handicapper has made his selections, because horses that figure to win on a fast track generally make a sorry showing if they run in the mud. Some horses are natural “mudders”; others cannot negotiate the heavy going.

The rate of progression indicated in “The Great Discovery” is as follows: 2-2-4-6-10-16-26-42-68-110.

This means that the first bet should be \$2.00. If a bettor cares to make larger wagers he may use any multiple of 2, and the same multiple of all the numbers that follow, as 5-5-10-15-25, etc.

If the first bet of \$2.00 wins, continue to bet \$2.00 until a loss is sustained. If a bet of \$2.00 is lost, make a second bet of the same amount. If two consecutive bets of \$2.00 each lose, the next bet is the sum of the last two losing wagers, or \$4.00. So continue until a bet wins, making the amount of each ensuing wager equal the total of the two losing wagers immediately preceding. When a bet is won, go back and start all over again with a bet of the original size.

This Method of Play has been worked out with mathematical exactness, and if the player follows the rules and makes no bet when his selection is quoted at less than 8 to 5, he will naturally collect 8 to 5, or higher odds, when he backs a winner. And in that event his winning bet will profit him a sum which will fully make up all the losses earlier sustained. If the odds happen to be in excess of 8 to 5 on the horse which wins for the player, his profits will be increased proportionately.

However, in order to win with “The Great Discovery” or any other system it is necessary to bet on winners. A Method of Play may be mathematically correct, but one must also know how to select winning horses. The mathematical end, nevertheless, is most important.

If you want winners, consult the men who are professionally engaged in selecting winners. You cannot select enough winners to make a success of the game, unless you are aided by an expert handicapper.

In the racing publications each day may be found the selections of men who are competent to judge and properly appraise the chances of each horse entered in a race. It is far better to back the opinion of one of these experts than to play a hunch or make a selection without having any sound reason for doing so. Play the selections of the experts; and avoid those who claim to have tips and “inside information.”

It is true that horses are doped on occasion. But the practice is being stamped out as the result of the activities of the Federal narcotic agents.

(Continued on Page 87)

To the Women and Girls of America

Sonja Henie

says:

"HERE ARE THE SKATES
YOU'VE ASKED FOR"



SONJA HENIE

*Ten times world's champion, 3 times Olympic champion figure skater,
is now starring in "Thin Ice," a 20th Century-Fox production . . .*

"I receive a number of letters asking my advice on ice skates. It seems that most of you are interested in *pleasure* skating. This does not require long tedious practice, yet furnishes all the fun and exercise that goes with skating. You ask for skates patterned for the kind of skating you want to do. You prefer them low so your ankles won't wobble. You want them with built-in arch supports like your everyday shoes. *Here they are.*"

Sonja Henie

. . . Making Skating Easier and More Fun Than Ever Before!

SONJA HENIE *pleasure* SKATES
BY
NESTOR JOHNSON

30 Minutes After *Eating-Drinking* ALKALIZE



AFTER A HEAVY MEAL...

AFTER A LONG EVENING...



Thus escape the penalties of acid indigestion then and later

With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets—and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would relieve and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is *alkalize* immediately.

Try this quick-acting way: take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets—or two teaspoons of the liquid which have the same alkalizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid headaches," acid breath, pains from

acid indigestion—all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person.

When you're going out carry your alkalizer with you—always—in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost 25¢ for 30. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips'.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Skiing from St. Moritz to Sun Valley

(Continued from Page 23)

rance is expected to enter again, seeking the second and third victories necessary to win permanent possession of the trophy.

The Sun Valley dog races, also initiated last winter, again will be held during February. The exciting finish this year will take place in the half-mile track built during the summer and used for the Sun Valley Rodeo. Much of the race, which is several miles long, of course, will take place in the open country surrounding the resort, but the last, important "licks" will be put in where Sun Valley's guests can see the windup.

Challenger Inn, which will accommodate almost as many guests as the original Lodge, will have complete facilities of its own, including an outdoor swimming pool, skating rink, etc. Here, accommodations will be available at moderate rates, on the European plan. The Lodge will continue to operate on the American plan.

Special "bachelor" quarters are expected to be particularly popular at the Challenger Inn.

The other new buildings, the various shops and other establishments, have been built on the two sides of a wide "street" between the two main buildings. The whole layout has been designed to give the effect of a Swiss-Alpine village.

With a corps of true ski experts, headed by Hans Hauser, three times

champion of Austria, on hand to give suggestions to the beginner or to give an actual course of lessons, and with gently sloping, treeless mountain sides which permit enjoyment without risk of injury, Sun Valley offers real fun to the tyro. Mechanical "chair lifts" and tow-lines will even haul the skier to the top of the course without a bit of effort on his part.

Skiing naturally is the main attraction at Sun Valley, but there's plenty of diversion. There's a skating rink right outside the Lodge door, there's a tennis court, and there's dog sledding and sleighing. For the hardier skiers, there's "ski-joring," in which the participant is pulled over the snow on skis at breakneck speed behind galloping horses.

Most unusual is swimming in the outdoor pool in zero weather, possible because the water is heated to 92-degree temperature and because glass walls keep out any breezes that might chill the bather. Practically every Sun Valley guest takes a dip one or more times during the day, regardless of the weather.

Established in one year as the outstanding winter-and-summer sports paradise in these United States, Sun Valley looks forward to a second season that will surpass its first in every respect and which will reaffirm Sun Valley's position as the "ski capital of America."

After the Show

(Continued from Page 13)

sprinkled with New York and Hollywood celebrities stopping off for a cup of coffee between the 20th Century and the Chief. For French food, Chicago's Jacques and L'Aiglon are the two outstanding places. L'Aiglon has a fine bar, delicious Southern sea foods, and excellent entertainment. A younger crowd frequents the Blackhawk and the person seeking the latest information on what the university bunch is dancing will find the Blackhawk the ideal spot for field work in sociology. General excellence of atmosphere, good food, fine dancing and floor show talent make the Empire Room in the Palmer House an unquestioned focal point in Chicago's night life. The Drake Hotel has been stepping out of late, and is now going in for big name attractions on its bandstand, which has resulted in renewed activity in the Drake's winter Gold Coast Room and summer Silver Forest. The College Inn in the Hotel Sherman is always a popular spot. On the north side of Chicago the place called Isbell's has developed into a late night gathering spot, and is becoming a haven of refuge in what was formerly the town's most active sector. Then there is the Radio Club, popular spot where radio stars gather.

New Orleans is the place to go for delicious sea food and noted French dishes, and Arnaud's is the spot to go for these famous dishes.

Out on the coast, in Los Angeles and Hollywood, the night life is influenced greatly by motion pictures and motion picture people. Excellent food can be found in a number of places at present. This is real progress for the Hollywood sector, where, a few years ago, good food was rare indeed. Victor Hugo's serves excellent viands and so does the Cafe LaMaze and the Trocadero. The last-named also has a real fling on Sunday nights when it is jammed to the doors by all the celebrities of the film world to eat, drink, dance and watch a truly smash floor show. The Brown Derby is more or less the coast counterpart of Lindy's, and with all its noise and telephones, still serves the best in foods. For floor shows and real night club the Clover Club is determined to lead the west. Has newly remodeled and redecorated the premises and is stepping out with name attractions and high priced headliners. The two leading hotel night spots are the Ambassador's Coconut Grove which has built up a fine tradition and reputation, mainly on top orchestras, and the Biltmore Bowl, the spot where movie stars gather.

In The Next Issue

TWENTY-ONE FULL PAGE CARTOONS
TWELVE MORE PAGES IN FULL COLOR
MOTOR BOAT and SPORTSMAN SHOWS

In Photographs

A TRAVEL STORY CONTEST

With Wonderful Prizes

For Those Who Travel . . . Teachers, Students, Tourists, Vagabonds

"TRAVEL AS YOU LIKE IT"

By Twenty Famous Travelers

Including Africa, Alaska, Australia, Austria, Bahamas, Bermuda, California, Canada, Chile, Cuba, England, Florida, France, Germany, Hawaii, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Maine, Mexico, New Zealand, Nova Scotia, Sweden, Switzerland, The National Parks and all the Spas.

A GUARANTEED Electric Dry Shaver

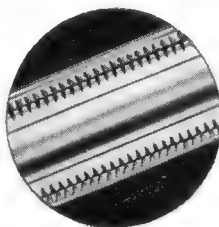
... At MUCH LESS Than You Would Expect to Pay



GUARANTEED

Majestic

ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

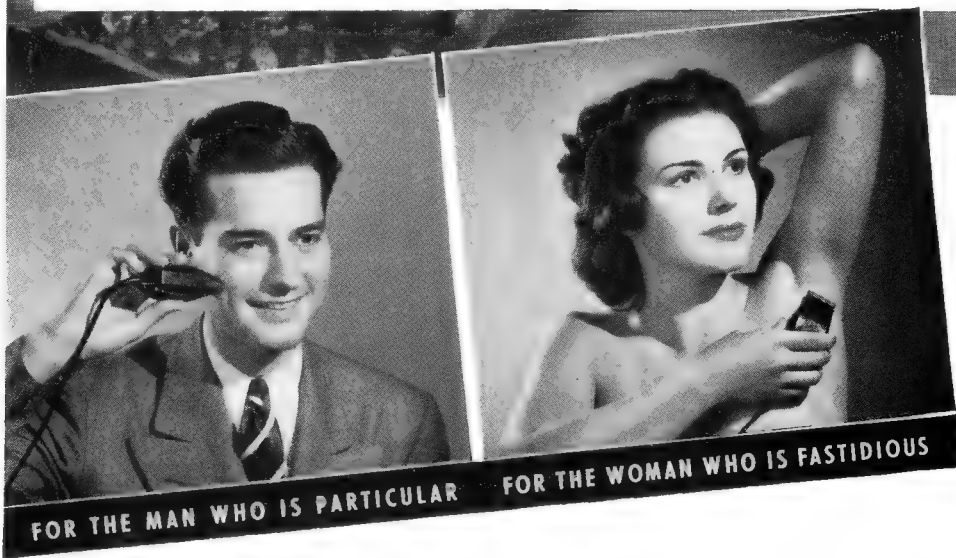


DOUBLE EDGES

Shaving is made doubly easy, doubly fast, doubly pleasant by TWO cutting edges, not just one. You use the natural shaving stroke. Each hair is sheared off clean and close at the skin line.

\$7⁵⁰

Complete with leather case and one-year guarantee certificate.



FOR THE MAN WHO IS PARTICULAR FOR THE WOMAN WHO IS FASTIDIOUS

SIMPLE, STURDY, DEPENDABLE. The MAJESTIC is precision-built throughout. No adjustments of any kind, no oiling, no special attention. Cutters are self-sharpening; non-clogging shave head is of rust-proof chrome plate. Body of rich molded Plaskon. Packaged in attractive Gift Box

including Genuine Leather Traveling Case, 1-Year Guarantee Certificate and Instruction Booklet. Operates on AC or DC current. Tested and approved by Underwriters' Laboratories and American Public Testing System.

Majestic

DOUBLE EDGE DRY SHAVER

\$7⁵⁰

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

TURN THE ORDEAL OF DAILY SHAVING INTO PLEASURE!

MAJESTIC Electric Dry Shaver is here...ready to prove that electric dry shaving pleasure need no longer be expensive! In fact, for the first time in electric razor history, MAJESTIC brings modern shaving down to a sensible price.

Clasp MAJESTIC in your hand and at once you sense the fine balance and feeling of quality. Glide MAJESTIC up and down your beard. See how the two shaving edges give you smoother, cleaner, closer shaves. No pull, no irritation and no nicks—even in those hard-to-get-into places. Every shave is comfortable and fast, thanks to MAJESTIC'S double shaving edges.

It's good economy, too, in owning a MAJESTIC. Its low cost is quickly made up by the savings in blades, brush, soaps, etc. Secure your MAJESTIC and discover the shaving pleasure you've been missing. Use the coupon today!

ELECTRIC RAZOR CORPORATION
Merchandise Mart, Chicago

HANDY ORDER FORM • MAIL TODAY

ELECTRIC RAZOR CORP.,
Merchandise Mart, Chicago.
Enclosed is Check.....Money Order.....for \$7.50, for which send me at once postpaid one MAJESTIC ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER with genuine leather traveling case and 1-Year Guarantee Certificate.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PLEASURE CRUISES Through the Seven Seas in a booklet by Hamburg-American. These include holiday cruises and those to the Mediterranean, to South America and the West Indies. Hamburg-American, North German Lloyd, Dept. P, 57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE SUN NEVER SETS on the worldwide empire of American Express Travel Service, with a chain of offices from New York to Bombay. American Express traveler's cheques always protect your funds. Uniformed couriers meet you when your steamer or train arrives. From the time you leave until you return home you are in the care of the American Express. If you have a travel problem write to American Express, Dept. PL, 65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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THE GUIDE TO TRAVEL

One of Our Editors SPEAKS!



One week ago we arrived in New York, after a two months' glorious visit to Europe. During these brief seven days since my return, I have heard ten times as much and read twenty times as much about war as during my entire stay abroad.

Why should this be so? We Americans proclaim to the world that we are a peace-loving nation. We seek not to become involved in the quarrels of Europe. We look on the whole foreign scene from a detached viewpoint. Our diplomats refer continually to our desire for a peaceful universe, but people are fed on a steady diet of "crisis imminent" and "great conflict looms" and "grave danger of European war." Month after month our great dailies beat the war drums for a European conflict. Read the papers of a year ago or two years ago: a new world war was expected daily at that time. Today, though the drums must be a trifle frayed by their continual use, the Press is still at it.

What does the European think about it? Is he worried? Will he be in the trenches in a few weeks? What does he think? Well, the answer is that he isn't half as concerned about these great problems as the editor of the *Crimson Gulch Gazette* over here. In Europe, the average and above-average citizen has not the slightest idea that we have scheduled the outbreak of his war for sometime next week. His newspapers don't give him a grave crisis for the breakfast table each morning. War scares are fifth-rate news over there.

I can hear you say: "Well, the newspapers over there are 'muzzled.'" But they aren't muzzled in France, surely, nor in England or Holland. Yet war talk there scarcely rates even one of their one column, well-modulated headlines. Nor does it in Austria or Hungary or Belgium. Even Italy and Germany, where one might expect newspapers to feature the prospects of war, are minor-leaguers compared to our papers any day in the week.

In Europe, life goes on as usual. People worry some about business. Bankers are concerned about the American stock market. Hotel men are delighted over the increase in tourist business. Advertising men plan bigger and better campaigns for next year. Talk of again staging the Paris exposition next year. Everything is serene, but in American newspapers, "Mars sharpens his sword." The man in the American Pullman smoking-room tells you: "It looks bad over there. Did you see the papers this morning?"

I talked to well-informed Europeans in seven countries. They weren't casual interviews with strangers. This is my ninth visit and my discussions were largely with old personal friends and men of position. They talked of the Spanish war in terms of Spain. They pitied her people. They were sorry for the devastation of a lovely country. And they discussed the whole business at length, as casually as you might comment on Aunt Emma's lumbago. If I had ventured the suggestion that there would be a general conflict shortly, they would have thought I was crazy.

The plain statement of fact is this: the average responsible Englishman or Frenchman or other European is not in the least worried about an immediate war. He knows that there is and always has been the danger of war. But he feels at the present time that it is a remote danger, and he thinks and talks and worries about it approximately one-tenth as much as the average American.

Europeans visiting America are amazed at the statements they read in newspapers here. We used to laugh when foreigners, trained on Nick Carter, came to the United States expecting to see Indians. Nowadays the position is reversed. We have outdone Nick Carter, and it looks as though the joke is on us.

All we know about Europe is, largely, what we read, and after just seven days back on the same old war "diet" again, I for one am ready to go back to Europe where there is, Spain excepted, peace and quiet—E. O. C.

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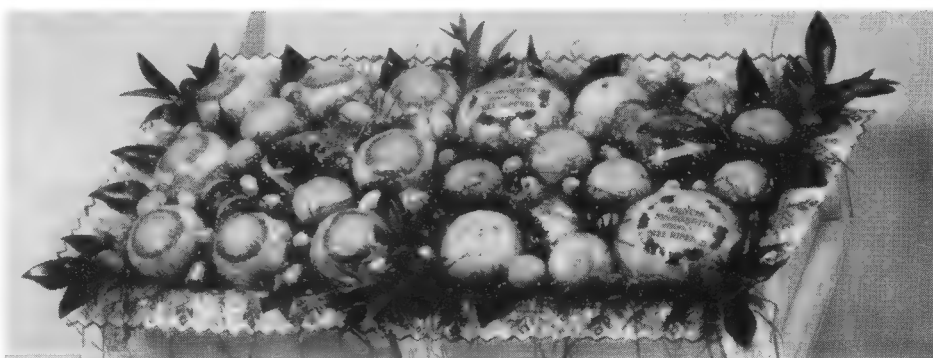


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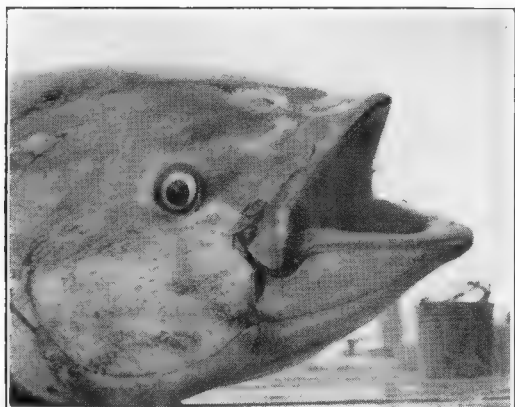
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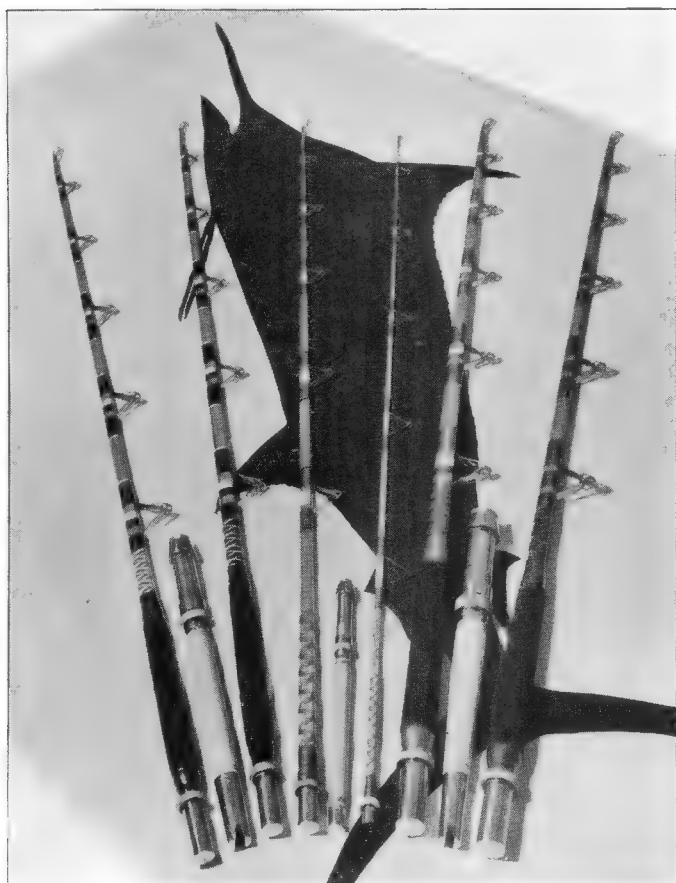
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MIAMI, U.S.A.

Smartening Up The Male

(Continued from Page 24)

first on menus, he can have me as flag-waver and standard-bearer. Why smart restaurants insist upon passing out bills of fare where a kidney bean is an "haricot" and "grenouilles provencale" are simply "frog legs with garlic," I don't even try to guess. I can't quite classify this prevalent custom as a communist plot to undermine the government, so it will have to go uncatalogued. Call it *mysterieux*. But don't let it trick you into any idea that you can conquer a menu with anything short of a Ph.D. from the Sorbonne. Unfashionable American is better than bad French—or even what you might consider fair French. If you quick-like-a-mouse dismiss the waiter with a few words that will cause a steak to arrive miraculously, you'll make the grade on Fifth Avenue and be happier than you would be to discover that the waiter's English—though bad—is understandable, which is about six *grenouilles* ahead of your French.

"Will you tell me," asked one little woman—braver in correspondence than she might have been in person, "what good it does me to 'look pretty in bed' as you suggest? I'm pretty all right—too pretty. By threatening my hairdresser, I got him to give me a permanent that doesn't need everything but the kitchen stove in my head at night to insure the next-morning curl. My heavily-greased moments are now confined to the bawth. When ready for bed, I am in a satin nightie, (and no French designer yet has done anything more flattering for the figure), and my matching mules and negligee make me a fetching picture I'm sure. All in line with your instructions. But what about instructions for George? There he is, gargling in the bathroom in striped pajama tops and printed pajama bottoms. His gargle is as off-key as his singing in the shower. He has lost one bedroom slipper and the belt to his robe and he doesn't seem to realize that sometime we might have a fire."

When you have your fire, I told her, you will see not one husband looking un-pretty but many many husbands looking un-pretty. No, if you can keep your sanity through the long snoring nights, you needn't worry that a fire will show you to be "not up to the Jones's." It is all too characteristic of the male that he lets himself go in unbridled fashion when it's time to think about the 7-o'clock alarm and his eight hours of sleep. You who put gargles before grace in the process of retirement really should taste the thrill of a well-groomed bed-going. I'm not holding out for \$50 pajamas, but there is no reason why Macy's night togs can't match your style of beauty in a devastating way. Let six well groomed hours do the work of eight ungroomed hours and save your tousled moments for the men's locker room.

In money matters, men, it seems, can err on both sides of the question. They can spend too much and they can spend too little and honors are about divided on which is being the Most Unsmart of the Unsmart Husbands. There are those who seek the red side of the ledger in a natural, guileless fashion as the bee seeks the flower or at least as the violet seeks the shade. The new-model car, the large house, the expensive theater are all taken in stride and in fine disregard of the first of the month. This is especially irksome to any little woman who has had more than a year of grammar school arithmetic.

"Leave it to my husband," quoth one, "to have a fancy air and a plain purse. He can lose \$50 an evening playing poker with me at home getting pink slips about the electric light bills. With a background of being the only girl in

a calculus class (and a good one, too), I sit and suffer the tortures of the unbalanced budgeters. While dining and dancing checks mount, my mind keeps doing a flock of mental logarithms in which two and two equal a minus four."

It's fine to be a good host and keep your mind on the steaks, but, you budget-batterers, there will come a day of reckoning and a lot of big nights playing Elsa Maxwell won't help pay your insurance premiums. Perhaps it isn't feasible to go back and start all over again with the x's and y's and unknown quantities that Professor Einstein has done so well by, but there is a right-hand side to menu sheets, if you will notice, and bank statements can be had for the asking. If the two don't mix (the right-side menu list and the bank statement), choose another bank.

It's very fine to be above material money matters in theory but in practice it's just as well to keep the house warm. When the home fires stop burning it's a cold hard job to stick to your theories.

All this advice, of course, risks that other danger of tossing a lot of pecuniary-minded husbands out on the world where they can break up the little woman's thoughts of sweetness and light by complaining about grocery bills or postage stamps.

"My husband is of the 'If I ran my business like you run this house' variety—which is to say that one night out of every three, we have a Morgenthau-Mellon evening," testified one harassed housewife. "To hear us talk, you'd think we were settling the War Debt. In the crises, he forbids me to buy any more postage stamps and to return the purchases he refuses to pay for. In vain do I tell him that Roosevelt isn't worried about three-hundred millions, why should we worry about a lean end of the month. I promise to keep him solvent but I don't promise to curb my every caviar and occasional-gardenia instinct."

If it isn't too much to ask, I think every household-management theory husband should take a trip to the grocery store and try out on the dinner-buying test. Vegetable counters may get him with the broccoli, asparagus, lettuce and tomato outlay looking particularly healthy and inexpensive. Those bills run up fast, and if he misses on that round, let him take a run past the meat counter and try to settle on something less than frankfurters to fill the family stomachs. If he has a weakness for sweetbreads or cheeses or razberries, the budget problem is solved and Morgenthau can be left behind as a figurehead for evening discussions.

Such a modest record of husband faults, I blush to relate. The little women all over the country blush, likewise. It is, I admit, a one-sided picture. But with the statement that there is a general truth in these specific cases, not even the better halves of these little women would fail to agree. As Homer Martin represents his laborers and as Paderewski is a figurehead for musicians, so must the Stick, the Lug, the Money Spender and those others indicate enough prototypes to get such problems before the public as courses in fashion, charm, personality, and home decoration have put the common problems of women before the little women of the country.

The problem, it is essential to remember, is to be regarded dispassionately—not personally. The little woman is presenting a fair case in the matter of her husband and she expects fair consideration. Definitely she is not nagging. All in all, she thinks it is a magnificent sex.

After the Count of Ten

(Continued from Page 33)

nance; no "hit" of his own can induce an iota of over-eagerness. "Schmeling the Stolid" bides his time, smashing, smashing, smashing with the same punch—right hand—to the same spot—jaw.

It was such a battle as this that Schmeling waged to beat down Louis and astound pugilism with a 12-round knockout victory almost a year and a half ago. Right, right, right Schmeling threw; left, left, left he took . . . and never a change in expression or pace. In the fourth round Herr Max scored a surprise knockdown which left an army of spectators and a multi-army of radio listeners gasping. It seemed to be an unexpected break—gift of the fistic gods—which might enable the "doomed" underdog to win, if he followed up swiftly and struck again.

"Hurry, Max! Into him, Max!" shrieked agonized followers.

"If he misses this chance, he is lost," murmured many a parlor "radio-sider."

But "Schmeling the Stolid" hurried not. Plenty of time. Why rush in and risk destruction from a wild lashing out by the dazed Louis? Max stepped back while a short count was tolled over his foe. Marched cautiously forward again when the Bomber had regained his feet. Picking up exactly where he had left off, Schmeling resumed his bombardment . . . right, right, right.

And so it came about that Max went on his unhurried way and slowly, but steadily pounded Louis to pulp. In the 12th round Louis fell, knocked senseless by a right hander no different from dozens of others that Schmeling had landed, except that it snapped the last slender thread of Joe's endurance.

"Schmeling the stolid and patient" . . . Yes, in the ring. But the Schmeling of private life, the Maxie of business dealing behind the scenes, what of him?

Well, there is no more impetuous or impatient citizen on this fistic globe. On a moment's notice Herr Max seizes the trans-Atlantic phone and calls his New York manager, Joey Jacobs, pint-sized smoker of 10-gallon stogies:

"Listen, Cho," Schmeling fumes and, 3,600 miles away, you know his black brows are beetling. "I am getting the runner-around. I knock out Looley. I am promise fight for title. Braddock he geeve me the dodge. Not so goot . . ."

Jacobs explains soothingly that Braddock has injured his hand and cannot fight as scheduled. Static bursts explosively in little Joey's ears.

"Yah, yah," screams an enraged voice. "The runner-around. I be over." The receiver clicks and an hour or so later cables of the New York press offices relay a bulletin from Germany:

"Berlin—Max Schmeling, challenger for the world's heavyweight championship, left today on a surprise visit to the United States. Irked by reports that James J. Braddock would not be able to go through with their scheduled title fight, Schmeling announced that he would appear before the New York commission and demand that his contract be enforced."

A week later a stocky, browned figure strides into the commission offices and vocal storms break about the ears of Chairman John Phelan and colleagues.

"I haff contract! I haff earned fight with Braddock. I force heem to fight."

There follows the customary roundelay of explanations, excuses, threats and promises which accompany a true fistic run-around (and Schmeling has

been getting nothing less these many months, first from Braddock, then from Louis). In midst of the dispute, a chattering, gesticulating figure rushes from the thick of the mob.

"I am through. I go home. I navair fight in Amerreeka again."

On the very next boat that sails Europe-bound the same familiar stocky figure leans on the rails and sulks. Max Schmeling has had another outburst of temperament. He has taken another \$2,500 boat ride, traveled 7,000 miles and accomplished not a thing.

So he is "Schmeling the Stolid," ringdom's unemotionalist, you say?

You are amazed watching James J. Braddock budgeting his waning strength and speed through a long, severe test. Here, you reflect, must be pugilism's wisest economist. With 15 rounds to go and just so much "stuff" to cover it, Braddock wastes not a motion. Every jab is timed to land, every hook and cross is gauged for efficiency.

Every movement of the unsound Braddock legs has its part in the general plan. James Jay is nearing the end of his resources, so every atom of vigor must be conserved. The ringside thousands have seen the manifestation and marveled:

"There's a fighter who has planned with care! Watch how he saves himself in the clinches; notice how he makes every exertion count . . ."

It was such canny conservation as this that enabled Braddock to last out 15 rounds with Maxie Baer and win the world's championship. Rating himself like a champion distance runner, James Jay finished with the last punch out of his system. He was near exhaustion, but he was triumphant.

Master budgeter of the ring, those who had seen exclaimed. Oh, yeah?

The saver turns spendthrift. His championship won, Braddock banks his \$30,000 prize check, and proceeds to let go. Forgotten are the tenets of thrift. While it lasts, Braddock enjoys a jubilee of spending. A check here, a greenback there, a bankroll some other place . . . James Jay lays it out like a dock-walloper whos sweepstakes ticket turns suddenly into a fortune.

And the climax . . . a yacht! Braddock purchases himself a yacht, toy for millionaires, hardly, for a prize fighter so recently rehabilitated from the relief rolls.

And James Jay, of course, goes broke. One last "out" remains for him, a championship defense against Louis with sure defeat staring him in the face. Braddock fights and is defeated. He cashes his crown into another fortune.

The budgeter of blows is in the bucks again and this time he says:

"No more blowing of the budget."

In The Next Issue

"A WORLD OF FISHING"

A Great Story

by Twenty Noted Anglers

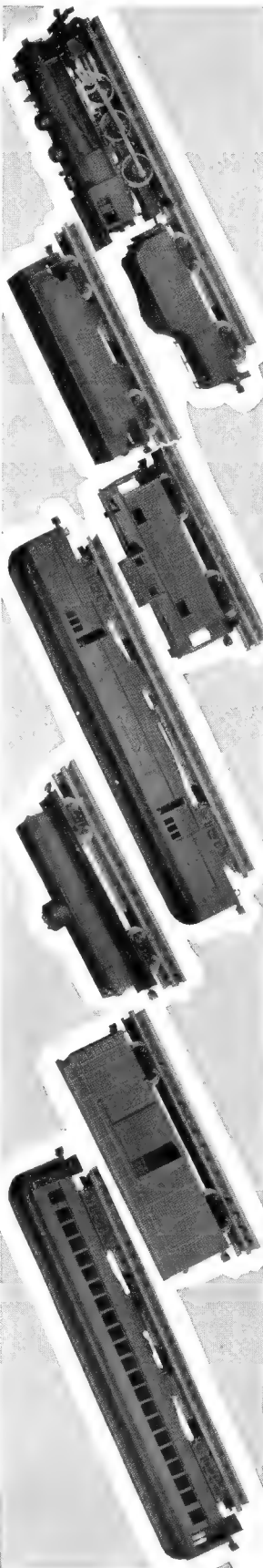
Including: Ozark Ripley & Ernest Poole (Canada), C. M. Cooke III (Hawaii), W. E. S. Tucker (Chile), Kip Farrington (Nova Scotia to Cuba), David M. Newell (Florida), Fred Farnsworth (Mexico), John M. Nichols (Bahamas), M. P. Benninger (Panama), L. Hewitt (New Zealand), J. Bruce Allen (Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin), Fred G. Sissons (Australia), Ray Osborne (Texas), Stanley Plumb (Yosemite), George I. Warren (Vancouver), Watts Richmond (Catalina), and many more.

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Cigarettes In The Dark

(Continued from Page 47)

"Wait a minute," answered Ted, watched his tallness pass Lorry. Lorry veered off into the men's room. Nick's eyes dangled carressingly over a body of every mournfulness. Ted struck Janet as macabre, though he watched Sparky go through the hall of a Blue Blazer many times before. Relief swept over her when the lights snapped back on. Ted came toward her. "Wait till I see Janet. I almost forgot that little thing."

Ted watched Lorry select a cigarette. He handled the package reflectively for a moment. He tapped the tip on his thumb nail and stood. Cara emerged from the Powder Room. He bent his dark head to hers in intimate whisper. Cara nodded. Ted, standing, he held the cigarette between his lips, opened the small, cardboard folder and pulled off a match, struck the match with an impatient gesture. It failed to flare. Suddenly, it seemed to Janet, his facial expression changed to one of utter amazement. It could only have been a matter of seconds before he pitched forward on the floor and lay there, face staring sidewise at the base of the bar.

There was a rush towards that still figure. Ted was first on his knees beside Lorry. Charlotte Logan turned from a statue into a wild screaming thing. The others were silent in horror.

"Close the door, Sparky!" commanded Ted tersely. "Don't touch anything, anybody. It looks like suicide or murder to me." Ted had detected a sinister, faint bitter-almond smell.

Janet, feeling faint groped her way back to her seat in the corner. She thought, "Not Lorry, a suicide!" She knew him well enough to be sure of that. "Who else could have hated him as I did . . . this very afternoon . . . enough to kill him. She was afraid to probe for the answer as if that remembrance of her own hatred for Lorry Logan were a lens through which she could understand how all those people at the bar might hate him. "But, don't let it be Ted!" she prayed.

A cruising squad-car of police arrived promptly, two amiable looking men in blue.

Next came Lieutenant Ross Mullen of the Homicide Squad, an eagle-beaked, eagle-eyed Irishman, his lean face weathered by about forty years. He evidently knew Ted. "How's every thing in the D. A.'s office, Burnett?" he grinned. Janet wondered how anyone could grin with death lying on the floor at his feet.

Mullen moved panther-swift to inspect the body. His narrowed eyes took in the whole wretched ten of them, huddled like roosting birds on the long, leather seat. He noted the pack of cigarettes on the bar, the cigarette at the base of the bar . . . flung there in Lorry Logan's head-long lunge to the floor.

Dr. Harmon, the coroner, arrived out of breath. A squat, jowly man, mouth pursed as though he had just been sucking a lemon.

"Poison!" he snorted to Mullen after a very few moments. The pack of cigarettes, the single cigarette from the floor were wrapped carefully as jewels in a handkerchief for the coroner's chemist and the Bureau of Identification.

Mullen continued his inspection of the room. He commissioned Ted to tell him what had taken place and asked questions concerning their various positions near the bar.

Then, it seemed to Janet, the place was full of police, men in uniform, men in plain clothes, men with boxes and bags, men with camera apparatus and huge gleaming silver bulbs. She sensed she was in the grip of an immense organization with centipede tentacles that would reach out to prison the murderer of Lorry Logan, no matter how desperately he might try for escape.

There were reporters wriggling their way in, looking excited. Then, somehow, Janet never knew quite how, they were herded out . . . so many prisoners.

"Just to the station for questioning," Ted reassured her. Marie Gambino, hunched close to Janet. "I'm frightened," she choked.

In the cold greyness of the station, Ross Mullen darted poisoned-arrow questions. Janet's head began to ache. She tried to concentrate. One thing caught her attention . . . the fact that everyone except Ted, admitted to smoking the same brand of cigarettes as the dead man.

Mrs. Logan became slightly hysterical. "I didn't even know that Lorry would be at the Aquarium Bar tonight!" she protested. She claimed that hers was a modern marriage. She was aware that Lorry went around with other women. "I wasn't jealous!" she insisted. "We understood each other."

Cara met Ross Mullen's eyes with a vague expression. "I'd known Mr. Logan for about three months," she answered him dully.

"Did you know he was married?" barked Mullen.

Cara nodded. "We were just friends," she said.

Mrs. Wood was arrogant about the whole thing. "Think of my dinner party," she flared, "it'll be a farce with no hostess."

"How well did you know Lorrimer Logan?" Mullen's voice inferred that he would brook no delay.

"I knew him only through his reputation which was none too good. Of course, I'd met him casually several times."

Grant Bliss snarled his open hatred. "I'm glad he's dead, the swine, after the way he treated my sister."

"So am I!" echoed Sybil. Her flushed, excited expression was ghoulis.

Mullen dismissed Nick impatiently when he found he'd been playing the piano all the time.

Marie was so childish in her nervousness that Mullen's voice actually became gentle. "I only knew Mr. Logan from seeing him in the bar every night," she explained. "No, he didn't buy any cigarettes from me tonight. He hardly ever bought cigarettes from me. He always had his own."

"He was a mean one, when he was drunk!" observed Sparky irrelevantly when he was questioned. "A gay dog too! He's been coming into the bar for years with different women."

"Ever with Mrs. Logan?" Mullen wanted to know.

"Not that I remember." Sparky was innocently emphatic. "Lately with Miss Whitcomb and before her, Miss Mason."

Every eye riveted on Janet's face. The hot blood of shame was staining her clear, blonde skin. But she held her chin high. Her wide, lovely mouth quivered. She set her teeth firmly into her lower lip. "I was Mr. Logan's secretary," she stated in a clear voice.

"What time did you arrive at the bar this afternoon?" demanded Mullen.

"About three this afternoon."

"Not working?"

Without thinking, Janet answered truthfully, "I left my job this morning."

"Why?" the question zoomed bullet-like at her.

"A personal reason." She flushed. Then, because she knew it was hopeless to conceal it, "Mr. Logan fired me. We didn't agree on a certain matter."

The policeman taking notes made a jerky, scratching sound with his pencil! "What was this certain matter, Miss Mason?"

Ted rushed in heedlessly. "Don't answer that, Janet. I'll vouch for the girl, Lieutenant."

"I'm doing this my way," answered Mullen genially but the gleam in his eyes was like the highlights on steel.

What was the use, thought Janet helplessly. "Mr. Logan and I were . . ." It was too ridiculous. Her throat closed, locked back all the words.

Ted interrupted. "Miss Mason lives with my sister, Sally, Lieutenant. About a year ago, Logan started giving her a rush . . . orchids, flattery, theatres, told her he wanted to marry her as soon as he got his divorce. She took him seriously, then he met someone else. Wanted Janet out of the picture, so he fired her today."

Ted's earnest voice was doing its best to excuse Janet. "She phoned Sally at noon, to tell her about it, then didn't come home. My sister became worried, sent me to look for her."

"What did you go to the bar for, Miss Mason? To slip Mr. Logan some poisoned cigarettes?"

"No! No!" Janet swallowed her rage, spoke evenly. "I wanted to see who he'd be with . . . show myself what a stupid little fool I'd been by watching him tell someone else the same things he'd told me."

Mercifully they were all released with orders to attend the inquest the next afternoon. Mullen was driving Mrs. Logan and her party home. He wanted to question her further.

At the inquest the next afternoon, the testimony of the witnesses took several hours. To Janet, very pale in simple black, her hair bright gold under her brimmed black hat, it was the worst ordeal she had ever sat through.

The coroner, Dr. Harmon, explained succinctly that the pack of cigarettes left by Lorrimer Logan on the bar contained potassium cyanide crystals tucked neatly into both ends of each cigarette.

Logan's business associates were grimly scandalized, denied any knowledge of the affair. It seemed hardly likely to Janet, that Lorry had received the cigarettes before arriving at the bar. The pack of fatal cigarettes resembled exactly the partly smoked pack she'd seen him take out of his pocket and place on the bar.

Unless it had been done by one of those horrible murderers she'd read about who didn't want to know when and where their victim died. Perhaps someone had inserted five innocent cigarettes in a poisoned package and then waited to read the results in the newspaper some bright morning.

When Marie was questioned, she sobbed heart-brokenly. "It's only six months ago . . ." They couldn't get any coherence into her.

Sparky came to the rescue. "She means it's only six months ago her sister committed suicide and she attended the inquest. Naturally this

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brings it all back to her." Sparky was reprimanded for interrupting.

Marie recovered herself and went on to say that Lorry dropped in every night at the bar, always ordered a Blue Blazer. She'd seen him at the bar since she'd worked there with three women, Miss Mason, Miss Whitcomb and night before last, a woman she had recognized as Irene Leith, the movie actress.

Cara's maid was the next witness, a mean-faced, righteous mouthed girl who swaggered with delight in this sudden claim to importance. She was Emily Downs. She'd worked for Miss Whitcomb for the last year. Oh, yes, Miss Cara had been seeing Mr. Logan at least three times a week for the last three months. She talked to him on the phone at least, once a day. Just yesterday morning, they'd quarreled over the telephone.

"What about?"

"Oh, she'd found out he was with some other woman the night before," she said. Here the maid screwed her face into a semblance of thoughtfulness as she tried to repeat Cara's exact words. "She said, 'You'd better meet me early, Lorry. Tonight's the pay-off. After what I've done for you you're going to have to come to the point or else.' Miss Cara acted desperate!"

Cara was questioned. "Were you spying on Lorrimer Logan to find out if he were with someone else?"

Cara shrugged her shoulders. Her face was a disdainful white mask. "I merely questioned Sparky, the bartender. He said that Mr. Logan and the woman he was with, Miss Leith, I presume, were going to a place on Fishermen's Wharf to get abalone steaks." Cara spoke tonelessly as she would of a boring play.

"What right had you to take such an attitude over Mr. Logan's being with another woman?"

A half smile indented one corner of Cara's red mouth. "I was a little annoyed at the time. You see, he'd broken an engagement with me. But we made it up when we met last night. He took Miss Leith out as a favor to a friend of his and I understood perfectly."

"Why didn't he explain that to you the night before when he broke his appointment with you?"

"He was afraid I'd be angry. Just like a man!" she finished lightly.

"Had Mr. Logan ever spoken about divorcing his wife and marrying you?"

"Of course not. We were just good friends, enjoyed each other's company." They could not crack Cara's lacquered shell.

There was a lot more to the testimony. Out of it all Janet gleaned only the fact that Lorry had been murdered. Someone in the Aquarium Bar, one of those ten people present while the fire of the Blue Blazer had leapt from one shaker to the other, was guilty of substituting the poisoned cigarettes for Lorry's own. Anybody could have done it, even Ted. She shoved that horrible possibility out of her mind to listen to the next witness, Miss Varick, nurse to the Logan's year-old child.

Miss Varick revealed that Mrs. Logan had always been very brave about Mr. Logan's philandering before people. But often she had seen Mrs. Logan come into the nursery, sit on the floor, her head against the baby's crib, and sob heart-brokenly. Just the other night, Miss Varick, returning from the linen room had found her in such a position. She was moaning over and over to herself, "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Mrs. Logan," stated Nurse Varick

sententiously, "is a woman on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown, a woman who has been tried beyond the limit of her endurance."

As she finished speaking the room came alive with whispering. It attended, avidly still, however, to the next witness, a witness who had something to do with finger prints. He had found fingerprints on the rim of the bar to the left of Lorry Logan's stool where, according to the testimony, Lorry had placed his pack of cigarettes. The voice was matter-of-fact. "The finger prints on the rim of the bar exactly correspond to those of Mrs. Logan."

Charlotte Logan drew in her breath sharply. She swayed a little. Her body seemed to collapse against the rigid form of her grim, hawk-nosed brother.

Shortly afterwards, the testimony was concluded. The jury filed from the room. The minutes became yawning abysses of time till the foreman delivered the verdict.

"We find that the deceased, Lorrimer Logan, was murdered and we recommend that Charlotte Logan be held for the Grand Jury."

Charlotte Logan's strident scream was horrible. "You can't hold me! I told you I went around to the left side of my husband so he could light my cigarette. Then, when the lights were turned off I went back to the other side. I didn't kill him! I tell you! I want to go home to my baby . . . my baby . . ." her voice trailed away on a hiccupy sob.

"This is ridiculous!" fumed Grant Bliss. "Don't worry, Charlotte, we'll get you out of here."

After the inquest, Ted sent Janet home, explaining, "I've got a date with Mullen. The D. A. assigned me to the case since I was in on it from the beginning. I'll see you later."

Later was ten o'clock, when Janet had almost dropped off to sleep, while she was listening to the radio. Sally had gone out. She leaped at the peal of the bell!

"I'm jumpy as a cat since this thing," Janet told a haggard Ted. "You look as though you've been through the third degree yourself. Tell me about it."

Ted sank gratefully into a chair. "Mullen and I paid a call on Cara Whitcomb. He felt she was concealing something. So did I!"

"While I took her down to the car, Mullen did some prowling," said Ted. "The maid wasn't around. We took Cara down to the station. She kept her pose of complete amazement that we should doubt her mild, very mild interest in Lorry Logan."

"Don't hand me that," Mullen had bellowed at her. "I've seen too many men like Logan."

"She lounged in a chair, smoking with a bored sort of amusement on her face," described Ted. "She was a statue in something white and glittery. Mullen acted as though he could scarcely restrain himself from shaking the truth out of her."

It seemed that shaking hadn't been necessary, however. By confronting Cara with a canceled check made out to Lorrimer Logan, Mullen had jerked her out of her composure. He'd found it in her desk.

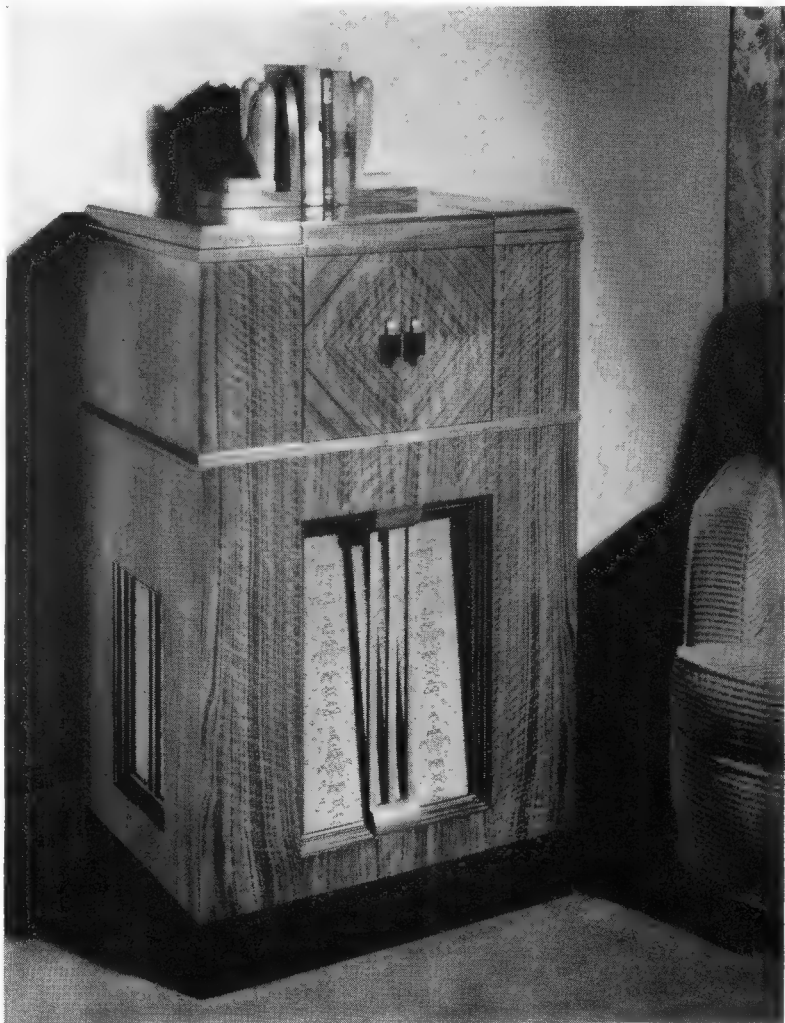
"For guess how much?" concluded Ted dramatically. "Two hundred thousand dollars!"

When they brought that to light, Cara's poise had shattered to bits. She looked ten years older, paced the floor twisting her hands frantically and was finally coerced into telling her story.

Cara's story when it came had been

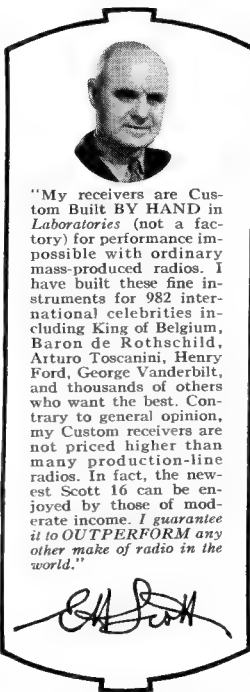
(Continued on Page 82)

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Two Billion Dollars in Treasure

(Continued from Page 31)

and anti-torpedo corps of the British Admiralty—has a baby submarine which crawls about the sea-bed.

What they could look for in the Bermudas, is a place called in the 18th century charts "Long Point" or "Ireland," and there at the south-east end of Bermuda, on an island called Cross Island—I give the only directions of a seaman who may have known Captain William Kidd:

"Ye should loke for a place betweene two sandie bayes in a little vallye . . . where wee did burye ye treasour of ye wracke between three trees of a yellow wood. One of ye trees be marked with a brass plate which wee did nayle to yt. tree, on which wee engraved lettering. On one of the other trees wee did cut letters into ye barke . . . a little further on in ye valley, loke for three heaps of stone

and pibbles shaped like a tryangle."

No adventurous young fellow who wants an unusually interesting and thrilling vacation this summer, should fail to have a hunt around this exciting valley at the south-eastern end of Bermudas (Cross Island).

I have not the space here to do more than summarize some of the data about other rich and likely North American wrecks. Here they are:

S. S. CENTRAL AMERICAN. Sunk off Cape Hatteras, in a hurricane, on September 12, 1857, with California gold-miners' swags aboard. "Loads of gold in bar and coin," worth around \$3,000,000, in her cabins and ship's coffers.

S. S. H. J. COCHRANE, wrecked in Frisco Bay, in 1911, off Angel Island, in 16 fathoms of water. Treasure: \$96,000 in gold bullion, and \$12,000

in lead pigs. Young Hailey Hamlin, of Frisco, proposed to tackle her with an undersea tractor, underwater lamps, and access tube.

S. S. HUMBOLDT (waiting to be broken up in U. S. yards). She plied between Seattle and Alaska, in the old Klondike days. Somewhere aboard is a lost cache made by an absconding purser who stole gold dust from the ship's safe, and never managed to return to lift the "boodle."

S. S. MERIDA, Ward liner sunk in collision in a fog, off Cape Charles, Virginia, in 1911. The wreck lies in depths of about 36 fathoms. Treasure certainly consists of \$200,000 of fine silver insured in Paris; but very doubtful, and probably legendary story is that the crown jewels of the slain Emperor Maximilian Hapsburg of Mexico are on board.

Flying Fisherman

(Continued from Page 54)

4. Rod and reel may not be tied to a chair or rested on the combing.

5. The use of a flying gaff with over twenty feet of rope is also not allowed.

6. Angler must sign affidavit witnessed by boat captain who has followed and knows the rules. Other witnesses on board, if any, must also sign.

Simply hand the application form—properly filled out and attested—to any member of Eastern Air Lines' personnel, or mail it to our office, 1775 Broadway, New York City. After your flight has been checked, you automatically become a member of the club, and in recognition of it you will be sent a fine-looking engraved certificate describing it.

A unique contest among members has been announced. On May 1 of each year all catches registered by club members during the previous twelve months will be compared for weight.

Three members who catch the largest tarpon, marlin and sailfish respectively will receive one complimentary round trip—to Florida and return—at any time during the May-September fishing season.

Now—fish being what they are, and fishing what it is, every club member has an equal chance in this contest. We expect the winning catches may set the season's, and possibly a new world's, record for tarpon, marlin and sailfish caught by *any one*. But it isn't necessary that they do. To win one of the three awards, your catch merely has to be the best made and registered by Flying Fisherman Club members.

There are over 600 varieties of fish swimming around down there in Florida salt waters. Add another 150 varieties of fish to be found in the Florida lakes and streams. There are fish calling for every sort of tackle from the heaviest deep-sea equipment to the daintiest fly-rod you ever fingered.

The Flying Fisherman Club is for you—and you simply must belong! The warm, luxurious sunshine, the healthful sea breezes . . . it's good to be out in them and feel glad to be alive. It's good sometimes to get away from business problems and cities. Members of The Flying Fisherman Club will know the happiness of such relaxation . . . relaxation when grouches and worries disappear . . . when living again becomes a PLEASURE.

Hurrell of Hollywood

(Continued from Page 45)

of light for her photographs. She has an amazing knowledge of what is good composition and what an important part the balance of light plays in shaping her perfect figure. The light must be a concentrated spot from a high source directly above the camera to emphasize the rare modelling of her features. Few faces can stand this type of lighting.

Every individual face is a new study as to lighting, composition, pose and the balancing of light and shade.

With men, it is a business of accentuating character or softening too much character. Hurrell works extremely fast with them, because it is the natural, unstudied photograph that will be the most effective. Men are restless and naturally want to finish as quickly as possible. He always has a preconceived idea of what he is going to do before beginning, so the "shots" may number fifty in forty minutes.

The camera is quicker than the eye and more accurate, therefore oftentimes telling a deceptive biological lie. It shows ridiculous angles and weird expressions that are not believed to be

true. The optical sense has none of the speed and precision of the camera's registration, so the eyes truthfully do not see such things as which horse won the handicap, until the camera fools us by proving we had our money on the wrong pony.

In recent years, photography has definitely advanced beyond the "still" stage. Today there must be no "stillness," but a moving, spirited spontaneity to the whole picture. The present candid cameras have done a great deal to reduce the restrictions that the long exposures made and the hold-it look to photographs of only five or six years ago. Faster films, faster lenses and the great improvements for more adept handling of materials, have made possible this new vivid technique. Many magazines are using this new photographic freedom to open a new field to the public which is interested in the truth about people.

Hurrell was a pioneer in the rebellion against set camera technique in portrait photography and whatever comes, he will be way out in front demonstrating greater artistry through the medium of his portrait lens.

other star. Her features allow the use of any source of light, or many sources of light and from any direction, without being detrimental to her beauty.

Joan Crawford, according to Hurrell, is a star who is unrelentless in striving for the perfect photograph. She loves to pose and is the most tireless sitter and one of the most dramatic. Hours will go by before she has exhausted the great supply of energy which she gives to her posing. This vitality makes her a most interesting and vividly exciting personality that is inspiring to a photographer.

There is Carole Lombard, who makes a sitting so much fun that it is a pity to end it, ever. Her chic and smartness give her that sophisticated nonchalance that every woman envies and every photographer revels in recording. Loretta Young has that natural feminine grace so lovely before the camera. Joan Blondell's spontaneous gaiety. Frances Farmer's charming independence. Each personality needs lighting and handling as distinct as the personality itself. The glamorous Marlene Dietrich is very exacting in her posing and study of the direction

YOUR LIBRARY TABLE

SKIING: THE INTERNATIONAL SPORT
Edited by Roland Palmedo

Derrydale Press

Here is a book on skiing that ski enthusiasts should not be without. In fact, it is a book that any sportsman would want to have. It is a comprehensive study of skiing, its origin, development, ski racing, equipment—it covers everything. Twenty outstanding ski experts have contributed to this, including Artur Zettersten, Sweden; Birger Ruud, Norway; Arnold Lunna, Great Britain; Christian Rubi, Switzerland; Roger Langley, United States and H. P. Douglas, Canada. It is splendidly illustrated. There are color plates by Sheldon Pennoyer, Dwight Shepler and several well known German painters, etchings by Wayne Davis and Frederick B. Taylor, as well as 200 photographs.

CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS
SKELETON ISLANDS

Harold T. Wilkins Liveright

Captain Kidd is a name to conjure up visions of fabulous treasure, swash-buckling adventure and romance. Harold T. Wilkins has unearthed lots of new information on this daring pirate and has produced a book which is excellent reading. He has evidence which shows that Captain Kidd was a scapegoat and points to the one who withheld from Kidd papers which might have been his salvation. If you don't want to start right off for the Skeleton Islands when you finish it, I'll miss my guess.

SILVER STAMPEDE

Neill C. Wilson MacMillan
Death Valley's Old Panamint. Adventures of the silver seekers.

SALT WATER FISHING

Van Campen Heilner Penn Publishing Co.

Van Campen Heilner was well fitted to write upon this subject, as he is a recognized authority on salt water fishing, as well as a writer of ability. He has turned out a book which is fascinating to read and of extreme value to the angler. It covers every type of salt water fishing and takes you from Nova Scotia to the Caribbean and from British Columbia to the South Seas. At the end of each chapter is a comprehensive guide telling where to go, tackle and bait to use and everything you need to know on how to catch each fish covered. There are beautiful paintings in color by W. Goadby Lawrence, as well as many photographs by the author.

THE DERRYDALE COOK BOOK

L. P. De Gouy Derrydale Press

Here is a book to delight the heart of the sportsman and certainly the sportsman's wife. He will no longer be disappointed in the way his fish and game are served up and she will no longer experience that discouraged feeling when she has to face the results of his hunting and fishing trips.

This book is loaded with delicious-sounding recipes for all kinds of wild game and fish. You will find there are thirty-one ways of preparing brook trout. You will also learn the best and most appropriate wines and punches to go with each of the many dishes. There is much information which is of value, such as time tables for boiling, roasting and stewing, and hints on carving. In short, a grand book for anyone who likes his game and fish served right.

AN ARTIST'S GAME BAG

Lynn Bogue Hunt Derrydale Press

A magnificent collection of the drawings and paintings of America's leading bird painter. Lynn Bogue Hunt began his hunting days when he was a lad in western New York and southern Michigan. But he was not only an enthusiastic gunner—he had a keen sense of beauty and instead of bringing

the birds home in the pockets of his shooting coat, he wrapped each one in paper and used them as models in his painting. Even an amateur can see from looking at his drawings that Mr. Hunt knows his game birds and their habits thoroughly.

The drawings are reproduced very beautifully and there are four plates in full color.

TIGERS OF THE SEA

Col. Hugh D. Wise Derrydale Press

This is a very informative volume on fishing for sharks with rod and reel. Should be of the utmost interest to the fisherman, as it gives details on tackle, bait and methods of shark fishing. The author relates in an entertaining manner tales of fishing for sharks along the coast, and in the West Indies, and the Philippines. He answers many questions: "How dangerous are sharks? Which, if any, are man eaters?" and lots of others. Altogether a book for the sportsman's library.

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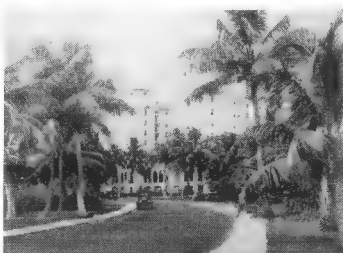
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Cigarettes In The Dark

(Continued from Page 79)

brief and bitter. Lorry had taken the money from her . . . borrowed it he told her for investments. He promised, if she gave him the money, to divorce his wife and marry her. After she'd given him the money Cara had heard he was running around with other women. The last straw was the broken date of the night before the murder. She'd called him next day to meet her early, had told him they must have a showdown.

Janet buried her face in her hands. "What's the matter, Janet?" Ted asked gently.

She lifted her flushed face. "Ted, I've been such an idiot this last year . . . about . . ." She couldn't bring herself to speak his name. "I was like a stupid, little bird, fascinated by some evil thing."

"That's finished, Janet. I will think you're stupid if you insist on harboring such a thought. Pretend we've just met, we'll begin all over again."

He pulled her to her feet. His eyes were telling her as they had always told her that he loved her. They were needing her as he had always needed her. He put both arms about her to protect her from the memory of Lorry Logan. He kissed her gently.

They broke apart at a tap on the front bay window. It was Mullen staring owlishly in at them. When he entered the room he considered the two of them carefully. "Another love angle to this case?"

Janet flushed. "I'm afraid so."

"I thought you were 'gone on' Lorrimer Logan," observed Mullen in even tones.

"That was all a silly infatuation," said Janet with dry lips.

"How long have you known Ted?"

"About two years. Ever since I've been living with his sister."

"Ted been crazy about you all that time?"

Janet's eyes sought Ted's.

"What difference does that make to you?" Ted wanted to know.

"Plenty! You're nuts about the girl. Hate Logan for putting you in second place. Hate him more for treating Janet so despicably, then firing her. Want to kill him!"

"Don't be funny," Janet tried to laugh it off. "You know Ted wouldn't do a thing like that. Besides the District Attorney's assigned him to the case, hasn't he?"

"A swell cover-up for a neat little murder," was Mullen's comment.

Ted's face went white. "What do you mean, Mullen?"

Mullen produced a package of cigarettes from his pocket. "These cigarettes were taken from your topcoat pocket . . . five of them gone . . . same size as the package that contained the poison. Only these don't contain poison. It's the brand Logan smoked. In fact, if you remember, everybody in the Aquarium Bar claimed to smoke this particular brand of cigarettes, except you."

The room was so still, the ticking of the clock assumed hammer-like intensity. Ted snapped his fingers suddenly in an "I've-got-it" gesture. He spoke slowly. "That was the pack Logan put on the bar when he first came in. I noticed it particularly because like this one, it had the cellophane left on. Most men take the cellophane off."

"Ted!" Janet's voice was frantic. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"I know it puts me behind the eight-ball," admitted Ted. "Look! Mullen, there was something about that pack of cigarettes that's been

bothering me. Now I know what it was. The poison pack didn't have any cellophane wrapping. Logan's original cigarettes did. Somebody planted Logan's harmless cigarettes on me. What about the fingerprints?"

"Smear'd. Can't tell a thing. Come clean with me, Ted. I want the truth."

"I've given you the truth." Ted's face was set.

"Okay!" Mullen's voice said that he washed his hands of a stubborn Ted. "Be at my office first thing tomorrow morning."

When he had gone, Janet breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, Ted, I thought he was going to take you with him."

"Mullen's long shot is letting the guilty party hang himself. As soon as I leave here, I'll be tailed wherever I go. I can see it in Mullen's eyes that the thing points to me. But I didn't kill Logan. You believe me, don't you, Janet?"

"Ted, how can you ask me?"

He held her hands gratefully against his face. "Now watch me go into action. I'm going to follow a hunch, do a little investigating of my own tonight. First I must call Sparky."

"I need your help, Sparky," said Ted when he had the bartender on the wire. "Right away! I want you to take me to that place on Fishermen's Wharf where Logan went with Irene Leith."

Snatching up his hat and coat, he turned to Janet. "Now, if I can just give Mullen's stooge the slip!"

Next morning, Janet was awakened early by Ted who phoned to tell her that Mullen had ordered them all to meet at the Aquarium Bar of the Shenstone Hotel at ten o'clock. He came to call for her.

As they boarded the cable car that so nimbly scaled the steep hill to the Shenstone, Janet said, "Ted! Tell me what you found out last night."

"Nothing much. But it'll work out, I guess."

The little bar was a bleak place in the morning. Mullen was already there with a couple of policemen. So were Cara Whitcomb, Marie, Grant Bliss and his wife, Sybil, on either side of Charlotte Logan. Mrs. Wood was glaring resentfully at Mullen. Sparky was behind the bar reading the morning paper and picking his teeth thoughtfully. Nick sat gloomily at the silent piano. They were all quiet, aloof from each other, with the exception of Charlotte, her brother and sister-in-law.

"Now, we're here!" announced Mullen. "I want you all to go through the events that took place in this room up until the time Lorrimer Logan dropped over dead."

Mullen was a stage director, thought Janet, assembling his actors. They were all in the same places they had occupied that fateful night when the lights went out for the Blue Blazer.

"But you were on the left side of Mr. Logan!" Mullen corrected Mrs. Logan. "That's where your fingerprints were found."

"I've told you I wasn't." Her voice was dead. "I went around to his left before the lights went out to have him light my cigarette. Then, when it was dark, I came back to his right."

"Very well," Mullen was curt. "Now, suppose the lights have just been turned out, what did you all do?"

Cara rose and went towards the Powder Room. Charlotte and her three guests stood around the stool Cara had just vacated. Janet was near the door, Marie a few feet away from her. Sparky and Nick stayed in their

places. Ted started for the Men's Room, past that fatal stool of Logan's. "Stop!" ordered Mullen. Ted turned about with a hunted fear etched on his face. "There's our man," announced Mullen to the policemen who went to him immediately.

Ted kept his eyes steadfastly on the toes of his shoes, spoke no word.

Marie spoke first to that group of people. "May we go now, sir? I have to get back to my work."

"By the way, Miss Gambino," Mullen said, "did your TWIN sister know Lorrimer Logan?"

"Why, no, sir, not that I know of."

"Why did your sister commit suicide, Miss Gambino?"

Marie twisted her hands. She forced the words out between stiff lips. "She had a baby. It died as soon as it was born. I guess she couldn't stand it. And six months later she killed herself."

"Where was the baby's father?" Mullen's tone was persuasive.

"He deserted her before the baby was born. Left town!"

"You loved your sister, didn't you, Marie?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"You'd do anything for her, wouldn't you, Marie?" Mullen's voice was gathering menace.

"Why, I don't know what you mean!"

"You'd even kill the man who wronged your sister and then had her baby taken away from her so he could adopt it, wouldn't you, Marie?"

"I don't know what you mean," she repeated desperately.

"Maybe this will help you remember," Mullen spoke deliberately. "Why does the record of the birth footprints from St. Ann's Hospital which we found attached to a photograph of your sister in your dresser drawer, tally perfectly with the footprints of the Logan baby?"

Marie cried out then, an ugly agonized sound before she turned for flight. But she was barred at the door by two policemen.

This then, was what Ted had discovered the night before on his hunch. He'd had an act arranged with Mullen.

Marie was talking now. Her sister Rella had sung in the night club on Fishermen's Wharf where Logan had gone with Irene Leith. He'd met Rella there two years before; had been attracted by her smoldering loveliness. It was an old story. Rella had loved him desperately. When he found out she was going to have a baby he gave her up immediately.

When the baby was born, Lorry had gone to the doctor, made a pretense of being interested in Rella's case because she was a friend of Mrs. Logan's maid. He urged the doctor to persuade Rella to give the baby up. That accomplished, Logan had adopted it.

"Rella came home so white and thin," said Marie pitifully. "She had wanted to keep the baby but they told her that would be wicked. Rella said all she had to show for that hell in the hospital was the picture of the baby's footprints she had begged them to give her. She hated Mr. Logan after that!" Marie's eyes flashed venom. "She went to him at his office to tell him how she hated him. She told him she was going to tell Mrs. Logan everything so she'd know what kind of a man her husband was."

Marie gulped for breath. "Mr. Logan told Rella he had adopted her baby and that she didn't dare tell anybody anything or it would go hard with the baby. What could she do?" Marie asked them all with a pleading gesture of her hands. "She killed herself."

"That was why I killed him," Marie

admitted simply. "I hated him for Rella's sake. I'm glad I killed him. I watched how he always came in and laid his half-smoked pack of cigarettes on the bar. I watched him night after night till I knew his movements by heart. I put Logan's cigarettes in Mr. Ted's coat pocket."

As they led the slim dark girl away, Ted said, "I'll see what I can do for you, Marie."

At last, they had all left except Sparky and Mullen, Janet and Ted.

"There's a few things I want cleared up," demanded Janet. "Ted, just what did you and Sparky do last night?"

"Well, we went down to that club on Fishermen's Wharf where Logan had taken Irene Leith. When I learned this mug suspected me," he leered at Mullen, "I knew I had to do something to clear myself."

"You're damn right," said Mullen.

Ted continued. "I had a hunch if Logan went to this place the other night, he'd been there before. When Sparky and I arrived who did we see but Marie and the dark young man Sparky told me was her brother. It was then Sparky made the revelation that Marie's dead sister had been her twin and used to sing at the joint."

"I still don't catch on," persisted Janet obtusely.

"You know that old saying about the deep affection that exists between twins."

"I don't, but go on," said Janet.

"That popped into my mind first.

Then knowing Logan as I did, I wondered if he'd made a play for Rella. I found out where Marie lived, sent Sparky over to the table to detain her and her brother. On the way out, I asked the manager of the place if he remembered Logan. He did! What's more, he waxed conversational with gestures and told me Logan used to go with poor Rella who had died. I snatched a waiter's badge . . ."

"Went to Marie's house where her old mother and father were convinced I was the law when I flashed the badge at them."

"I found the picture of Rella and the hospital record with her baby's footprints. So I hot-footed it to Mullen."

"How'd you tie it all up with the Logan baby?" persisted Janet.

"I took Mrs. Logan home the night before, remember," said Mullen. "I questioned the nurse. She told me the baby had been adopted. When Ted brought the picture and footprints to me last night it was simple. Records and everything checked. But I had to be sure. That's why Ted and I staged the act."

Mullen rose, "Well, Ted, you were a big help to me. See you around."

"Not so fast," warned Ted. "Suppose you use your influence—get Janet and me handcuffed in holy wedlock this afternoon."

"Listen to him," Mullen winked at Sparky. "He knows there's a five-day law in California yet he tries to coerce the police. That's the way these young ones are! When they have a little success it goes to their heads. They think they're entitled to special privileges."

"In that case," remarked Janet sensibly, "we'd better get Lieutenant Mullen to drive us down to the License Bureau immediately."

"And how about the special privilege of having you as a best man?" Ted asked Mullen. "Today's Wednesday, we'll be married next Monday afternoon," Ted counted on his fingers.

"Come on then, if you're coming," said Mullen. "I've got work to do."

"So have I," remarked Ted, stooping over to kiss his prospective bride.



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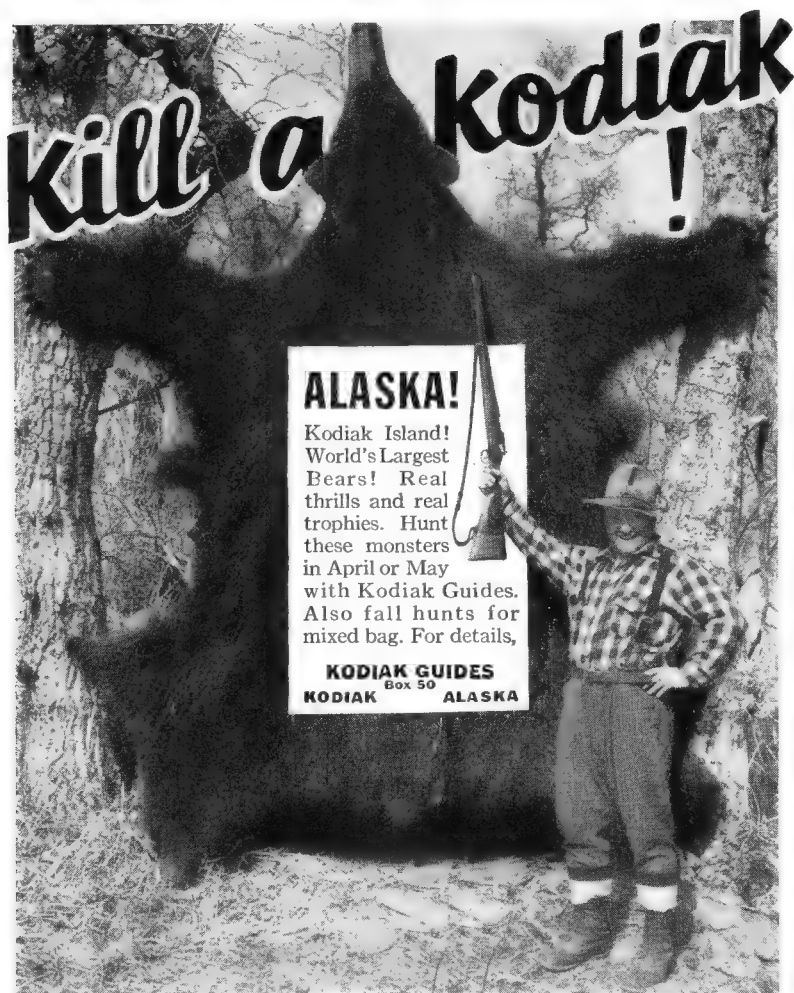
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Time Means Touchdowns

(Continued from Page 27)

Every fall the varsity coach hears the same old refrain: "What has happened to Jones?" or "What's the matter with Smith?" It comes from old grads who watched Jones perform so brilliantly a year ago as a freshman or it comes from Smith's home town where the boy was a high school phenomenon and where a brilliant future was predicted for him as a varsity halfback or end or guard. Now he's a sophomore, on the varsity squad, and three games have been played without his aid. The home town sports writer cannot understand how the coach can possibly have overlooked him.

There comes the year occasionally when almost an entire varsity squad is wiped out by graduation. Then the "sophomore team," beloved by sports page head-line writers, becomes a necessity. Then it is that the coaching staff really becomes miserly with the days and hours and minutes as they slip past with the big game dates rushing toward them cross the calendar at express train speed. Then one sometimes has to take chances.

Columbia played Michigan in New York in mid-October last year. Obviously we didn't have the power and the experience to match the big Wolverines. Later in the season our chances might have been better. Now we had not had the time necessary to work out the threats we needed. So we decided to take a chance. On the Thursday before the game we decided to put in a trick reverse on the kick-off to be used in the event that we were given the opportunity to receive the opening kick-off. We changed that Thursday's practice program to allow for a half-hour of practice on this play. An experienced backfield might have managed it in that time. But Captain Al Barabas was the only veteran regular available.

Came Saturday and we received the opening kick-off as planned. But the backs handling the ball were under the strain that comes to the boy putting on a play on which he has had insufficient practice. The timing was not precise. The ball was tossed backward on the reverse, rather than handed backward. The result was a fumble. Michigan recovered deep in our territory. That's the greatest lift that can come to any team, the recovery of a fumble within the opponents' 10-yard line on the kick-off. Michigan scored and got off to the touchdown lead that we had hoped to grab by taking chances. We had flouted the fundamental gridiron law that no play should be put on in a game that has not been mastered in practice.

Columbia went on to give Michigan a grand battle that afternoon, outgained the Wolverines in yardage and might possibly have won had it not been for that opening slip. There was chagrin in the players' faces as they came in between the halves. I told them to wipe it off.

"That opening play was my fault, not yours," I told them. "I realized on Thursday that we were taking a chance, trying to cut corners, trying to grab something that we really didn't deserve. So you forget it. I won't."

Yes, sir, time means touchdowns. There is no way I have been able to discover to cheat that clock in the coaching of a football team which has only two hours a day in which to practice, as is true of the recognized colleges and universities today. Even throwing a cleated football shoe through a clock doesn't help very much. If it did, I'd be the greatest friend the clock manufacturers could have.

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The GIMLET
Travel Guide

The Big Three

(Continued from Page 34)

No two of these giants act alike after they are hooked. Some of them never stop jumping; others make terrific runs, then sound and fight down deep 1,000 feet and more until the grim reaper catches up with them, when they have to be pumped up. If you want to know what work really is, incidentally, try pumping up a 500-pound fish in a thousand feet of water, let alone one twice the size. From my experience, I don't recommend it.

One of the largest marlin I ever hooked—a 1,000-pounder if ever there was one—towed the Lady Grace, Gifford's fishing boat, which had seven people aboard her, fourteen miles in an hour and forty minutes, at the end of which the hook pulled out. This, of course, was with the Gulf Stream. This fish leaped across the wake at express-train speed, completely out of water like a cat jumping on a mouse, and never came out again. I could keep him at the 100-foot level as he swam rapidly to the northward, but that was as far as I could budge him. There never was the least sign of distress from him in that time, and I will always believe he was foul-hooked in the back or fin. I know I had the greatest admiration for him, and still have, and hope I meet him again. Meantime, I wish him nothing but luck.

The next member of the fishdom aristocracy is the broadbill swordfish. This great gladiator of the sea roams all over the world and uses his long, flat sword as a weapon of death-dealing destruction. This is the same fish that is so easy to harpoon as he lies on the surface of the water, sunning himself and digesting his food. Using a rod and reel to snare him, however, is an entirely different matter, for he is less inclined to strike a bait than any other fish in the sea. When a man does take one on rod and reel, even though he may never step aboard a fishing boat again, he is entitled to consider his angling career a complete success. Less than 200 of these fish have been taken in all the waters of the world. The late W. C. Boshen caught the first off Catalina Island in 1913, and after five years of painstaking experiment, Oliver C. Grinnell broke the ice in the Atlantic, in 1927. Since then, only six dozen have been caught in the East—sixty-eight off Montauk, Long Island; one off New Jersey in 1936 by Francis Geer, Jr.; and three off Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, which Michael Lerner so successfully pioneered last summer. Mr. Lerner, by the way, became the second man to take two of these fish in a day, when he landed the Atlantic record broadbill of 535 pounds and followed it up with the North American record of 601 pounds. The other double was caught by W. E. S. Tucker off the west coast of Chile. The world's record, 842 pounds, was caught off the same place, at Tocopilla, Chile, by George W. Garey in 1936.

Unlike the marlin, the broadbill has the softest mouth of any fish, and the hook usually tears out. They sulk, make long runs, and fight very hard under water; and as they seldom jump, their endurance is great. Due to the fact that the hooks often pull out their tender mouths, many of these fish are foul-hooked in the sides, back and dorsal fins. This of course gives them an advantage over the angler, who finds himself in a terrific fight. Many a broadbill has been lost because of too much zeal on the part of the angler. If these fish were fought as hard as the big marlin are, and with the same tackle—which is of course a necessity in a great depth of water infested with sharks—I doubt if even a third as many would have been

caught. I write from experience, for it took me six years to catch my broadbill off Montauk Point. These fish seem to have none of the curiosity of the marlin, who, I am sure, often hits a bait just for the fun of it or the desire to kill, whether or not he is hungry. The bait must first be presented to the swordfish, who swims around with his dorsal fin and tail showing, enjoying Old Sol's rays while his food is being digested. I do think they are bottom feeders. If you get a hungry one, of course, he will strike; but these are few and far between. I have put a bait to a fish fourteen times, ending up by throwing it at him, but to no avail.

Possibly you have guessed my third choice among the gamesters of the deep: that great blue torpedo of the Atlantic, sometimes called "albacore" at Nova Scotia and "horse mackerel" off New Jersey, but with these exceptions, known the world over as "bluefin tuna." I have more respect for this fellow than for any other fish, for no other can hand a man a harder physical beating, particularly when they are in good shape, very lean, hard and hungry, and in a depth of water of 1,000 feet or more. I don't mean to imply that they are not marvelous in any waters, but in the shallow Nova Scotia waters, or in the North Sea off the British Isles, where they gorge on herring and are well stuffed, their very size and weight are more apt to scare the angler than anything else. I believe that in any waters a tuna weighing from 300 to 500 pounds fights harder than a larger one. At Jordan Bay, Nova Scotia, I saw Mrs. Farrington, using 39-thread line, hang her 720-pound tuna in one hour and thirty-eight minutes. The water there is no more than ten fathoms deep in any place.

Fishing for tuna in deep and shark-infested waters is quite a different matter. The heaviest of tackle and 54-thread line must be employed, and pumping them up in the 2,000 and more feet of water off Bimini is a back-breaking job. The shark menace there is so bad that, in the four years it has been fished, only twenty-five tuna have been taken unutilized. Ernest Hemingway was the first man to take one unscarred, and the author, in 1935, became the second.

After catching a tuna at Bimini, taking one at any other place will seem a comparatively easy matter. Probably that is why I am not inclined to agree with the opinions of some reputed authorities that these fish are so terrific in their battles with the angler. A great many big tuna are in the Atlantic, and since so many have been taken by inexperienced anglers, I believe there is some basis for my opinion. The world's record tuna was caught by Mitchell Henry off Whitby, England, in 1932, and weighed 851 pounds. The North American record, 788 pounds, was caught by Dr. J. R. Brinkley off Liverpool, Nova Scotia, in 1936. This last fish bettered by thirty pounds the Zane Grey record that had stood since 1924. Albert Rossner with his 781-pounder, and the author, with one of 765 pounds, also enjoyed the honor of beating Mr. Grey's famous fish.

To me, the great thing about fishing is that, whether you are after the three giants I have just described, or the tiny snapper, flounder or sea bass, everything that swims in the salt water is worth catching—sharks, of course, being excepted—and no matter what species I am after, I always want to catch that particular kind and no other, which is to me one of the greatest thrills in the game.

Well, here's wishing you luck. I hope you catch them all.



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EYE-GENE

Bundling

(Continued from Page 51)

that bundling should be relegated to a spot beside the spit ball and prohibition. He said, in part: "A moderate amount of sound reasoning, yea, common sense alone, would tell that it is more degrading, respect lacking, downward dragging to the soul and more inviting to temptation."

Another lad who, apparently, had bundled with a modicum of enjoyment, countered with a statement that bundling is merely "a form of courtship, which under the Amish code is expected to be pure."

This, in turn, was greeted with sneers and huzzahs from the opposition camps. One Mennonite may even have remarked that the United States had expected the war debts to be paid. At any rate, Mennonite Hershberger rose to the occasion. With all the fervor of a Pocatello, Idaho left fielder caught off base, he fetched his pen a mighty stroke and unloaded the following:

"Is it not sad and disheartening how we, as professed Christians, are willing to allow our standards to sink lower, than strive that we may, by God's efficient grace, attain a higher one? It is absolutely in vain that we seek to justify our erroneous ways by saying that it is no more wrong today than it was ten, fifteen or even fifty years ago. Perhaps not; but it is no more right now than it was then. Why should we allow bad habits and practices to become so definitely and securely fixed in our lives that the scriptural way seems strange, queer, odd, 'out of date' and impracticable?"

"Today it seems to be the most popular practice among the younger sisters of our Amish Mennonite churches to disregard, remove and lay aside the devotional head covering during courting hours.

"Of course we all know that it is wrong for a woman to pray with her head uncovered, but you may ask, why should it be all wrong for her to 'entertain' her boy friend with her head uncovered?" Who said anything about her head, you might inquire? The editor does not know, but apparently it just crept in like the slice on a water hole. Anyway, Brother Hershberger came into the stretch with the following:

"Perhaps you will say neither pray nor prophesy when he is there. If that is the case—young brother you'd be safer at home."

A number of Mennonites likely wagged their beards at this point and allowed as how the old boy had something.

A number of others likely yawned and said: "Who won the seventh at Sheephead Bay?" At any rate that last shot seemed to do it, and further mention of bundling became as scarce as veterans who didn't fight the battle of the Marne.

Perhaps the Mennonite Romeo still slinks in the front door, leans at the bed, and queries his gal: "Which side do you want?" Perhaps the beds have been chopped down and the youngish Amish now seek roadside shelter as do members of other cults. At any rate there it is and you can take it or duck.

It might be pointed out in passing that the Mennonites shy at things modern; do not own automobiles, radios or other electrical appliances. Or maybe you'd trade.

And now, before you organize a religion and write in bundling as one of the by-laws, it might be well to sharpen a fact or two about the origin and history of bundling. A Mr. Stiles, who is as learned about his bundling as Aimee Semple McPherson about collection boxes, allows as how in the old days it "was practiced in two forms: first between strangers, as a simple domestic makeshift arrangement, often arising from the necessities of a new country; and secondly between lovers, who shared the same couch, with the mutual understanding that innocent endearments should not be exceeded."

The custom of bundling was given recognition back in colonial days by the Plymouth fathers. And, just in case there should be mistakes, they went into a huddle and came up with the following law:

"That any person or persons that shall Comit Carnall Copulation before or without lawfull contract shalbee punished by whipping or els pay ten pounds fine apeece and bee Imprisoned during the pleasure of the Court soe it bee not alone three daies but if they bee or willbee married the one to the other; then but ten pounds both and Imprisoned as aforesaid; and by a lawfull contract the Court understands the mutuall consent of parents or guardians if there bee any to bee had; and a sollemne promise of marriage in due time to each other before two competent witnesses; and if any person or persons shall Comit carnal Copulation after contract and before Marriage they shall pay each fifty shillings and bee both Imprisoned."

This law might indicate to the thorough student of bundling that the stout oak plank for bed middle was a later refinement by the Mennonites. Either this or a great number of gay young woodworkers were lurking the boudoirs chisel in hand.

Nor were the Plymouth folks able to keep their bundling to themselves. A thing like that gets around, it seems, and the hardy fellows in and about Massachusetts were known to tear off a canto or two of the best bundling along about 1760. In Massachusetts, though the rules covering the match were about the same, the pastime came to be known as "tarrying."

A certain Mr. Burnaby, writing of a visit to the colony at about that time, is taken with the custom and says:

"When a man is enamoured of a young woman and wishes to marry her, he proposes the affair to her parents . . . If they have no objections, they allow him to tarry with her for one night, in order to make his court to her. At their usual time the old couple retire to bed, leaving the young ones to settle matters as they can; who, after having sate up as long as they think proper, get into bed together also, but without putting off their undergarments, in order to prevent a scandal. If the parties agree, it is all very well; the banns are published, and they are married without delay."

It is plain to be seen that bundling today is a little old emasculated thing as compared to the two fisted contest of the good days. Oaken plank indeed! It looks as though the Mennonites should lop a footboard off a bed here and there, just give the whole thing up, or be satisfied with catch-as-catch-can.



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How to Bet on the Horses

(Continued from Page 68)

Horse racing holds an appeal unequalled by any other sport. We like to form our own opinions, and then bet we are right. At the race track we are afforded every opportunity to do so. If you never "sweat blood" as you watched the horse which carried your hopes and your cash in a thrilling stretch duel with another sturdy thoroughbred as they raced the length of the home-stretch as a team, and if you have not held your breath as they passed under the finish wire so closely aligned that you could not determine which horse won, then you can never comprehend why the racing fan loses his excellent opinion of his own handicapping ability as well as his cash, swears off playing the races, and then blandly sits down the following morning to "dope out a winner" and again goes to the track to repeat the operation. It's a grand experience!

The fascination of horse racing is made evident by the class of individuals who are enthusiastic and unselfish supporters of the sport. Most big racing stables fail to earn expenses, but the wealthy owners thereof continue to maintain breeding farms and purchase good horses in the open market, with no expectation of showing a profit on their turf operations, but only because of the thrill which an owner experiences when his colors are borne to victory.

The roster of the Jockey Club lists the names of Perry Belmont, C. K. G. Billings, Albert C. Bostwick, George H. Bull, J. N. Camden, F. Ambrose Clark, William Du Pont, Jr., Robert A. Fairbairn, Marshall Field, Robert L. Gerry, Thomas Hitchcock, Walter M. Jeffords, P. Lorillard, Ogden L. Mills, Samuel D. Riddle, John Sanford, Cornelius V. Whitney, John Hay Whitney, George D. Widener, Joseph E. Widener, William Woodward, and other gentlemen prominent in the social and financial worlds.

These men and their associates give liberally of their time and wealth in maintaining breeding farms and racing stables, all with no thought of profit.

Racing is the favorite sport of many society women. The Greentree Stable, The Fair Stable and various others are owned by women members of the Whitney and Vanderbilt families. The Brookmeade Stable is owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge Sloane. The Milky Way Stable is the name under which the breeding and racing activities of Mrs. Ethel V. Mars are conducted. Mrs. Emil Denmark races horses in her own name. Mrs. John Hertz maintains a breeding establishment and a large stable of racers. Mrs. J. Hay Whitney, Mrs. N. de R. Whitehouse and other socially prominent women own and race high-class thoroughbreds.

Since the use of the mutuel method of betting has become so general, the turf has known fewer real heavy bettors. It is at the tracks at which bookmakers quote odds and lay prices and bet their own good cash against that of the bettors that the real big wagers are made. For this reason alone, New York State leads in the amount of money bet each year, as the plungers will not bet thousands at a mutuel track as the more they bet, the lower is the pay-off rate or odds on the horses they select. The bookmakers quote definite odds; the mutuel machines mechanically cut down the odds as the play on a horse increases in volume.

There are today many clever operators who make a business of betting on the races. They take large sums away from the race tracks each year. They are less spectacular than the plungers of earlier days, but they bet "important" money, day after day. These men are proof of our contention that it is not impossible to beat the races.

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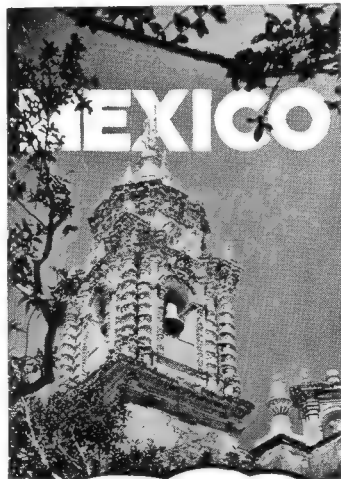
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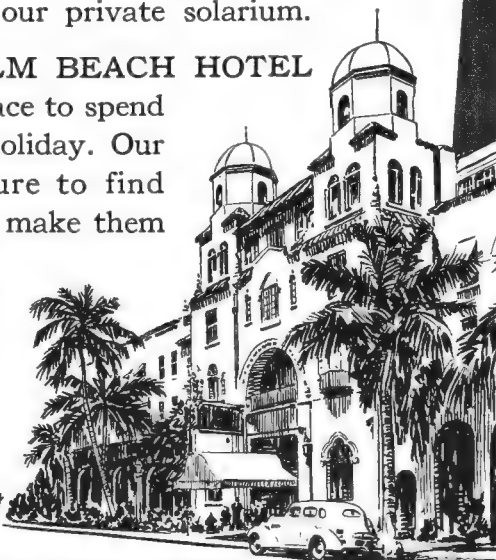
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Fish That Climb Trees

(Continued from Page 28)

all along his body prevented him from getting out the way he came in so he curled up and went to sleep. We put him in a sack and sold him to a Chinaman for medicine.

In Malaya we kept a number of chickens, and after a time I grew very tired of chicken stew, fried chicken, chicken a la King, chicken pot-pie, and even chicken a la Maryland. So I called in my head man one day and asked him what kind of meat the natives of the Peninsula liked best.

"Deer, tuan," was his reply.

"Very well," I said, "get everything ready. We are going on a deer hunt."

In North America a deer hunt is planned weeks before the season opens.

My head man made no elaborate preparations whatever. And when I took down my rifle, he insisted that I take a shotgun instead. Now, I knew that in some States it is dangerous, and therefore illegal, to hunt with a rifle that will "carry" a mile. In the jungle, however, there was no danger of shooting a fellow-hunter; there weren't any to shoot. I was therefore curious, but didn't know the native language well enough to ask Hussein the whys and wherefores.

We walked about two miles into the jungle, until Hussein came to what he considered a likely-looking spot. He took out his knife and chopped down some bushes. These he fashioned into a little hut, leaving peep-holes on two sides. When the hut was finished, we crawled inside and covered ourselves with leaves. Hussein instructed me to poke my shotgun through one of the peep-holes, and to keep a sharp lookout. He then took out of his belt a couple of sticks about a foot long, laid a broad leaf on the ground, and began to beat a tattoo on it as if it were a drum. This rattling sound he repeated several times. Finally he said:

"Look, tuan; deer!"

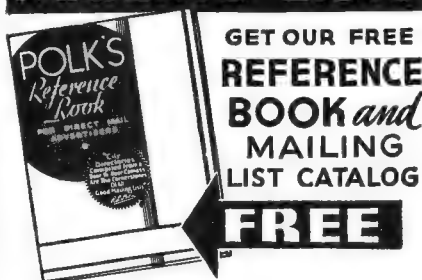
Apparently the old fellow's eyes were better than mine, however, for I could see nothing but foliage. We waited for a moment, then Hussein repeated the challenge—for that is what it was—by beating on the leaf. This time the deer came right out into the open. I was amazed at the size of the creature, for I had been accustomed to seeing in North America bucks that weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds.

This Malay deer looked about for a large leaf on which to beat a tattoo, found one to his liking, and began to rattle it with his sharp forefoot, making a noise exactly like Hussein's. My head-man replied, and the man and deer began an alternate drumming. We remained in the blind, but the deer finally came a bit closer, and, when he was so near that I could not help hitting him, I fired.

Hussein, like a good servant, offered to carry the deer back to camp, but I maintained that he had done enough for that day. So I put him in my pocket. The deer, I mean. That evening I laid him in a frying pan, browned him to a turn, and ate him at one sitting. For he was only seven inches high, with legs no thicker than a pencil.

Frequently I am asked if I would like to return to the jungles of Malaya. What a question to ask any man who has lived in some out-of-the-way corner of the globe! Of course I would! The happiest years of my life were spent in that land where fish climb trees, mosquitoes stand on their heads, earthworms sing, and crocodiles thirty feet long scamper through the main street of the village!

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Long Live the Alibi

(Continued from Page 50)

good. He keeps keen; bellyaching when his game is bad; giggling when it's good.

"Don't get the idea that Cooper's low when he's wailing. Look at the way women flock to movies that give them a good cry. It must be healthy for them. The huskier they look, the harder they cry. With Cooper the harder he cries, the better he feels.

"Or (and Armour seemed to reflect back many years) did you ever hear the pathetic sobs of some broad in a saloon backroom as she reveled in a soul-stirring boohoo at a mother song? A sob is a lot better real, clean fun than a knock, and if Harry is telling about his own tough luck instead of growling about the good breaks the other guy got, it's not for me to deny the guy his pleasure."

Cooper in a golf competition probably is the most intense fellow in the game. Out of the fray he is one of the most gracious and considerate. Obviously a fellow who is as genial as Harry is away from the battle is now a fellow who suffers indelibly from his golf. It's reasonable to believe that he gets whatever agony there is to a tough round entirely during the period of concentration required by that round. The release of a few moans in case he hadn't played up to his usual standard is simply condensing into a fairly brief and safe period a normal emotional relief similar to that of the hundred shooter who hurls into the surrounding scenery a club that plays him false.

In the Chicago \$10,000 Open last summer Cooper stumbled badly for a couple of holes on the last round. He finished in a tie for second place. One shot separated the players in the second spot from Gene Sarazen and that one stroke represented about \$2,000 in taxable tender. When you miss out on \$2,000 you have some consolation coming and if you can get it out of sobs or alibis you're entitled to that compensation whether you're a pro star or a punk. Cooper had the flagellant pleasure of verbally lashing himself for failure to use a Number Three iron on the seventeenth hole instead of a shorter club that left him with a pitch to the pin. This was responsible for a four instead of a par three that would have tied Sarazen. Harry's self-condemnation was not a rational procedure. He might have had a shot that was over the green had he taken his Number Three out of his pack; or he might have tried to hold back on the shot a bit and muffed it. Anything might have happened, even if he had used another club. But the "might have been" exercise with the vocal organs was entirely an emotional performance and as such was something akin to the sweet sorrow of love's parting.

Job bellyached about his boils until the saintly old masochist made headlines in the Holy Writ. Jeremiah wailed himself into the Bible and the dictionary. They had fun of a kind. So does Cooper, and so do other of the great pros who happen to be temperamentally inclined. They have just as much of that peculiar type of enjoyment as do the duffers who charge the pros with taking the game too sadly. The duffers' charge actually is a stab at giving reverse English to a sharply felt inferiority complex, anyway. In his heart the punk knows the good player gets more fun out of the game than the poor player does. That inward truth keeps the 24-handicap man ever hopeful of finding that magic which will lop off strokes by the

dozens.

There is no caste restriction on the alibi in golf. The alibi is part of the fatalistic philosophy that keeps people playing and delighting in the game. Ralph Guldahl came up with an honest, orthodox alibi after the British Open and was bewildered to learn there were some so obtuse and so lacking in the spirit of the game that they made Guldahl the target of a comical threat of excommunication because of his candor.

Guldahl, after winning the United States National Open title with a record score and performing well in the Ryder Cup international pro matches in England, failed to come within a close margin of the British Open championship. Weather was bad; the young man was spending a goodly wad of his own money instead of staying at home and cashing in on his U. S. crown by playing exhibition dates; and in general he was ailing from a letdown inevitable after a strenuous year and a half battling his way back from oblivion.

So, when the tired and somewhat disappointed young gentleman was asked about his first trip to the British Isles he said, off hand, that he didn't care if he ever saw that country again.

The perfect alibis were those employed without any deliberate effort by Hagen and Armour when in their prime times. Both of these competent worthies were too cognizant of the proper place of relaxation in a well-ordered life to even go to the trouble of alibiing for themselves. Hundreds of thousands alibied for these two luminaries not winning. Every time the 100-proof strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" came from a golf club locker room it was an alibi for Hagen or Armour in those bygone days when preliminary drinkers were snoring on benches and Walter and Tommy were playing off for the Open Esophagus title.

Sarazen is smart. He can plant an honorable and logical "out"—an "out" being an alibi that can be accompanied by an affidavit—and let them take it or leave it.

Gene doesn't care which they do. His indifference is responsible for the press and public conscientiously taking a hand in the situation and explaining that Sarazen still is the toughest, most dangerous threat in any big money tournament. The psychology even works on Sarazen and plainly establishes him as the most durable of the old regime of golf tournament stars.

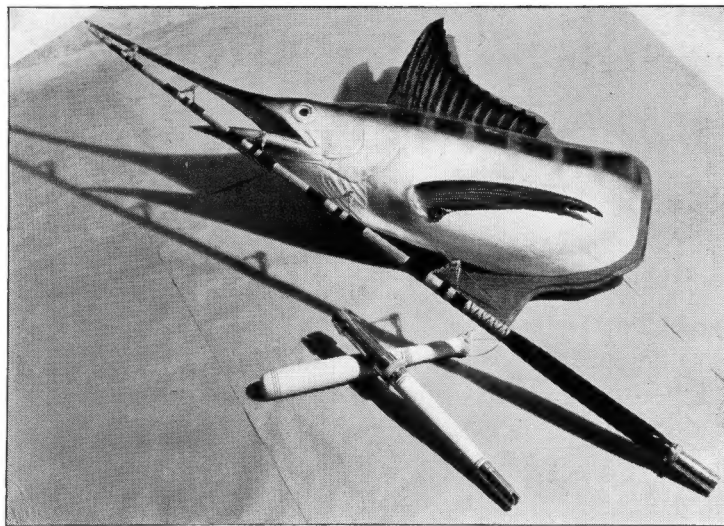
Thus it goes with the pros who, as the general golfing public suspects, carry crosses of woods and irons. Those pros lament their sorry lot and their bum breaks, and for all of five minutes (if they're in gabby moods) tell you why they were not better today.

But come to think of it, have you ever heard a pro complain about his own game for more than five minutes?

Of course you haven't. Before five minutes have passed you are telling the pro about the lousy breaks that kept you from breaking a hundred.

The pro listens. He gets paid for it. He nods his head and you think it's in sympathy for you. He is sympathizing with you but what he's thinking is "how much more fun I have out of golf than that guy does. What keeps him playing?"

There is only one answer. The duffer may not come within 30 strokes of par on the scorecard, but there never was a golfer who couldn't clip a few off of par in the alibis.



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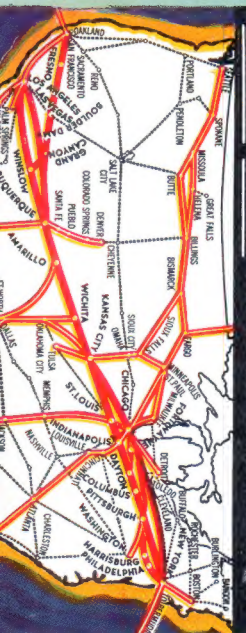
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